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GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

BATTLE SOLDIER OF FIVE WARS

Including the Conquest of the West by General Stephen Watts Kearny

BY

THOMAS KEARNY

WITH A PREFACE BY

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YALE FACULTY OF HISTORY, AUTHOR OF *John Jay; Defender of Liberty*
MANAGING EDITOR, *The Franco-American Review*

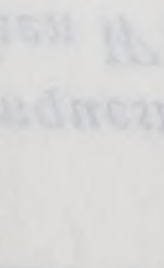
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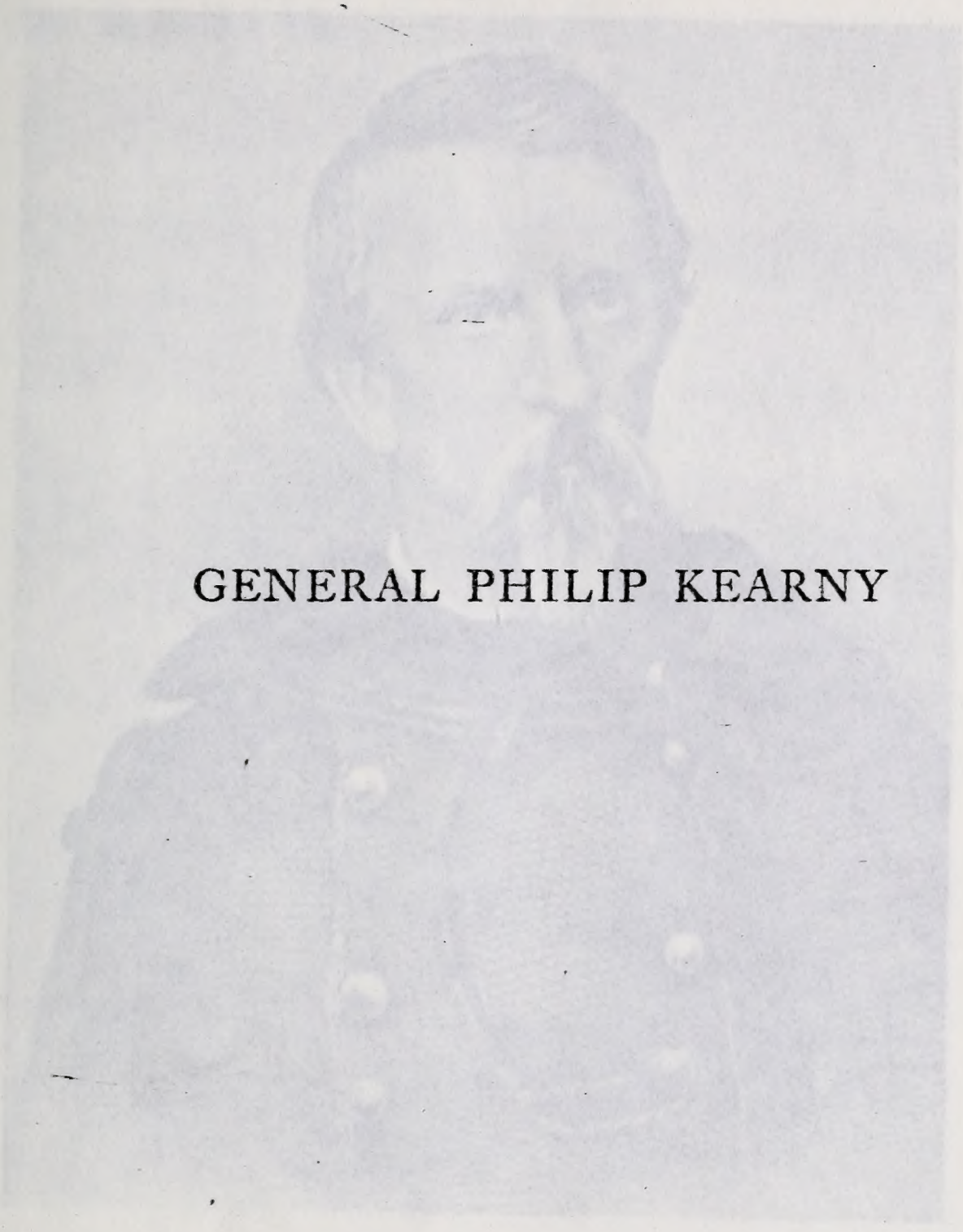
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK
1937

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

A BATTLE SOLDIER OF FIVE WARS



1885347



GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

CENTRAL BIBLIOTEKA

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This generally unknown—and unpublished—engraving by Wright Smith—is the only picture which illustrates vividly the Comte de Paris' famous saying: "Le figure d'Oiseau de proie"—the face of an eagle;—and Santa Anna's description of Phil.'s countenance on the ramparts of the city of Mexico:—"radiant with patriotism."



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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Gift '37

To Mary Kearny: Sister

PREFACE

HISTORY is not what she seems; nor, indeed, is she what she ought to be. Yet on this subject there is a multitude of erroneous notions abroad in the land. Some persons fondly suppose that the great mass of information (and misinformation) popularly accepted as history gives them a complete, definite and accurate picture of the past. Nothing could be more false. The many to whom personalities are paramount interests and to whom history seems but a tissue of biographies rush into a more complicated maze of errors. History is not what happened in the past, but only what we know of what happened in the past. And, with the exception of our knowledge of the greatest men in our history—a Washington, a Hamilton, a Lincoln —the survival of reputations is precarious and accidental. So uncertain and fortuitous are many of them that they resemble acts of God—ineffable and mysterious.

Everybody—even the rising generations—knows of Captain Kidd, actually a miserably weak and vacillating character who could not have shipped as one of Blackbeard's crew. Yet posterity recognizes Kidd as the very prince of pirates, despite the scores of more worthy pirates who have perished cutlass in hand or who have been turned off at Execution Dock—their transient fame departing with the curious throng. Kidd's fame is accidental and unmerited. Consider the scores of futile little eighteenth-century English clergymen who spent endless hours writing and delivering meaningless sermons, but they took care to have them printed and tucked away in libraries where posterity might find them. Their reward came to them, and many have secured their brief snatch of immortality in the pages of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Historians and biographers are sometimes the victims of their materials, or lack of materials. They must, to a large extent, depend upon the survival of the printed page or the manuscript. What losses has our knowledge suffered from fire, from mice, from simple carelessness!

Articulate men and women have a vast advantage in claiming the attention of posterity over contemporaries who spend their lives more in actions than in words. Not many soldiers have been able to clutch both the sword and the pen. The memories of military men have often been honored by their colleagues and their grateful compatriots in the erection of tombstones, granite shafts and statues. Yet graveyards are not widely and voluntarily frequented by the gen-

erations that come after; only a few curious persons look upon a cemetery as a source of educational materials; and epitaphic literature must be carefully used. A library is a more comfortable and a more effective repository of knowledge. Statues, if they are not ultimately removed as obstructions to traffic, become perches for pigeons. Soot and the elements do their part with the result that, since renovations are seldom, it would be kinder to the memory of the memorialized to remove the statue entirely. The great Von Moltke remarked, in a speech delivered after the Franco-Prussian War, that despite all the soldier might do to win renown, his posthumous fame was, after all, in the hands of the historian and the biographer. The printed word endures in all its pristine vigor long after the swords have rusted and medals lost their glitter.

Philip Kearny did much that deserves recording in American history. True, he has his statues and sundry remembrances to his name, but the biographers and the historians have not done their duty to his fascinating personality and to his remarkable career. His contemporaries knew him and knew him well and in the decade which followed his death there appeared two biographies: *Philip Kearny,* by Cortlandt Parker (1868) and *The Personal and Military History of Philip Kearny* by his cousin, John Watts De Peyster (1869). Each was confessedly and obviously incomplete; neither was marked by literary qualities or historical acumen. Printed in small editions they have long since gone out of print. Since their publication there have been several scattered biographical articles, but nothing comprehensive, nothing satisfactory. This is one reason among many why historians and students, as well as the general public, will gladly welcome the present volume. Mr. Thomas Kearny has waged a major and successful campaign in the conflict of a great soldier with that oblivion which unceasingly encroaches upon the fame and the remembrance of great and small. By long and unremitting labors, by astonishing researches conducted in America and abroad he has done what should have been done and what others have failed to do: he has recreated the personality of dashing Phil. Kearny, he has placed him in his proper historical background, and has given a clear and stirring account of his career. The author has not only corrected one of history's injustices, far more numerous than life's other little ironies, but he has presented much new and valuable material on the men and the events with whom Phil. Kearny was connected.

So much printer's ink has been spilled and so many tons of paper fed to the presses in erecting biographical memorials to little, pointless characters whose "lives" jostle each other in accumulating dust on the shelves of a hundred libraries that it is proper to ask, when confronted by a new book clamoring for our attention,—does the essen-

tial interest and importance of the subject justify our investment of money, time and space? A brief glance at the career of Phil. Kearny will readily give us the answer.

Phil. Kearny, descended from an old New York family, was born to great wealth and social position. He graduated from Columbia College in 1833 and spent the next year travelling in Europe. His choice of a career was difficult. It was apparent to all who knew him that his interest and ambitions were military—apparent to all except his grandfather, John Watts, who possessed the commanding decision of a large fortune and who, curiously, was persuaded that his grandson ought to enter the ministry. They compromised and Phil. Kearny studied law in the offices of Peter Augustus Jay, son of the first Chief Justice of the United States. The law was promptly abandoned when John Watts died in 1836, leaving his grandson a fortune estimated at one million dollars. Phil. at once applied for a commission in the army and in March 1837 joined the First United States Dragoons under his uncle, Colonel (later General) Stephen Watts Kearny. It is one of the fine things of the present book that the author brings new and important materials to Stephen Watts Kearny and to his conquest of that vast territory which includes, in whole or in part, the present states of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Wyoming, Arizona, Utah, Nevada and California. It was to support this magnificent movement that later Scott's campaign, in which Phil. Kearny played a conspicuous rôle, was directed against Mexico City. While serving in the Oregon Territory (which embraced the present states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana) Phil. Kearny did much, in the Rogue River Indian warfare, to open up the trade routes to California. He spent two years in the west and was then made a member of a commission of three officers sent by the Secretary of War to study cavalry tactics at the Royal Cavalry School at Samur, France.

After six months at Samur he gave up his books to join the French Army under the Duke of Orléans campaigning in Africa. Kearny served with great bravery throughout the Algerian campaign, ultimately joining the Chasseurs d'Afrique, one of the most distinguished and dashing commands of the French Army. For his brilliant services under Marshal Valée and the capture of Milianah, he was offered the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Under the constitutional limitations imposed upon American officers he was unable to accept; he likewise declined an invitation to take command of the French Service of the Foreign Legion. Returning to America he spent two months in Washington preparing the report of the Commission, adding to it a long supplemental report entitled "Applied Cavalry Tactics Illustrated in the French Campaign." This became the accepted manual of

dragoon practice in the United States Army. Kearny served on the staffs of Major Generals Macomb and Winfield Scott and from May 1844 until April 1846 he was in the west and saw service in Indian campaigns and exploring expeditions. Weary at length of official routine and the prospect of inaction, he resigned his commission on April 6, 1846. Almost immediately, possibility of a war with Mexico became a probability and nine days later he was back in the Army. He recruited a model company of dragoons, expending large sums from his own purse upon both horses and equipment and when in December 1846 he was commissioned a Captain, his company became the bodyguard of Major General Scott. His services in the Mexican war were brilliant and if he had been permitted to complete his famous charge at the battle of Churubusco, the American forces would have seized Mexico City on the 20th of August instead of the 14th of September and would have averted the needless slaughter of that interval. It was Kearny who, sword in hand, did lead the American troops through the gates of the fallen Mexican capital. During the Mexican War, General Scott formed that superlative opinion of Phil. Kearny—"the bravest man I ever knew, and a perfect soldier." Mayne Reid, who witnessed the celebrated charge at Churubusco, described the fearless officer who led it as "the Murat of the American Army." Kearny lost his left arm during the war, but emerged with the rank of major and an enviable reputation.

Again resigning from the army in 1851 to travel around the world he spent much of the next eight years in Europe—in Spain, Russia and in France. He was in Paris in 1859 when the French launched the war against Austria for the liberation of northern Italy. Kearny was soon in the fray, attached to the staff of General Morris, who commanded the Imperial Cavalry under Napoleon III. He was present at the battles of Magenta and Solferino and was said to have participated in every charge of the cavalry. For his services in Italy he was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor; he was the first American to be admitted to the Legion of Honor for his military exploits.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Kearny was active in influencing French opinion in favor of the North before leaving for America to offer his services to the Union. He had hoped that he might serve his country with the rank of General, a position to which he was amply entitled, but New York, his native state, did nothing for him. Weary of red tape and petty politics and eager for action he offered himself to the State of New Jersey, where he was promptly appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in command of the First New Jersey Brigade.

His career in the Civil War—in the Virginia campaign under

McClellan and later as major-general under Pope—his extraordinary exploits at the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill and Second Bull Run—is developed with such persuasive detail by the author of this book that I hesitate to poach upon a preserve abundantly stocked with fine and new things. But Kearny saved the day at Williamsburg and at Seven Pines; had he been in command or had he been heeded at Malvern Hill the Northern forces might have inflicted a crushing defeat upon Lee's army; and it was he who at Second Bull Run did break Stonewall Jackson's line. He was killed on September 1, 1862, after he had unwittingly entered the enemies' lines at Chantilly—the day upon which he was to have received command of the Army of the Potomac. If Kearny had not sent out upon his reconnoitering expedition it is possible that the whole military history of the Civil War might have been changed. But this is only another of the tragic "ifs" of history.

In this biography Phil. Kearny has finally received the recognition which he abundantly deserves; the author of this definitive biography has supplied him with an adequate and compelling calling card to posterity. Little should it matter now the fate of bronze tablets and marble shafts. Phil. Kearny's reputation is as secure as biographer can make it.

FRANK MONAGHAN.

Yale University,
January 1937.

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GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD

General Pickett, "Of the Charge", next to Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the most popularly celebrated Soldier of the Lost Cause, who had fought with Phil. Kearny in the Mexican War where Phil. had gained a national name, and Lieutenant Pickett, equally brave, had been just another young West Pointer in training for the South against the North fifteen years later, had now been fighting for two

ERRATA

Page 40—2nd paragraph from top—John Watts, Senior died in London, August 15th, 1789, and is buried there in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Page 142—2nd line from top—Doctor Kearny Rodgers.

Page 148—2nd paragraph from bottom omit quotes before the word "During".

Page 248—Note to read—Kearny's successful advance on Richmond was unlike Mechanicsville and the battles of the six succeeding days which were battles, etc.

Pages 425-426—Miss Jay's name to read—Miss Cornelia Jay. She was the granddaughter of Peter Augustus Jay. See Index.

Page 478—Mr. Kearny acknowledges to Mrs. Maud H. Greene, Librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society—and to the Society—great appreciation for her unfailing help, as well as to Miss Dorothy H. Huggins, of the California Historical Society—and to the Society—for very valuable data supplied through many years.

leading Ewell in Mexico in Ewell's baptism of fire." Then the other item; unbelievable! Kearny had lost his life at Chantilly, September 1st, 1862!

Horrified, yet filled with a thrill at Kearny's military renown, General Pickett grabs a quill, and "Her Soldier" cries aloud to his "Lovely Darling":

The news came this morning of the death of Phil. Kearny, one of the most brilliant Generals of the Federal Army; a man whose fame as soldier is world-wide. I knew him first in Mexico, where as you

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Pickett lay in the Hospital recovering from his wound which was so nearly healed as to enable him at Gettysburg ten months later, to immortalize the Hour, some say the Half Hour, of Pickett's Charge, —even as Phil. Kearny's Charge in the Mexican War, the "Charge of the One Hundred,"—in the Annals of America;—an Hour, which from the old Church Tower at Gettysburg village, struck the first note in the knell of the Confederacy and drew from the great Lee the sorrowful confession, "I was wrong in ordering it". Suddenly a courier arrives from the Battlefields of the Plains of Manassas where Philip Kearny had violently assaulted Stonewall Jackson and won his battle,—seven thousand dead, wounded or unaccounted for— and out of which came Lincoln's famous words: "at that hour we had the enemy in the hollow of our hand"!

The courier brings along with some most splendid news, two items to Pickett most horrible, about his friends, "Old Baldy" General Ewell and "Phil." Kearny! One news item told of General Ewell losing his leg at Bristoe Station, as Captain Kearny had lost his arm leading Ewell in Mexico in Ewell's baptism of fire! Then the other item; unbelievable! Kearny had lost his life at Chantilly, September 1st, 1862!

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The news came this morning of the death of Phil. Kearny, one of the most brilliant Generals of the Federal Army; a man whose fame as soldier is world-wide. I knew him first in Mexico, where as you

know, he lost an arm at the siege of Mexico City. In Algeria, he won the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He fought with the French in the battles of Magenta and Solferino; and received also from Napoleon the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

I wish we had taken him prisoner instead of shooting him! I hate to have such a man as Kearny killed! Marse Robert,—Lee—who was his old friend, sent his body to General Pope under a flag of truce. I am glad Lee did that,—Poor Kearny! The same courier brought the sad news that our Ewell had lost a leg; and these are the horrors which occur when away from you, my beautiful darling.

Brevet Major General John Watts de Peyster, Phil. Kearny's first cousin, biographer and boyhood companion in their grandfather's, John Watts' Mansion, No. 3 Broadway, whence each Sunday morning the two youths were wont to stroll with their illustrious grandfather, —whose statue now stands in Trinity Church Yard at Wall Street and Broadway,—to the Church to sit in majestic style in the Watts family pew,[1]—well, de Peyster who knew has written that, "the Dawn of Kearny's day gave little promise of its glorious Sunset"! How came it that the Sunset *was* so glorious as to elicit *such* praise, such sympathy and understanding, from one of Kearny's most illustrious "enemies!" This story gives the fascinating answer; The Story of an American!

A Man Child,—thank God!—to be baptized Philip Kearny, was born in New York City, June 1st, 1815 in the Watts Mansion, then among the handsomest in the city; and undoubtedly in the Colonial period, one of the three handsomest in the Province, joining hands for that signal honor with Phil.'s granduncle's, the Loyalist's Archibald Kennedy's—the earl of Casilis—immediately adjoining, and with his great-grandaunt's Mansion, Mrs. William Walton's on Franklin Square; where it was said that the lavish character of the entertainments for the British Officers and visiting British celebrities stirred the ire and envy of the "Samuel Adamses" of New York City, and was a tiny rivulet flowing into the torrent which presently swept away the thirteen colonies into the Revolution, and the Wattses and De Lanceys and their powerful kindred into the North River and their vast properties into the treasury of the Colony of New York.

Shortly after Phil.'s birth the Kearny Family alternated their residence between their houses in Belleville, now Newark, and their town house, which Susan Kearny's father built for them on the

[1] This pew purchased in 1790 is now owned by Thomas Kearny and his sisters, Mrs. Julien Harrison Hill of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. Ford Hibbard of New York.

filled-in property on Greenwich Street behind his own mansion at No. 3; where at times the Hudson drove its storm-tossed waters against the Watts piazza which extended in an L-shaped fashion in the rear towards the river.

In 1820 the Philip Kearnys moved "up town" and built a home on property once owned by Phil.'s great-granduncle, Admiral Sir Peter Warren, now memorialized in Westminister Abbey, "Hero of Louisburg" in our Colonial Wars,—then in Greenwich, at the foot of West 20th Street; and it was here that Philip Kearny Junior's wonderful mother died in 1823 after a long period of delicate health. A very great tragedy to John Watts to see his eleven children dying off, one by one, before him! But then the result was his concentrating his whole affection on his precious pet, the little "Lippy"! Perhaps Watts' prophetic eye pierced the curtain of futurity and saw Phil. his "great" grandson!

Of Susan Watts, Phil.'s mother, it was written near the time of her death: "Phil.'s mother was a most lovely character and a charming handsome woman. Too bad that she died while the little boy was so young!"

Phil.'s particular delight was not in his father's New York houses but in his splendid country places; one his 100-acre residence at Belleville, on the opposite side of the Passaic River, and extending to it, from the town now named for Phil. on its eastern shore; where Phil.'s own "Kearny Castle" was in 1851 to lift its lofty spires, patterned after a French Château. The other his father's great property in St. Lawrence County, New York, on the St. Lawrence River extending as far south as the present "Kearney's Falls" and "Kearney's Bridge" and "Kearney's Iron Ore Bed" near the present city of Gouverneur "including a whole business block in the present city."

In these delightful scenes the glorious days of Philip's childhood and youth were passed until he went to Ufford's famous school.

Ufford's school was located at Cedar Street and Broadway where although, possibly because, an excellent student, young Phil. delighted, in class-room, to draw caricatures, very excellent according to his first cousin, of the solemn Mr. Ufford on his slate! This habit of drawing, which was natural and never cultivated, resulted in the production of a number of excellent things; and it is curious to find that on the day before Phil.'s death in the Battle of Chantilly he drew a map of the Battlefield of the preceding four days which is by long odds the most understandable of all the contemporaneous maps of that field; and which was reproduced and seen by thousands of people in the *New York Tribune* the very day of his death!

Phil.'s principal delight in his father's country places was in his father's horses, and his own,—gifts from John Watts; and his father and mother and their visitors were "oftentimes kept on pins and needles" by his daring exploits in horsemanship!

This love of horses was by no means accidental. John Watts,—"a magnificent spectacle on his blue-black stallion",—was a splendid and venturesome rider; and during the last year of his life—he was then 87—a horse dealer brought him an animal to try which turned out to be a violent and unbroken colt, which sprang into the air, rearing and plunging, as soon as Mr. Watts was in the saddle. Throughout all the animal's struggles John Watts sat unmoved, and when the colt had become tired "dismounted as calmly as if nothing had occurred."

This estate of his Father's in northern New York, "sixty chains wide", so much a part alike of Phil.'s boyhood and manhood days, had been purchased in part by his grandfather Philip Kearny in 1796. It consisted of 10,000 acres situated on the west side of St. Lawrence County, running south from the river.

Philip—the General—inherited the estate and in later years, 1840 to 1860, used to stay at the Van Buren House in Gouverneur which today is just as it was built and as when Phil. stayed there.

General Martin Curtis in his "Bull Run to Chancellorsville," a most authoritative work on the New York Regiments in the Civil War, includes in his book not only a splendid outlook upon the historic scene at Centreville at the time of General Pope's rout at the Second Battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862; but inspired by "Kearny's Division" marching from the field as on parade, with Phil. saluting to the huzzahs of the entire Army on Centreville Heights, wrote some fascinating paragraphs about Phil. and his St. Lawrence County associations:

PHIL.'S GENEALOGY AS CAVALRYMAN

By GEN. CURTIS

Young Kearny in his early visits to St. Lawrence County, delighted to ride the spirited and unbroken colts he found there, the descendents of Ogden's "Messenger", one of the most distinguished sons of "Imported Messenger" which was the most valuable and impressive sire ever brought to America.

Kearny's dare-devil riding over the corduroy roads of these early days was a subject of serious concern to the elderly women; and when he was heard coming along the roads at breakneck speed the doors would be filled with the frightened dames, prophesying with uplifted hands that the boy would never die in bed but be killed by reckless riding!

When the circumstances of Phil.'s death became known in St. Lawrence, the older persons who had known him in his youth recalled the prophecy of that period and its double fulfillment! For mounted at the head of his troops in Mexico he had lost an arm; and riding before his Division at Chantilly he fell from his horse pierced by an enemy's bullet,—the victim of a valor which through his life was unsurpassed!

Phil. was a fearless rider over the worst as over the best roads. Upon one occasion often adverted to in the Family, while quite a little chap, eight or nine years of age, he frightened his father almost to death, galloping his horse furiously for miles over an old corduroy road full of holes and inequalities. It must have been an extraordinary feat and escape; since it was often referred to by men who were too bold riders themselves to dwell upon anything which was not something astonishing in its display of daring!

Frank Johnson, a lad in 1859, was an employee in Van Buren's Hotel when Major Philip Kearny used to visit there; and frequently aided the Major in putting on his gloves. Phil. offered Johnson as part of his remuneration for his always kindly aid the friendly wish that: "you may never lose an arm; it is inconvenient not to be able to put on a glove"!

This courageous boy Johnson, still in his teens, volunteered in the 142d New York and in the fighting around Petersburg had his left arm shattered by an enemy bullet. When he came left-armless from the operating table he recalled his one-time guest, now dead in battle

gone two years: "With all the good wishes of General Kearny I did not save my arm"! But now let's get back to school in New York and get some knowledge in our heads!

Five years after Phil.'s mother's death, March 1828, "Philip of the Falls" bought a home on the east side of Broadway opposite Morris Street, then called Beaver Lane. It was that winter that little "Philly," now a boy of thirteen, became a pupil at "Mr. Ufford's School for Young Men." From this time dates the historic friendship of Philip Kearny and Brevet Major General John Watts de Peyster, ending only,—with a loud wail,—with Philip's death! A friendship which gave de Peyster the principal Profession of his life as profound student of war, particularly of the Civil War, and as military author on foreign wars with the imprimatur of the King of Sweden!

What particularly pleased young John in the companionship of his cousin was Phil.'s delight in the military life. De Peyster recalled during the Ufford era of education that Phil. did some military sculpture which in later years "Watts", as Phil. then called him, recalled as exceedingly attractive designs; and then passes this judgment on the Soldier-Artist: "Phil. produced equestrian groups which were spirited; and some of his sketches of soldiers possessed considerable merit."

While at "Ufford's",—and indeed until he went to school at the age of fifteen at Dr. Watson's school, the "Highland School" at Cold Spring, New York,—Phil. was not a strong robust boy; nor was he given to do any violent exercise except riding. In later years, in fact in all the wars he fought in, his health improved greatly during the dreadful days of actual combat, which drove many of his companions in the Civil War to their women's arms,—particularly the "Society Soldiers" of his crowd in New York; but at this time, and it might be well said until he went to Columbia College, Phil.'s drift physically was toward weaklinghood.

A number of portraits of Phil. were drawn by fairly competent artists on fine paper during his boyhood years; but none comparable in sympathy and fascination to the Reverend Dr. Ogilvie's Living Picture drawn while officiating with "much eloquence of feeling," at the floral decoration of Major General Philip Kearny's grave in Trinity Churchyard by the members of Phil. Kearny's Post No. 8, G. A. R. You could almost say: "there goes Phil. walking down to Grandpa's!"

"In my boyhood Phil. and I were neighbors. My recollection of him is that of a mild and gentle boy whose dark eyes were distinguished rather for softness, than for that fire which kindled them in later life! I used to see him going down to his grandfather's

house—a magnificent mansion at No. 3 Broadway. I remembered when I heard of his conspicuous gallantry in the Mexican War I was astonished and said to myself: 'Can this be the gentle boy of my early rememberance?' I never met Phil. afterwards till we were brought together by the hand of Death. In the midst of the War, he came from the thickest of the fighting, to bury a child who had been stricken down in the midst of apparent security. I officiated at the funeral of the child over the same grave upon which the flowers were so soon strewn upon the dust and ashes of his father!"

In very truth John told a true tale: The Dawn of Phil.'s day gave no promise of its glorious Sunset!

But Father and Grandfather now felt that the companionships of the narrow, snobbish, "exclusive fashionable youths" of a preeminently fashionable school were not broadening Phil.'s point of view. And so it was decided to pack him off to the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, then a noted institution, kept by Philip Senior's friend, George Bancroft, the historian, and by Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, afterwards organizer and Superintendent of the Astor Library in New York City.

Dr. Cogswell greeted Phil. at the Terminal; took him to Harvard College; and to the Field of Bunker Hill; and thence to his famous School. From the very first Phil. loved his eminent preceptor;—liked also very much George Bancroft when he sometimes saw him,—but he was particularly drawn to Dr. Cogswell and Cogswell to Phil. Who wouldn't have been! To the gentlest of men who knew and practised as few others of his Educational Day that Education was not knowledge but was knowledge plus! Perhaps a knowledge which watered the seeds, and sunshined them, planted by the boy's Father and Mother, and by his remote ancestors, in the boy's particular individuality:—Self-development. And then what gentleness, order and discipline! All reappearing, fixed up and polished,—and individualized—in Phil., Soldier of the Civil War! At Round Hill Phil. learned two subjects,—learned them thoroughly,—Dr. Cogswell and Philip Kearny. Dr. Cogswell never pretended, like John Watts and Phil.'s father, to remake Phil., but to make the absolute best of what God made. Great Educator that fellow Cogswell!—at least he helped make a great Soldier. Then, too, read the roster of Phil.'s schoolmates 40 years later,—the distinguished men of their Day.

Dr. Cogswell tells us that the boy evinced none of the military spirit which in after life marked "his career with such a halo of glory." He was remarkable for his gentle amiable character; his great docility; and faithful observance of the school regulations; and above all for devotion to his studies. "He took high rank as a scholar and was greatly beloved as a pupil."

Phil. spent two very happy years,—almost two,—under the tutelage of these two excellent gentlemen: But now the fly in the educational ointment! The question comes up of College; and since Columbia was his Father's choice where Phil.'s uncle Major Stephen Watts Kearny and the Rev. Ravaud Kearny, Rector of St. Paul's at Eastchester and later at Tivoli, also a St. Paul's, had graduated, the Old Man decided to send the boy to a New York school, especially preparing for Columbia.

John Watts, the other conspirator, had heard of the Highland School opposite West Point from General Winfield Scott on whose Staff George Watts had served in the British War and who at this time had a relative at the school; where also there were many New York boys in attendance. So during the last several months of the school year, 1830, Phil left Round Hill,—the poor kid cried when he held the parting hand of Joseph Cogswell!—and was on his way to what he always called the "Highland School" at Cold Spring, Putnam County, New York, kept by Dr. Beck and the Reverend James Lee Watson. But he was not going amongst strangers; for both the headmasters, as instructors, had served at Northampton.

Suddenly, quite amazingly, Phil. began to flash the lightning flames of character which signalized his campfires in frontier Indian warfare, Mexico, the French Conquest of Africa, the War for Italian Liberation and the Civil War! And in his report to Phil.'s family Dr. Watson put him down as "bold and daring even to recklessness; was fond of all kinds of manly sports; was the best gymnast of the school; and a most excellent horseman"; and what seemed to Dr. Watson most important of all "an indefatigable pedestrian"! Then about his character: "he was always obedient and respectful to his instructors and certainly submissive to authority". True or false it listened well in John Watts's loving ears ever glad to hear anything favorable of his favorite grandson.

Twenty-three years later when Phil. used to see Dr. Watson,—a most engaging kind of a person,—as Rector of the fashionable Grace Church in Newark to which Philip used to occasionally drive the five mile course from "Bellegrove" his place across the Passaic, up Bridge Street and thence to hear his old school master preach his "manly, sympathetic sermons",—well at this time Dr. Watson recalled that Phil. used to "tell me that he was greatly indebted to the training at the school,—the Highland School as he called it,—'at the most critical period of my life; it made a man of me.'"

Of course this excellent man,—nothing like Cogswell as Educator,—made no man of Kearny; but so far as in him lay,—not very far at that!—developed Phil. in the natural drift and talents of his being. He could of course do no more! All the West Point Education never

made a Soldier of McClellan, Franklin, McDowell, Casey, Heintzelman, Couch and many others of Phil.'s comrades in the Civil War; in fact made military fools of them. But West Point,—and Phil.'s education with his uncle's Dragoons; at the French Military School, and in the wars of Algiers and Europe,—"made" great Soldiers of Ewell, Jackson, the Johnstons, Grant, Meade, Sheridan, Philip Kearny and Lee.

Dr. Watson wrote when he read of Phil.'s death at Chantilly: "I could not but recall to mind the words which in schoolboy days were so frequently on his lips: 'Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori' "!

General Winfield Scott, as soon as Phil. entered the school, sought out the nephew of Capt. George Watts who had saved his life in the war with England,[2] and invited Phil. and some of his little "buddies" over to the Point; and Phil. was enthusiastic about the "great Soldier whom I met". How little did either dream that the Host would survive; and was to write in the darkest night of our national history; —no dawn promised,—that this little boy's death in battle was "a national calamity. He was the bravest man I ever knew and the most perfect soldier"!

Through General Scott, Phil.'s uncle, Major Stephen Watts Kearny of the Western Frontier, destined to play a large part in Phil.'s life and to conquer the West from Kansas to the Pacific, emerged from the shadows into reality; and strengthened Phil.'s tie to the military life.

Scott told the boy of his admiration for "Steve", whom he had seen lead a charge on the Heights of Queenston on October 13, 1813, in the British War on the Canadian border: "As Kearny's regiment advanced they encountered a withering fire from the British. Almost every commissioned officer about him was killed or wounded within the course of a few minutes". Undaunted Kearny went on resolutely at the head of his company and gained the peak of the hill, the objective; and drove the enemy from the field. "It was one of the most brilliant engagements of the war!"

For a time Phil. pursued the classical studies—necessary for the entrance examinations at Columbia—with great diligence. But it soon became evident to all his associates that his ambitions tended toward a military education.

The Academy at West Point, with all its stimulating sights and sounds, was constantly before his eyes; there was considerable intercourse between the officers and the principals and instructors of the school. Besides Colonel Thayer, the Superintendent, and General Scott, both had relatives at, and visited, the school at stated periods;

[2] Had warned Scott that the house was surrounded by Indians, allies of the British. Scott leaped to the door; and sprang across the Niagara River where his forces were placed.

so all these circumstances conspired to fill the mind of Philip "with a perfect passion for a military education". At last Phil. went to Dr. Watson and confided to him what was troubling his mind: Phil. could not see his way to study for college any longer; he felt he should never be good for anything unless he went to West Point and that he would thank Dr. Watson very much if he would inform his family. "Accordingly", says Dr. Watson, "we advised them that it would not be wise or prudent to thwart his inclinations!"

But the opposition of the parents to the Military Life,—Father and Grandfather,—was not to crumble under the anomalous situation of the Priest's advocacy of the Soldier's Life against the Layman's advocacy of the Priestly. And so in the Fall Philip came to live at No. 3 with Grandpa Watts,—his Father at that time was spending his winter at his home in St. Lawrence County;—and Phil., in the Fall of 1830 at the age of fifteen entered Columbia as Sophomore.

It was at this time that "Watts" de Peyster and Philip Kearny began their life together under John Watts's roof, which lasted "without interruption" for seven long years, thrown together daily in the close intimacy of their grandfather's Mansion.

Phil. stood well in his studies at the College, particularly interesting himself in English. But his ambition for a classical education had lost its edge. He was determined upon his grandfather's death to reach the Army.

The education was classical; Latin, Greek, "entuthen exelaunis" and "gnothe seautons", and "Gaul's Division into a lot of parts": Then there was mathematics; no chemistry; but a great compensating course, English Literature! In this field Phil. made his extra-curricular studies; and upon his graduation, his Bachelor Degree was founded upon his Dissertation,—or Oration as they called it,—self-selected: "The Influence of Literature on the Character of Nations"!

His companions with whom he "formed the deep associations which go along with college life" were selected with all the coolness of mature years, for qualities which suited his prepossessions—the drift of his nature,—which extended to everything. He was very fond of dress,—perhaps a little too much so,—and was exceedingly neat and tidy in his person. He always affected a sort of military carriage; or a touch of something military in his costume. A friend of his at the time,—this was a contemporaneous Judgment,—makes a note in writing that if you saw Phil. you would say "there goes a Soldier in civilian clothes; or one intended by nature for a Soldier."

Phil. read a great deal during these three years on military subjects. But the fields on which he fought his imaginary battles were not of the Napoleonic wars; although a picture of Napoleon hung over his bed in the Watts mansion. The Soldiers of the pre-Napoleonic

period,—battles fought with chivalry, not mechanical warfare,—delighted him; and his cousin used to marvel at the historical stories Phil. retailed about the prowess and activities of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, Count Lippe, Marlborough and Turenne!

De Peyster soon caught Phil.'s flame and almost all the leisure time of both was spent in mimic campaigns with Armies composed of from five to six thousand leaden soldiers, with perfect trains of artillery and even other factors of a well-provided host. Battles were fought according to a digested system which even regulated what portion of those knocked down by the mimic fire of musketry should be considered dead or too severely wounded; and how long the latter should be looked upon as remaining in the hospital before they were again available.

The firing was done with small spring guns, one shot from each cannon, one for each regiment or separate detachment of infantry and so many for each line of sharpshooters. When the firing, alternating, had gone through both lines of battle the different bodies were moved a shorter or longer distance accordingly as they belonged to the different arms, over spaces dictated by the *real* relative speeds of the different services, whether light or heavy cavalry, light or line infantry, field or reserve artillery. It was not left haphazard but according to a written or stipulated code. There were field works and permanent fortifications. One siege lasted a number of weeks.

When Phil. "began to go out in Society," de Peyster complained many years afterwards, he took so much pains with his dress, and spent so much time out of the house, that "we gradually relinquished a game that had given us such great delight and occupation for so long a time".

Immediately upon Phil.'s graduation from Columbia John Watts proposed to the boys a trip to Europe; a thing exactly to each boy's liking; and the two set sail alone in the Spring of 1834. On this trip a diary was kept, in which some, certainly not all, of these exuberant youths' proceedings in Paris and London were recorded. They let us know, however, that they spent hours and hours looking at soldiers and their manœuvres. They would be out of bed with the first dawn to wander forth and watch the exercises of a regiment of cavalry. For the artillery operations neither had an eye or taste,—perhaps their spring gun at No. 3 had cured them—and indeed at that time little taste for infantry.

The diary discloses in one instance an historic military entry; "We stood under the immense Cypress of Somma said to be 2500 years of age, under which Hannibal halted. The tree, one of the largest of its kind in all the World, stands on the field on which in 217 B.C. that great strategist of the world defeated the drenched and half frozen

legions of Scipio. Its girth measured twenty-three feet and rose to the height,—perhaps it's taller now,—of 121 feet!"

The Diarist records that Napoleon once visited it and respected it, "altering his course to share the inspiration of such a living monument."

During Phil.'s visit to Paris, he was appointed a member of a committee of his fellow "ex-patriots" to take into consideration "the most appropriate means of celebrating the services of General Lafayette and of expressing the loss they and their country have sustained in the death of the great and good Lafayette."[3] Then too on this occasion Phil. attended a wedding at the Legation and he was put down as a witness to the proceeding!

Phil. returned to New York, in 1834 this time to his father's house at 22d Street and 4th Avenue, northwest corner, formerly John Watts' property but which he had given to Susan Kearny in 1821 and which Phil. Senior had inherited.

More than ever Phil. was determined to enter the military life. But under no circumstances did he wish to wound the glorious spirit of his noble grandfather, now 87. And although he would not accept Watts' proposal of $1500 a year if he would abandon the idea of becoming a Soldier and become a minister,[4] he compromised by relinquishing for the time being his military ambition; and one morning turned up in the law office of Peter Augustus Jay, then the leading lawyer of the city with a mighty good client in the person of John Watts. For a year Philip followed the routine reading required for service at the Bar; and in the first deed to John Watts's property following that really great man's death, is the only formal instrument, among fifty recorded, in which the words "of the Army" did not occur after Phil.'s name. "Attorney-at-law" is added to "Philip Kearny of the first part" to a deed to part of the present Madison Square.

But the Hour of Liberation was at hand! The Law was not even a Jealous Mistress; but an uncommonly hideous hag,—hatchet faced and unlovely,—dressed in scarlet red tape, "soliciting her trade under the pseudo-name of Justice."

On September 5th, two days after his death the body of John Watts, then Patriarch of New York Society, who had bridged the years from the Province of New York of which he had been the last Royal Recorder, with his own father attainted in blood and property

[3] No part of this or a succeeding chapter could be written without thanks to Mr. Southard, our distinguished Consul in Paris through whom this datum was received.

[4] To General Hooker, as he told de Peyster, the fact that both he and Phil. were intended for the ministry seemed to him "an infinite joke."

as Loyalist, through the Speakership of the Assembly of the State of New York, Justice of the Supreme Court to the foundation of the great philanthropic enterprise, the Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum, was borne with almost regal honors to his vault in old Trinity!

When Phil., then in St. Lawrence County, learned of the death of his grandfather, intense as was his anguish, yet surely he must have recognized that his death meant liberation from a "Professional" Religious and Legal Biography into the Army; and the realization of his dream from boyhood,—the West! And of course his eyes turned towards the Dragoons of his uncle at Fort Leavenworth. De Peyster who wept bitterly with Phil. over the coffin of their noble benefactor,—they were to be coheirs of his vast property,—tells of Phil.'s reaction: "John Watts's death set young Philip Kearny free at last. For several years he had been chafing under the restraints of civil life like a caged eagle or panther! At once he exerted all his efforts to obtain a commission in the United States Army, and on the 4th of March 1837 six months after his grandfather's death, Phil. was appointed second lieutenant of the First United States Dragoons, commanded by his uncle, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny."

Phil.'s martial life now is before him and before we go forward with him to the Frontier; to the French conquest of half of Africa against a great Soldier, "Priest" and Patriot, Abd-el-Kadir, let's get some kind of a portrait of him, viewed in the racial strains which composed him; it's all we have as of that time, so let's use it; and when we come to Abd-el-Kadir opposing him in Africa, note the effeminacy which marked the countenances of both these ferocious warriors: "On his mother's side there were two diverse elements, not often combined in one person: the strong native sense and the shrewd common sense of the Scot; and the fiery nature and the love of pomp and splendor and of beauty, the ardent soul and chivalric bearing of the Gaul." As a youth Phil. had rather an effeminate face. But in 1848 a severe sickness resulted in a marked change in his countenance and in his build. "After this, when he spoke or acted there was a manly grandeur,—something leonine,—which rendered the expression of his face heroic. In the day of battle, the fire of combat lit his eye; and the cannon-fever flushed his cheeks, making his whole face radiant so that amid the conflict Kearny appeared like a spirit in its element".

But what were these "two diverse elements not often combined in one person?" Let's view Kearny as he "Sits under the shade of the Family Tree;" particularly his Irish, not his French, English and Scotch antecedents which de Peyster, who had no Irish in him, was always hiding under a bushel.

PHIL. SITS UNDER THE SHADE OF HIS FAMILY TREE

During the fierce political battles against Phil.'s uncle, Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, following his arrest of Fremont, the "Pathfinder", incident to Kearny's conquest of Nuevo Mejico and Alta California in 1847 in the Mexican War, waged alike in Court-martial and Newspaper which according to Professor Allan Nevins in Fremont's Biography, "divided public opinion into two hostile camps", these Literary Warriors called General Kearny, in the very personal journalism of the age, "a Filthy Irish Maggot", "a Bog-Trotter" and a "Deserter from the British Army", newly immigrated to the States, "Loosed out of Ireland by the Potato Famine"! And what was worst of all in the judgment of the "Know-nothings" the anti-Irish, anti-Foreign and anti-Catholic Political Party of the day, —of which Commodore Robert Field Stockton Fremont's ally became Presidential candidate,—a "rabid Papist"!

Again according to the learned editor[5] of the University of New Mexico's Historical Review, after Hoover, in a speech as Presidential candidate at Albuquerque, New Mexico, when Smith, a Catholic, was Hoover's opponent for the Presidency, had exalted General Kearny's Proclamation on Religious Liberty during Kearny's conquest, newspaper articles referred to Kearny as of obscure Irish origin recently—1846—immigrated to the United States.

Strangely enough about the time this war was waging in Newspaper and Army Court, a lawsuit was being bitterly fought in Ireland, solving the genealogical question!

The "Case on Appeal" in this famous suit in the House of Lords, —brought by Commodore Lawrence Kearny of Perth Amboy to recover a legacy of 10,000 pounds bequeathed him by his cousin, Thomas Rochfort of Ireland,—to which illustrious Body the case ultimately traveled through the High Court of Appeal in Chancery in Ireland from a judgment of Judge Lynch's in Kearny's favor in the Landed Estate Court upholding the Commodore's right to the 50,000 dollars, showed a sworn genealogy of Phil.'s "Grandparents" to the beginning of the 16th Century!

This authoritative Tree sworn to and established as conclusive of the American Kearnys' relationship to the Irish members of that family, revealed perched in its branches as Phil.'s first known Irish ancestors, "Edmund Kearny, Esquire, and Elizabeth Fox 1507," sunk deep in the Irish bogs who never dreamed that any descendent would be a Major General of a Nation with 5000 per cent more in-

[5] Dr. Lansing Bloom.

habitants than in the whole of the British Isles in a World he never dreamed of!

Michael Kearny, the immigrant, Phil.'s great-great grandfather, had left Ireland with brother Philip in 1699. His father, Edmund Kearny, of "Kinsale and Garrettstown," had married first Eleanor Roche, "daughter of Francis Roche," of Febelow and after her death without bringing him any little Michaels, male or female, Edmund quickly courted and married "Anistace Young, daughter of Young of Kinsale" who thus became Phil. Kearny's great-great-great grandparents.—After this numerals instead of "Greats"! Then came James this Edmund Kearny's father who won the hand of Juliana Galway, "daughter of and sole heiress of the city of Cork," who died in the year 1641.

Then this James Kearny's father,—Phil.'s grandfather—5,—married Katherine Meade "daughter of Meade of Kilmallock of the County of Limerick;" into whose lives came tragedy! For the genealogist reveals the sad fact that their "only sons them surviving" except James, to-wit: "Edmund and Jasper lost their lives in the Service of Queen Elizabeth against the Earl of Desmond."

Now the pseudo line of Irish "nobility" is drawn across Phil.'s path. For Phil. Kearny's grandfather raised to the 6th power, James Kearny, "married Eleanor O'Brien, daughter of Murrough O'Brien, 4th son of Thurlough, Earl of Thomond by Eleanor, daughter of Thomas Fitzgerald 'Knight of the Valley.'" Then come the Adam and Eve of Phil.'s Irish ancestry: "Edmond Kearny,"—Phil's great-great-great-great-great grandfather,—"married Elizabeth Fox of Ball Gadien of the County of Limerick, the latter part of the reign of King Henry the VII and had issue James Kearny who married Eleanor O'Brien." [6]

Edmund's descendents after 190 years were found in America represented in the persons of Michael and Philip, sons of Edmund and Anistace Kearny. These young men arrived at the capital of the Quaker Colony, set up by Penn in the Fall of 1699.

Brother Philip set up at once as merchant and lawyer. Michael aged 32 years, became realtor,—to translate his occupation into the vulgate of our day. Both were soon familiar figures in the "High Society" of the Hamlet and, what was infinitely more important, both the Kearny boys frequented the Mansion of Lionel Brittin, then situate in the whereabouts of Market and Cedar streets in present Philadelphia, not far from the present Broad.

Brittin had long since settled in the Province—its first settler in

[6] The author has written a brochure showing that Phil.'s uncle, 1577 to 1585, first translated the Anglican New Testament into the Irish tongue. He had previously translated the book of Common Prayer.

fact—preceeding indeed by a year the arrival of Penn and Penn's Pilgrim Fathers arriving in Bucks County in 1680. Lionel's daughter Mary,—Phil.'s Aunt—5—became famous by the accident of birth; being the first woman, some say the first person, of English parents born in the Colony. Just as Lionel himself had a first to his record: First Quaker; then Church of Englander; finally the "First Convert" at the "Easter Mass in 1709" to the Catholic Church in Pennsylvania. The brothers remained Quakers; but when Michael moved on to Perth Amboy he became "Episcopalian". Neither Lionel's wife nor any of his daughters, followed their father's spiritual footsteps.

Lionel had been immensely successful in his new found home; obtaining large grants of real property running from Broad Street down to the river; and after the marriage of Philip to Rebecca Brittin, Philip received from him for the use of his merchant ships, the property along the river known as "Kearny's Wharf".

Both Kearny boys successfully courted Lionel's daughters; and upon the marriage of Elizabeth to Michael, and Rebecca to Philip, Philip was set up in business as a merchant by his father-in-law. Philip lived all his life in Philadelphia; died there in 1721. Phil.'s daughters shared the Bed and Board of four men of great distinction and great place in Philadelphia. Mary Kearny married the Right Honorable John Kinsey, most famous Quaker Chief Justice, and became the mother of a noted Chief Justice, James Kinsey of New Jersey. Then Elizabeth Kearny married James Morris, son of the Mayor through whose brewing business the large fortune of the Morris family was principally originally established,—James himself having the distinction of being a member and Acting Speaker of the Assembly. Rebecca married Mayor Plumstead, a founder of the University of Pennsylvania; and he and Rebecca were responsible for an unseemly altercation in the ranks of the Quakers! They actually went in for dancing,—some said—hush!—took a Drink! And by joining in the founding of the famous Assemblies, now as then the authoritative social gatherings of the City, became self-Excommunicates and their frivolous forms darkened the Friends' Meeting Houses no more! Both joined the Church run by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts;—"Episcopalians!"

Rebecca's granddaughter will reappear as Countess Barbé-Marbois, wife of Napoleon's negotiator in the sale of Louisiana to Jefferson.

Then, too, Mrs. Thomas Lloyd, wife of the grandson of the first Deputy-Governor, was born Susanna Kearny. In the next generation Kearny's granddaughters,—seven generations removed from "Lizzie" Fox who married Edmund I,—became famous women,—at

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least held distinguished positions. For they severally became the wives of Thomas Wharton, Jr. and William Moore, the first Patriot Governors of Pennsylvania, 1776-1778, and still another granddaughter, the wife of the last acting Governor of the Province of New York, Andrew Elliot, brother of the Earl of Minto, embarking with him at the time of the British Evacuation in 1783. Through the marriage of her daughter to the Earl of Cathcart she became the ancestress,—and so Philip Kearny the ancestor,—of the present Earls of Elgin, Cathcart and Southesk and of Lord Carnegie who married a granddaughter of Edward VII, whose great-grandchildren thus have the very distinguished honor of participating in the blood of Edmund Kearny and Elizabeth Fox, Ireland, 1507; and so are related to most of the prominent families in the present glorified Penn's Capital City!

Michael's wife died almost immediately after their marriage in delivering Philip, her only son, born in Philadelphia, in 1703. Her descendents became well known, three famous, in the persons of Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, Conquerer of the West, Kansas to the Pacific; of Commodore Lawrence Kearny, "of the Open Door"[7] and of the "Hero of the Army of the Potomac," the subject of this biography.

Michael,[8] upon the death of Elizabeth, moved from Philadelphia; lived for a time at Hampton, Virginia, then a thriving seaport, destined some thought to be the great port of the Atlantic Seaboard in the South, where his brother Edmund had already established himself.[9] Thence to Perth Amboy, where he had already married Sarah, daughter of Governor Lewis Morris; and through that connection, at once Social and Political, occupied a number of important posts in the Province; became Secretary and Treasurer; Clerk of the Assembly; Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas; and a member of the King's Council; and as an almost necessary social consequence, Warden and Vestryman of St. Peter's Church, the social imprimatur of the Colonial Capital!

"Mike" had 10 children by Sarah who predeceased him: and she was buried in the Morris Vault in St. Ann's Church in the Bronx, which recent newspaper talk would lead us to believe is to become a National Shrine—as identified with a distinguished family illustrated by a Chief Justice, Governor, Signer and a lot of other things!

[7] His Biography was published in the Fall, 1936.

[8] Thomas, with whom he owned land in New York and New Jersey, founded Keyport, formerly Kearny's Port,—his house, "Kearny's Plantation," a famous landmark of Keyport.

[9] Thomas, a cousin of Edmund of Hampton, went to North Carolina, and his descendants are widely distributed there.

On Captain Michael's tomb at "Irish Lott," [10]—son of the settler—the gift from his grandfather, Lewis Morris, to which he returned after his service for Great Britain in the Revolution, is this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Michael Kearny, of his Britannic Majesty's Navy. He departed this life at the Irish Lott, seat of his residence, on the 5th day of April, 1797, aged 71 years, 6 months, 28 days. In the Naval Service he was a brave intrepid officer which secured him several marks of distinguished respect and confidence. In private life he united the virtues of benevolence, of hospitality and genial urbanity." This inscription was copied by Cortlandt Parker personally and thrown in the mass of evidence at the Heads of the House of Lords.[11]

Philip Kearny,[12] Michael's only child by Elizabeth Brittin, became "eminent Lawyer," so Lamb's "New York," tells us; was a member of the New Jersey Assembly and was proposed by his relative, the Earl of Stirling,—General Wm. Alexander,—for the Chief Justiceship of the Province to succeed Mary Kearny's son, James Kinsey. His first wife, Lady Barney Dexter, born Susan Ravaud, of French Huguenot stock, and the widow of the sometime British Consul General in Philadelphia, bore him but one child, another Philip, and so the ancestor of the two General Kearnys. Upon her death, Philip, the "eminent lawyer," married the daughter of Chief Justice Lettice Hooper of New Jersey, the Commodore's ancestor. Philip, like his father, was warden and vestryman of St. Peter's, dying an ardent Loyalist on the eve of the Revolution, 1775. Elizabeth, Philip's sister, married the Loyalist, General Cortlandt Skinner, and her son and grandson, each bearing the name of Philip Kearny Skinner, became Lieutenant Generals in the English Army, one a member of the Order of the Bath.

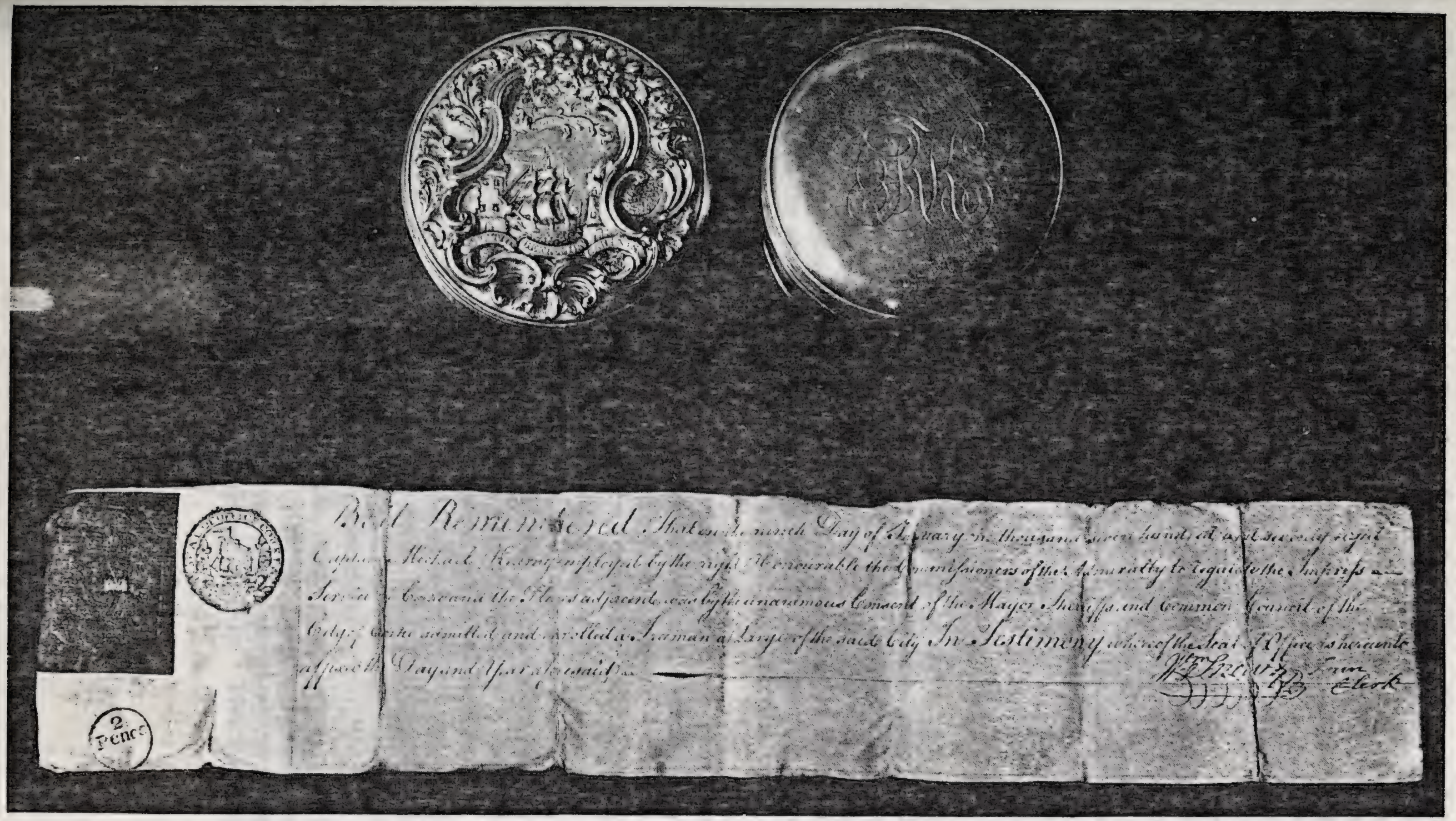
His son Philip inheriting his father's Loyalist leanings, was soon in trouble; was arrested; and the house, which his father had built and he inherited in Perth Amboy, was seized by the British. Philip was released on his own recognizance; and at length fled to New York City with his wife, daughter of John Watts, Senior,—Susannah Watts,—and became Lieutenant Colonel of the Loyalist Militia.

After the Revolution, Colonel Philip who had married into a great Property, bought the famous Kearny Homestead, now celebrated in Newark's Centennial,—1786 to 1910, in Kearny ownership! "Su-

[10] Now owned—alike mansion and cemetery—by the American Legion at Whippany, New Jersey.

[11] The parchment according Captain Michael Kearny the Freedom of the City of Cork is in the possession of Mr. Schuyler Warren of New York, who is a nephew of Captain Michael, several generations intervening. It is enclosed in a beautiful silver box embossed with the Arms of the City.

[12] Philip Kearny was a pallbearer at Governor Lewis Morris' funeral.



Silver box containing this parchment granting the Freedom of the "City of Corke" to Captain Michael Kearny of "Irish Lott," owned by the American Legion, now in Whippany, N. J. Within the box is engraved the date "1778." The initials of Ravaud Kearny, who inherited it, were later engraved on the box, now owned by the great, great, great, great grandnephew of the Captain, Mr. Schuyler Neilson Warren, of New York,

sannah" however, did not lose her father's heritage although John Watts, Senior, was attainted alike in blood and property by the New York Legislature. For the liberal policy, reacting in favor of the Loyalists after the War, allowed both her brother, John Watts, Jr., and herself to recover, really at a nominal value, almost all the vast Watts realty holdings, now owned in part after a tenure of nearly 200 years in lineal descent in the hands of John Watts Senior's children's children bearing the name—not Watts,—but Kearny! And while we are at it, let's add to this long lineage of descent of real property, two other records; the "Kearny Cottage," the Commodore's birthplace, 1780-1920; and Kearny Castle, Phil. Kearny's Country Place, Kearny, New Jersey, now in lineal descent for 86 years! Colonel Phil.'s son, also Philip, the father of the General, was born in New York City 1780 while in possession of the British. In 1807 he married his father's niece, Susan Watts, daughter of John Watts, Junior, and ultimately became sole owner of the Homestead after his brother Captain Stephen had been assigned to military duty in the west.

This Philip, the General's father, had 15 brothers and sisters, though his father broke tradition by marrying only once! His brother Stephen, the "Conqueror," the youngest, greeted Father and Mother at the respective ages of 64 and 48. He, himself, had but two children, the General and Sister Susan who married Alexander Macomb the son of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, immediately preceding General Scott's assumption of that office in 1841.

Of Philip's vast estate in St. Lawrence County, we know; and of his residences in New York, where he seemed to wander around a good deal. Philip came to New York and entered business as stockbroker; and when the stockbrokers formed the Stock Exchange, he took a leading part in the movement.

These stockbrokers were accustomed to meet in the office of Samuel J. Beebe in the old Tontine Coffee House, a rendezvous for years for business men of all classes. On February 25th, 1817, took place an historic meeting at Beebe's—thirteen individual brokers, and 7 firms through their representatives attended;—a meeting of extraordinary consequences, none more so, in the life of a great city!

The meeting passed a resolution deciding upon the establishment of "The New York Stock and Exchange Board."

Among the men who attended the meeting of February 25th, organizing the Exchange, was Philip Kearny; and the rules enacted and the record of meetings later that year were compiled in one document and known as the Constitution of 1817. This document

was lost and a search was made far and wide; all hope given up for its recovery!

Well, the Kearny Homestead in Newark held the secret! One day Mr. Grand d'Hauteville and Frank Sturgis, a former President of the Exchange "Philip had helped to found", as Mr. E. Clarence Stedman writes in his Biography of the Exchange, "met and dined together." Mr. d'Hauteville had married Susan Macomb, a daughter of the General's sister and a granddaughter of the founder.

After a tenure of a century and a quarter the Kearny Homestead had fallen into Mr. d'Hauteville's wife's possession and it was to be taken by the State of New Jersey for the Normal School. Mrs. d'Hauteville goes out to the old home and looks it over; gathers together precious relics and behold,—but let Mr. Stedman, the General's—and the Exchange's—poetic Biographer, tell the tale: Mr. d'Hauteville remarked to his good friend, Frank Sturgis, that his wife had been sorting out a mass of papers in the Kearny Homestead in Newark and had run across some old papers which Mrs. d'Hauteville had examined and seemed to think they might interest Mr. Sturgis. A few days later, the document was in Mr. Sturgis' possession who to his amazement found that the document was the long missing Constitution of 1817! The reality of the document was verified. Mr. Sturgis upon the founder's granddaughter presenting it to him in turn gave it to the Exchange!

Phil.'s uncle Ravaud Kearny, a brother of General Stephen and three years his senior, graduated from Columbia in 1812 with a Bachelor and Master's Degree, and was ordained Deacon in 1817, the year Phil. helped to found the Exchange; and began his ministerial career at St. Paul's, Eastchester, now the Shrine Church of the Huguenots in Westchester County.

Shraff, in his History of Westchester County, reveals Ravaud's spiritual kinship with his illustrious nephew, the subject of this Biography; and of course Ravaud's tiny Biography is after all a phase of his nephew's: "By his fiery eloquence, Ravaud attracted to his church a large congregation!"

But de Peyster always said that Kearny was Dutchman, Frenchman, Scotchman, anything but Irishman! He was at one time sure he was entirely English! And in proportion as his first cousin's fame grew, de Peyster became more and more convinced that Phil. was only of the Bloods from which de Peyster himself had sprung! Dr. Bloom has it correctly in his New Mexican Quarterly: Philip Kearny was "American!" But undoubtedly the dominant strains in his racial make-up were just as Dr. Bloom wrote for the University of New Mexico.

And first of the Watts family of which his mother, father, grandfather and grandmother were members.

The Family in Scotland was known as Watt—the "s" having been added to the name by the Honorable Robert Watt, the first to establish himself in America about 1705. In Scotland the Family was known as one of "distinction and affluence" taking an important part in public affairs and occupying "a high social position" both of itself and its alliances. The same characteristics distinguished it from its earliest appearance in America and indeed the family ranks "with the very foremost of the families of New York City."

For generations the Watt Family was "seated on an Estate named 'Rose Hill' in the vicinity of Edinburgh." Robert was born in "Rose Hill," in 1680, and removed to America, about 1705, becoming a citizen of New York. He remained there all his life. He married Mary Nicoll, eldest daughter of William Nicoll—of Nicoll Manor, Islip, Long Island,—son of Mathias—the General's great-great-great-grandfather. Her mother, Anne Van Rensselaer, daughter of Jeremias Van Rensselaer,—Phil.'s great-great-great-great-grandmother,—was the daughter of Maria Van Cortlandt Van Rensselaer who was in turn the daughter of the founder in America of the Van Cortlandt Family. Through her Phil. was descended from the first Patroon of Rensselaerwyck—resident in America.

Mathias Nicoll was Secretary of the "Commission and Captain of the Forces under Colonel Richard Nichols" in the Expedition which took New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664. William Nicoll, his son,[13] was born in England in 1657. He was Phil.'s great-great-great-grandfather; and changed the family name to Nicoll at the same time that Watt was changed by Robert Watt to Watts! He was 21 years a Member of the Assembly; 16 years successively its Speaker; and a Member of the King's Council.

John Watts, Senior, Phil.'s great grandfather, son of Robert Watts, and Mary Nicoll, became a member of the Kings Council and remained a Councilman until the Revolution and was a Representative in the Assembly and was one of the original Trustees of the New York Society Library and the first President of the New York Hospital.

He purchased from his brother-in-law, Chief Justice James De Lancey, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of the Province,—for years acting Governor,—a farm of 130 acres, a large part of which General Phil. Kearny ultimately inherited.

This Farm was bounded on the south by the present 21st Street;

[13] Ancestor of former Senator Cortlandt Nicoll, New York; and of the noted lawyer, now deceased, DeLancey Nicoll who once told this author that he was not a blood relation of the DeLancey family.

on the east by the East River; on the west by Broadway and Bloomingdale Road; and extended northerly above what is now Madison Square. Watts called the place "Rose Hill" for his ancestral Home in Scotland.

A handsome mansion house arose upon an eminence at the corner of the present 4th Avenue and 28th Street "with a broad Avenue lined with graceful elms leading westerly to the Boston Post Road," over which little "Philly" went to Dr. Cogswell's school at Northampton in 1828!

On May 4th, 1775, Mr. Watts, Senior—Loyalist—embarked with his wife on the British Ship Charlotte and sailed for England. He died in Wales January 2nd, 1777, and is buried in St. James, Piccadilly!

John Watts married in 1746 the beautiful Ann De Lancey, daughter of Etienne,—Stephen,—De Lancey, the Founder of the De Lancey Family in America, sister of the Chief-Justice—Phil.'s uncle in that day. Again comes into Phil.'s lineage the strain of the Van Cortlandts for Ann De Lancey's mother was Ann Van Cortlandt, daughter of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, "*first* Proprietor of Van Cortlandt Manor," —as he was also the last!

John Watts, Junior, was born in New York City in 1749. He was a brother-in-law of one Philip Kearny "The Colonel", and father-in-law of another, the Stock Broker. He was appointed Royal Recorder of the City of New York and was the last to hold the office. He was—as we know—several times a member of the Assembly and its Speaker, 1791-94; and a Member of Congress and Judge of Westchester County. But disgusted with politics the closing years of his life were devoted to the establishment of the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum.

This Watts married in 1774 Jane De Lancey,—first cousin—granddaughter of Etienne. She in turn was a granddaughter of Lieutenant Governor Cadwallader Colden. Their daughters,—as we know,—one of them married Philip Kearny, the General's father; and the other daughter married Frederic de Peyster, father of John Watts.

Through a defect in the will of Mr. George Leake the money devoted by its terms to the erection and support of a proposed asylum became the property of John Watts, Junior. It was his by undisputed right. But he was one of those men "whose heart, extent of riches cannot narrow or degrade; and who retained amid the luxuries and opulence of fashionable life, noble and generous impulses." From this fund Watts established the Leake & Watts Asylum.

Thus Philip's great-great-grandfather in three lines of descent was Stephen De Lancey—to whom Phil. was the nearest and fullest relative,—who was born in Caen, France, October 24th, 1653. A

Huguenot, he fled France upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and came to New York, June 7th, 1686 and accumulated one of the largest fortunes in the Province.

Etienne built on Broad Street in 1700 a Mansion which became famous as Fraunces' Tavern, still standing, said to be the oldest structure in New York City. It was in the "Long Room" of this building, originally Philip's great-great-grandmother's drawing room, that Washington bade farewell to his officers in 1783!

In the Dictionary of American Biography an authoritative author epitomizes in Phil.'s Person the Persons and Properties in which he participated: "Philip Kearny was born to great wealth and distinguished social position,"—and so much more of an American therefore, that despite these "frightful handicaps" which keep most men off the stage of "Public Service," Phil. served the Nation greatly; "became somebody"; and no one could possibly read or interpret rightly his Personality as Soldier or Patriot,—as American!—without knowing the background from which he had come forth to the Front of the Picture. "Know ye not the Rock from which Ye are Hewn," was not spoken in vain!

But now: "Forward March"—to the Frontier with the Dragoons.

CHAPTER II

THE FRONTIER; FRENCH CAVALRY SCHOOL; FRENCH CONQUEST OF HER AFRICAN EMPIRE

WHAT was the Regiment,—just another of those Army things! Who its Chief Officer,—What Body Military was Phil. now to incorporate himself into? Was the Commanding Officer a Person,—a Personality,—teaching without stupid tools, his Books! Or a Schoolmaster needing them? And first, as being of infinitely superior significance, the Regiment's Organizer and Commander in Chief, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny, "SOLDIER OF THE FRONTIER"!

The career in the West of Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, historically famous as Conqueror and First Governor of the territory in whole or part of ten great Commonwealths, and as associated with the West's military movements from 1819 to 1848, was last seen by Phil., in imagination, at Highland School, storming the Heights of Queenston in the War of '12! Thence Kearny went to Plattsburg Barracks, "near enough" to his brother Phil.'s St. Lawrence County empire, until in 1819 he marched—and sailed—overland with the Sixth Infantry to Council Bluff in the trans-Mississippi West, on the Missouri River, not far from the present Council Bluffs, a little north of the mouth of the Nebraska or Platte River. At twenty-five Stephen became an historic character by his participation in the Magee-Kearny expedition—an operation collateral to General Atkinson's first Yellowstone Expedition—from that point,—variously called Camp Missouri, Camp and Fort Atkinson, Council Bluff, Camp Calhoun, etc.: take your choice,—to Camp Coldwater, in the first military expedition, some say the first journey of white men, from the Nebraska-Missouri River Country to the present site of St. Paul and Minneapolis; at which point Kearny explored—and helped select—the site of the historic Fort Snelling. Kearny's Journal on this expedition is one of several of the most valuable early West manuscripts in the Collections of the Missouri Historical Society.

Thence Stephen went to St. Louis and participated in another historic military journey, in 1825, in General Atkinson's second and famous Yellowstone Expedition,—sometimes called the Atkinson-O'Fallon Expedition,—which was *the* historic pre-Civil War Far Western military journey, save Colonel Kearny's pre-Mexican War Expedition of 1845 in which Phil. himself participated.

Thus before the age of thirty-one Stephen Kearny, whose name appears frequently in interesting, sometimes important, episodes on the Yellowstone Expedition, had written his name into the History of the West. And at the age of thirty-two in 1826, a fourth episode popularly more celebrated: Kearny first occupied and was the first Commander of organized troops at Jefferson Barracks!

Then an interlude, Dry as Dust; discipline and military drill in the great frontier forts; followed by an epic event in the history of the Army; the organization of the First Dragoons; and so the establishment *practically* of the West Point Cavalry Tactics and Practice School at Fort Leavenworth,—a branch of the service meagrely, if at all, taught at West Point on the Hudson.

Before 1833 cavalry in the then modern sense of the term had been unknown to the Army. The Light Dragoons of Captain George Watts's day had disappeared in the reorganization of the Army after the War of 1812.

In 1833 Col. Henry Dodge and Lieutenant Colonel Kearny organized the First Dragoons at Jefferson Barracks which soon became the corps d'élite of the Army. The Dragoons were immediately pressed into service in connection with the founding or re-establishment of forts on the Frontier for the protection of White settlers; or to still inter-tribal Indian war cries in the Territory of the Louisiana Purchase,—now in whole or part the States of Iowa, Colorado, Kansas, Arkansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Wyoming, and the Dakotas.

The Dragoons had accompanied General Leavenworth in 1834 shortly after their organization in his famous Expedition towards the Red River and the haunts of the *wild* Plains-Indians; during which General Leavenworth died; and the burden of the withdrawal of the troops fell upon Lieutenant Colonel Kearny.[1] After becoming their Chief Officer in 1836, Kearny founded Fort Kearny, really now Nebraska City; Camp Kearny on the Missouri; constructed Fort Des Moines where he passed the winter, re-established Fort Crawford, Wisconsin, and Fort Towson, Oklahoma; helped reorganize Fort Gibson, and each summer rode his Horsemen in exploratory expeditions into the Indian country, compromising controversies and calling councils. On one of these expeditions the Colonel marched his Dragoons diagonally across the whole of the present State of Iowa and into southern Minnesota; and about the time Phil. joined his regiment, detachments of the Dragoons were being employed as

[1] Falsely called "Disastrous". For two years the Indian Treaty Commissioners had attempted to accomplish what this mission achieved: To bring the *wild Indians* to a Council. The immense loss of life from sickness did not make a successful mission disastrous.

escorts in one of the greatest race-migrations in history, the transfer of the eastern Indians to the trans-Mississippi West; in establishing a chain of forts; and in assisting in the construction of military roads.

Of these troops which Phil. joined and of their Commander it has been written:

It is true that General Dodge, a Frontiersman and an expert Ranger, a gentleman and a gallant man, was the Dragoons' first Colonel, and Stephen Watts Kearny its first Lieutenant Colonel. But the latter was the creator and soul of that magnificent little body of cavalry, of which no superior or equal has ever been known on the American Continent. To Colonel S. W. Kearny is due the organization of the first real cavalry which the country possessed since the general disarmament after the War of 1812.

Such the Dragoons and their Commander with whom, and from whom, Phil. was to learn the cavalry game. Evidently Phil. had studied his military "Who's-What!"

Kearny arrived at Fort Leavenworth in the Spring of 1837; and was immediately assigned by his uncle to serve under Major Sumner, later a famous Corps Commander of the Civil War, to act in command of a detachment of dismounted Dragoons as escort for a band of Potawattomie Indians, then in emigration to the trans-Mississippi west under treaties of their nation with the United States.

It was Phil.'s first military service; his first report,—and it was signed; his last report was unsigned; written August 31st, 1862, in the darkest hour of his country's history, the day before his death in battle after the horrid battle of the second Bull Run, when Phil., then, as Major General Philip Kearny, was "one-armed devil" to the Confederate Ewell,—now his companion in arms.[2]

Kearny then assigned Phil. to proceed to Fort Gibson,—now Oklahoma—which he did as an escort to the Military Road Commissioners—Capt. Boone, son of Daniel, and the Colonel himself,—determined to survey the route from Fort Gibson to Fort Leavenworth. Under special direction from the Colonel, Phil. made some "reconnoisances" with the Commissioners during the next several weeks in connection with their work. While at the Fort, a Private traversed his path, who turned up again in the Mexican War; and again in the Civil, where he recruited from the Michigan regiments of Phil.'s Division the finest band in the Army of the Potomac. All through his Diary, here and there, Phil.'s name reappears, and he adopts the nomenclature—"Mr. Kerney"—which Lincoln used when Phil. re-

[2] See *Making of a Soldier,* by Hamlin; being Lieut. General Ewell's Letters.



Kearny's first service in the Army! Fort Leavenworth, August 9th, 1837. Report of Lieutenant Kearny to Captain E. V. Sumner: "Left Fort Leavenworth July 27th, 1837. Arrived as escort to seventy-five Indians at the Ioway Village; the following day at the junction of the Platte and Missouri Rivers: The next day arrived at Bellvue". Illustration of Bellvue from General Kearny's Collections--made contemporaneously with Kearny's visit, by Carl Bodmer who accompanied the Prince of Weid's Exploration Party up the Missouri



cruited his First Regiment, First Dragoons, in the Mexican War, at Springfield, Illinois. "Major" Elderkin draws a marvelous picture of the Dragoons; and a comic of Phil.! This is "Major" Elderkin's story:

I knew General Phil. *Kerney* when he was a lieutenant of the Dragoons and a more courageous man never lived, but he was very eccentric. He loved a beautiful horse and a fine looking soldier above everything else on earth! He was very wealthy, and if he saw an uncommon, fine appearing young soldier who kept everything neat and clean, he would often stop him and compliment him on his soldierly appearance, and perhaps give him several dollars in money. If there was anything new in saddles or equipment which came up and the government was slow in adopting them, Kerney would equip his company with them at his own expense.

He always had several of the finest horses, and on one occasion before the Mexican War we were in camp at Fort Gibson. The Lieutenant was slicking up his quarters and white-washing stables when one of the men asked him what he should white-wash? The Lieutenant replied, 'White-wash everything, damn it!'

Now Lieutenant Kerney had one beautiful black horse he thought everything of, and as the men had been roughly told to white-wash everything, they for mischief white-washed the horse.

When Kerney came back and saw the horse, he said to his servant, 'Andrew, what damn fool has put that horse in here;—what horse is it?' The servant finally recognizing the horse, said 'It is your horse, Lieutenant.' 'It is no such damn thing; it is not my horse; turn him out!' Strange to say this eccentric man would never have anything to do with or claim the horse after it had been so disgraced!

Elderkin's description of the Dragoons was very fine:

The First Dragoons was the finest body of men I ever saw! Their uniforms were black jackets, with straight hat, from which waved long and beautiful black plumes. Horses the best Uncle Sam could provide for them. When they rode in line, wheeled and manoeuvered at the sound of the bugle, it was a sight to inspire any man with enthusiasm and pride. Lieutenant Kerney with his company charged into the very gates of the City of Mexico, and it was in this gallant charge that the lieutenant lost his arm.

Phil. served under the Commanding Officer of the Dragoons at Fort Leavenworth seven months. He was now directed to join another famous soldier, destined to be his brother-in-law,—General Henry Atkinson of the Yellowstone Expedition, who since then had

won national fame as Conqueror of the great Indian Chief, "Black-Hawk", in the War to which that Indian chief gave his name.

Phil. proceeded to St. Louis and then to Jefferson Barracks to undertake his new assignment. Two events of importance occurred during the eight months Phil. served on General Atkinson's staff. In the first place a life-lasting and "Hero Worship" kind of friendship with a noble man, and great soldier.[3] Then came another kind of a friendship. Phil. met General Atkinson's wife's sister, Diana Bullitt, one of the three "Bullitt Beauties" of Louisville, Kentucky. So brilliantly did these famous women flame in the distinguished aristocratic society of the "Capital of the trans-Mississippi West" that eighty-five years afterwards,—all their loveliness fallen to dust,—the Historian of Jefferson Barracks picks up their trail at the dawn of their glorious day.

THE FAMOUS WOMEN OF JEFFERSON BARRACKS[4]

The wife of General Atkinson, Commander of the Post for many years, was a daughter of Alexander,—Thomas,—Bullitt, one of the original settlers of Louisville, Kentucky, and the eldest of a family celebrated for beauty, wit, and charm of manner. Mrs. Atkinson, aided by her brilliant and beautiful sisters, made Jefferson Barracks something more than a mere military Post; and transformed it into a delightful home of the gay and gallant young soldiers serving their apprenticeship in arms.

The Barracks were near enough to St. Louis to allow the officers to mingle freely in its gay and hospitable society, in which the influence of the old French element was still predominant. The benefits and enjoyment of such a Society were thoroughly appreciated by the officers, whose commissions in those happy days of the Republic accredited them to the best society everywhere. Could anyone doubt the event! Phil., you'd better run; not from Aunt Mary Atkinson or Aunt "Lou" de Kanzow, but from Grandma Diana; she's the most glorious of the lot!

What appealed to Phil. in Diana,—of course besides "her exquisite loveliness"—was the genealogical structure of the Bullitts,—a race

[3] In no sketch of Atkinson's Life is the fact noted that in 1838 he was offered —and declined—the Governorship of Iowa Territory. Neither Col. Kearny nor Atkinson had any taste for politics. They were pre-eminently *the* soldiers of the Northwestern Frontier—1819 to 1848. Atkinson died in 1842. Stephen Kearny in 1848.

[4] This history supplied by the great kindness of Miss Stella M. Drumm is a manuscript history of the Barracks in Miss Drumm's Missouri Historical Society collections.

singularly distinguished in the history of Kentucky; Statesmen and Professional men; and while "Clark had founded the City" of Louisville, a Bullitt, her great-grandfather, had surveyed it.

Diana's "breeding" in the "Clark Tradition" had its appeal! Diana's grandmother was Anne Clark Gwathmey,—Mrs. Owen Gwathmey,—a sister of General George Rogers Clark who had conquered the West in the Revolutionary War from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, from the Great Lakes to the Ohio; sister also of William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, long Governor of Missouri Territory,—the most famous Brothers in American History! Uncle Stephen too had married Governor Clark's step-daughter, Miss Kennerly.[5] Thus Kearny felt himself drawn to the West and to the spirit of romance then falling as a "Shekinah" over the minds of eastern men.

General de Peyster, essentially aristocratic, makes much,—overmuch, by a long shot,—of the aristocratic fighting bloods from which the Kearnys sprang; but neglects to trace Phil.'s spiritual lineage! The spirit of pioneerism; of invincible daring; dangerous courage; which traversed and conquered a continent! A spirit soon to justify America's claims to the Oregon Country, founded on Diana's family's part in the Lewis and Clark Exploration of the Columbia River, 1803 to 1805, sinking the rights of the United States deep in the past; and within a decade in the conquest of the West,—by Clark's son-in-law,—in the Mexican War. A rare racial synthesis embraced Phil. in its grip! The over-civilization,—if so be,—of the boys at the Ufford School;—all the boys of "his crowd" in New York,—and the rugged, the invincible, the "unreckoning spirit" of the West, which courted and embraced Danger as Friend!

But now an event happened, arising out of a casual conversation on the streets of St. Louis; an event of *untold significance* in Kearny's life! Indeed making Kearny the particular brand of soldier he became: Scientific knowledge and brilliant power to Execute; Strategist and Battle Soldier! In short, Soldier of France, Soldier of the United States, rolled into one!

Philip had concluded—after studying the rudiments of the cavalry game under Uncle "Steve"—that much was needed to fill the gaps in Phil.'s and the Dragoons Military Education; and was determined to go abroad to study and report on the subject; and to practice war with foreign Armies, if that were possible.

[5] General John Watts Kearny, Diana's son, died in 1933. He held Col. Jonathan Clark's membership in the Society of the Cincinnati. Jonathan was George Rogers' brother. Stephen Kearny was "Honorary Member" of the New York Society of the Cincinnati. Grant Foreman, inadvertently, doubtless, says Stephen married Clark's daughter.

Major J. D. Graham had formed a firm friendship with Phil. when stationed at Jefferson Barracks. These two ideal gentlemen had many talks on the subject of the military life, and Graham left for the East impressed vividly with Kearny's ambitions for professional achievement and his pet plan of going abroad to study his profession.

Graham remembered always a talk he had had on the streets of St. Louis with young Phil.; and when the opportunity offered, the thoroughbred Graham told the Secretary of War of Phil.'s thought to study abroad. The result was that the Secretary, himself an ardent admirer of the French, appointed Phil. a member of the Commission to study Cavalry Tactics in Europe. Graham's letter tells the story of the origin of this movement which resulted in the formulation of our Cavalry Tactics dubbed by Colonel Brackett "Facile Princeps."

Washington, May 26th, 1839.

Dear Sir:

I was conversing with Mr. Poinsett not long ago in reference to some military matters; and he told me he intended to have two of the graduates of the Military Academy of this year, selected for the Dragoon Service & sent to France for the purpose of attending the school of Cavalry practice & Discipline at Saumur. I recollected what you said to me one day as we were walking together in Saint Louis, that is, that you had a desire to visit Europe for the purpose of improvement in your Profession, provided you could obtain a furlough for the purpose. I took occasion to mention this to Mr. Poinsett and he said if you chose to apply now, with that view, you should be indulged, and could go out with the two young gentlemen from West Point in July, or during the present summer.[6]

Phil. had just gone to Fort Leavenworth; and the suddenness and startling unexpectedness of the affair which was to land Phil. in Africa, in a year, fighting one of the great soldiers of the Nineteenth Century, and aiding France to collect her Colonial Empire, is shown by General Atkinson's and Col. Kearny's orders:

Headquarters, Western Division
of the Army, April 3, 1839

Lieutenant Philip Kearny, aide-de-camp and acting adjutant general, being desirous to join his regiment for duty in the field, will repair to Fort Leavenworth.

[6] Graham was not only one of the ablest soldiers our army produced; but he was what delighted Kearny, being Kearny, "a most charming companion and gentleman."

And then on May 15th:

Headquarters, First Regiment
First Dragoons,
Fort Leavenworth

Order No. 29

Second Lieutenant Kearny is relieved from this post and will repair to Washington City to report in person on the 1st of July to the Hon. Secretary of War.

Filled with the Service-Spirit of the two great soldiers of the West and of the only cavalry troop of the Army, under its Organizer and Leader; a command, by the testimony of private, general officer and youthful West Pointer—Ewell—called the finest body of troops on the continent, Phil. goes abroad to perfect his military education, not available at West Point; not in an armchair, but on the field of battle. And he begins his military life on the larger stage, and it begins brilliantly; new Cavalry Tactics for the Army! Himself an accomplished soldier!

Kearny arrived in Washington August 1, 1839; immediately reported to Secretary Joel Poinsett who told him the purpose of President Van Buren's sending the Saumurian Mission to France. The three Cavaliers were to go through the regular course of study at the "Royal School of Cavalry at Saumur;" take the two years' course in one; perfect themselves in the theory and practice of the great French Cavalry service and upon their return work out a system of Cavalry Tactics for the Dragoons modelled on the French system which Poinsett thought the finest in Europe, "but so modified as to meet the needs of the United States Dragoons now commanded by your uncle, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny."

August 10th, 1839 Poinsett orders the Commission to proceed to France. Shortly the three Musketeers,—Cavaliers,—sailed from New York; went to London; thence to Paris. Finding the American Minister, Mr. Cass, on a visit to the Royal Family, then residing at the Royal Château, at Fontainebleau, the Commission presented their respects to him there in person. General Cass immediately presented these ideally representative young Americans,—the best there were anywhere!—at Court; and as Lieutenant Turner records in his Journal, the King, Louis Philippe, treated them with "distinguished hospitality." Phil. met the Duc d'Orléans and his brother, the Prince de Joinville, whom Phil. will meet again;—one very soon in Africa; the other as a member of the Commander-in-Chief's Staff in the Peninsula Campaign in the Civil War.

The young men dined twice at the Château and accompanied "Louis" to review the troops at the Camp of Instruction.

On October 8th the "Three," as Eustis refers to them in his letters, arrived at the Cavalry School at Saumur, then as now located about 175 miles southwest of Paris on the left bank of the Loire. The Cavalry School at one time at Angers was toward the close of the preceding century transferred a little distance to the southwest of the town of Saumur. At this time the school enjoyed a high if not the highest reputation as an institution given to instruction in the cavalry arm of the service. Its graduates were distributed through all the cavalry regiments of the Army to diffuse through the whole a complete knowledge "of the Horse and Horsemanship in the Service of War." Kearny's Service School at Fort Leavenworth—not West Point which knew nothing about cavalry; *rightly or wrongly* that Service had lapsed—was the American parallel.

Phil. reported to General de Braack—the Commandant—to whom he was immediately attracted,—de Braack to him,—and was placed as were all the foreign officers, under the *individual* direction of one of the Instructors. In Phil.'s case Lieutenant Commander Michaud.

Phil.'s letters revealed to the Secretary that there were two classes of persons studying at Saumur, "The élèves,—students of St. Cyr, a preparatory school for cavalry officers who after graduation come to this school for graduate training. The other class, officers in service for years who come here to *study the science* of their profession". Then he adds,—Phil.'s band in the Peninsula was, par excellence, the band of the army; played its tunes as his Division marched into fire: "Besides instruction of the cavalry band to be made musicians previous to being admitted into regimental bands. Then also a School for non-commissioned officers, the best of the privates to be prepared for commissioned officers; and a School for Farriers. Later Phil. wrote that there was a "grand stable here" and some beautiful horses; principally Arabs,—all destined for use at Saumur, and Phil. concludes: "I apologize for thus addressing you informally in the only mode for an officer communicating direct with the War Department".

But Life to Phil. was ever something larger than the military life which so passionately he espoused! Tolstoi has written that before we are Soldier, Journalist, Lawyer, Mechanic, Tradesman, etc. we are men—an opinion vehemently throughout his life concurred in by Philip Kearny. And so while at the School, he determined to give an entertainment,—a Ball,—which would do honor not only to Phil. Kearny but, infinitely more important, to Phil.'s Nation; and to "make some adequate return for the unusual civilities shown by the civil and military authorities to the three young Americans."

Eighty years later, Mary Kearny, a great personality—and most delightful of persons, and intensely loyal to her own people, Phil.'s

granddaughter—when present at the marriage of Mademoiselle Bernonville and Count Pierre de Galzan was saluted by the groom's father.

"Are you a relative of the young American Officer who served at Saumur in 1840? My father was then Prefect of Saumur." Mary told him the relationship. Delighted at the coincidence the son of the former mayor showed Mary a handsome volume with a foreword in Phil.'s handwriting, half illegible, containing pictures of events, 1839 to 1840, which Phil. had presented to the "Prefect" with a salutation of appreciation. Among these events was a scene of "Kearny's Ball" and underneath it in the mayor's hand the legend, "The most brilliant affair Saumur ever had."

The Ball of the "rich young officer from the States" was already famous by anticipation. Applications were constantly received for invitations,—"many from a great distance"; and Phil. to memorialize the event "employed an artist who was present to make a picture of the Ball, a copy of which he presented to General de Braack." It was said of the entertainment "that it was Gothic in its style of magnificence unprecedented in that part of the country". One of the earliest distinct recollections of the grandson of the Host was the original painting,—a replica—elaborate in its detail, showing individual persons including the Host, easily recognizable, which hung on the walls of Phil.'s "Bellegrove".

At this Ball, Phil. stood as symbol and wore the uniform of an American Dragoon Officer. He gloried in its effectiveness! Afterwards he wrote that it was "as effective and imposing as any in the room," although Poles, Turks, French, Sardinian, Russian, English and Italian officers "wore their national military uniform." Phil. gave a splendid description of the uniform of which none other—Brackett follows Phil.'s description—has opened to a careful research; and it shows a leading characteristic of Phil. even in the midst of his bloodiest campaigns. His love of dress and fashion and the *moral consequences of keeping up appearances.* "It was double-breasted; it was a frock; but cut in a much more graceful fashion. The collar, cuff and turn-back bordered with lace, and ornamented and trimmed with gold. Pantaloons were blue-gray mixture; with two stripes of orange cloth up each outward seam; the cap such as the French term 'shako' with drooping plumes and silver and gold ornaments; gold foraging cords and tassels which were detached and worn over the coat and around the neck, producing the effect of an 'aiguillette' and a sash of silk of a deep orange color".

So the Dragoons of the epic golden era! Twenty years later, at the brink of the Civil War, Phil. who commanded exquisite English,

didn't use it on this occasion; it didn't fit the subject: "When I saw some of my own regiment again I was amazed. I left them a set of elegant gentlemen and now I come back to find them a set of dirty blackguards"!

"After the Ball was over", a headache! Philip R. Kearny, Phil.'s business agent, gives us a nice little epitome of the financial aspect of Kearny's splurge, for we are told "he threw up his hands in horror, and wanted to know if the young representative of American munificence as he read in the *Journal des Débats* had completely lost his senses!"

A sample of the formal reports in his letters which Phil. sent Joel at this time is like this: I have refrained from sending communications to the Department which might be inaccurate in their conclusions. Still I have seen sufficient to be convinced that though the French theory of tactics is the most perfect, and their manner of going through a campaign the least harassing and destructive of the soldier, that here the study of the army stops.

As for the grooming and state of their horses,[7] their stables, their quarters and anything that pertains to high discipline in garrison and military neatness these are everywhere here wretched in the extreme, —to a degree that would not be tolerated in the most slovenly company of our whole Dragoon regiment. These points must be studied in England where perhaps they are carried on to excess; and in Germany where I believe they must be perfect.

Kearny now felt he had spent his opportunities for academic study at Saumur and upon learning that the Duc d'Orléans was intending to launch an expedition against the Arabs in the conquest of the French Colonial Empire in Northern Africa, although without explicit authority from the President, Phil. characteristically told de Braack of his intention to join the Expedition.

De Braack concurred most heartily in Phil.'s plan: "You will now practice our teachings in battle; you will become a practiced soldier —not a professor!"[8]

Accordingly Kearny left for Paris on the 25th of March. His health was very poor and he was carried to his carriage and Turner enters in his Diary: "Poor Phil.; we may see him no more; he will leave his bones on the African plains"!

Upon arriving in Paris Phil. successfully set about getting himself together physically; unsuccessfully in attempting to get authority from Mr. Cass to present to the French officers in Algiers to allow

[7] Grasset, French historian, counterclaims we shall see against this criticism of the French treatment of the horse.

[8] Constantly Phil.'s letters from the battlefield refer to "would-be-battle-soldiers" as having been Professors!

him to accompany the expedition. In the meanwhile he set about a study of the French Conquest in which he hoped to participate.

The territory of Algiers, Phil. read, which lay on the opposite shore of the Mediterranean less than five hundred miles from Marseilles, was said to cover about "seventy thousand square miles with a population of about two million."

The great Arab Soldier and Leader,—Abd-el-Kadir—who blocked the passage of the French Conquest, was an extraordinary figure in the astonishing contrasts which his personality presented.

His people looked upon him as not only a military but a political and religious leader. "He had displayed a marvelous strength of will, prodigious activity, indomitable constancy," and military talent which "astonished" the most skillful of the French officers.

In every sense of the word his people thought of Abd-el-Kadir as Patriot and the event proved that he was one. The last support of a nation destined to perish he did all that was possible to preserve it from ruin: "If the French Government had not sent against his armies a hundred thousand soldiers he would have remained master of Algiers from the Coasts of the Mediterranean to the frontiers of Morocco."

But great Soldier and fierce warrior, the Arab chief was not a man of cruel or ferocious appearance. On the contrary by a strange contrast between looks and acts he had a delicate, almost effeminate air. A contemporary French portrait lets us see that his features were almost mild; his hands white and small "like those of a girl." He had a small beard; his step was slow and calm; his frail body seemed incapable of supporting the least fatigue. "When a stranger speaks to him, he listens with downcast eyes fingering his necklace; moves his lips as if mumbling the words of a prayer." But General de Peyster's portrait in its emphasis on the sheer womanly beauty of Abd-el-Kadir was far more fascinating: de Peyster had ample opportunities of judging him. He was introduced to him in 1851; had rooms adjacent to him in the same hotel at Marseilles and saw him again in 1852 at Avignon. At that time he was about forty-seven years of age.

"No portrait begins to do justice to his beauty! Very few women could surpass him in the delicacy and regularity of his features. Select the handsomest portrait ever exhibited of the Arab chieftain and it falls far short of the Arab in the prime of his manhood; since no portrait could possibly give any idea of the gentle expression of his eyes and countenance in repose and of his fire when aroused."

In 1830 when the French first invaded Algiers with the intention of establishing a Colonial Empire, Abd-el-Kadir was in a subordinate

rank. But on the arrival of the French he began to acquire consequence with the Arabs. He traversed the villages, preaching a Crusade against the *Christian* infidel, and everywhere inciting insurrection. Cool and adroit, he surprised the enemy, without himself being taken off his guard; and his companions in arms regarded him as a Messenger from God!

At this time, 1830-35, the French government was not settled as to what course to pursue. Many statesmen thought the best way was merely to guard the coast and leave the interior to the Arabs—the so-called "restricted occupation"; and adopting this policy, the famous Peace of Tafra was signed. Interpreting the Peace as a conquest of the Military spirit of France, Abd-el-Kadir consolidated his Empire and fired to frenzied zeal, patriotic and religious, the spirit of his people. The French deliberately broke the blundering Convention; determined to conquer the interior; and sent against the illustrious Arab a vast army and her most famous Captains. It was at this juncture that Phil. appeared on the scene.

Such the foe, such the military objectives, which Kearny learned about as he lay building up his broken health for the campaign in which he now bent every energy to participate.

Kearny wrote Mr. Poinsett from Paris on April 20th, 1840 that he had left Saumur to carry out the object proposed to the Secretary when "I came abroad" to make himself acquainted with the practice of cavalry regiments in the French and other services. "The present spring campaign", wrote Kearny, "under Marshal Vallée and the Duc d'Orléans has presented an occasion which I am anxious to improve. . . . Incidentally and unofficially I heard that you make no objections to my plans. Were this campaign a thing I could see some months later, I would be better satisfied in waiting till I hear from you explicitly and until my health which has been extremely delicate was in greater measure restored to me. But that cannot be, as after the middle of June all active operations will cease and do not recommence until the Fall. I left Saumur the 25th of March since which time ill health has obliged me to remain at this place."

Phil. arrives at Algiers on May 7th; only to find that the Expedition had already departed and he immediately delivered his letters to the commanding officer at Algiers and accompanied his letters to General Schramm with one of his own in which he spoke of his "ambitions to observe the practical working of the regiments in the field." In reference to his own authority he observed, "Still as our ambassador has no positive instructions from our government to prefer this request to the French government he considered that these letters addressed to you and General Rumigney would be sufficient".

Phil. then appealed to the American Consul, to use his influence; and through his instrumentality the Ambassador's letters were forwarded by *special express* to Marshal Vallée; and so Kearny sits down to a siege of the French High Command!

In the meantime Phil. visited the forts and fortified camps, and upon the arrival of "General Corbin," Commandant of the District of Algiers, he was told that a splendid thing to do was to get an idea "of garrison service in time of war." He visited the celebrated camp of "Douera" where he reported to Mr. Poinsett there were "barracks for 5,000 men and 2,000 cavalry. . . . I minutely examined its works; the disposition of its defenders; the plans of the stables, the duties of the guards; *the wakefulness of the pickets;* its advance posts; the mode of communicating intelligence from the distant videttes, points of lookout, &c, &c."

It soon became plain that the main expedition was not available; but he did join the expedition in a minor key; a provisioning party was being sent out; and he received permission to accompany it. The party set out on May 19th with about two thousand men conveying provisions to the Farm de Moussaiah; marched to Boufarick and next day reached its destination; which undoubtedly marks an historic minor event in Phil.'s history! Phil. received his baptism of fire under the French in Algiers!

Kearny reports "on the 20th of May we set out on our return. We were under arms at early daybreak. We were attacked by a body of Arabs on two occasions; but the shooting was very slight and one mountain howitzer scattered the main body right and left."

It was on this collateral expedition that Phil. saw an apparition apparently, which meant that his dreams would come true. On the summit of a hill he beheld a cloud of dust which he was told was a "convoy from Marshal Vallée's main army" to carry forward the provisions "we have just brought forward. *But to the very great surprise* of all, the following day it was ascertained that it was the whole army itself unexpectedly returning!" Then Phil. romances: "Thus I had been unexpectedly initiated into service! Just to think I marched on foot entirely; one day thirty-nine miles of forced marching!"

The Prince de Joinville, and the Comte de Paris, brother and son respectively of the Duc d'Orléans now serving with this expedition, —and the Comte de Trobriand and General Grasset, four authoritative French military historians, chronicle that Kearny served under the Duc d'Orléans in this Campaign. Kearny's words now reveal for the first time that this was so but only "constructively" and not with the main army or under the Duc's immediate command; and then



The original of this beautifully colored picture by Charles Le Blanc was acquired by Lieutenant Kearny at Saumur where it was created. "General Kearny rode up to my tent at the second Battle of Bull Run. He was a striking, fine, soldierly figure, one-armed, much as we might expect a French General to look." Carl Schurz. "Kearny had all the air of a Chasseur d'Afrique of the Second Empire." Grasset, French Historian.



these Frenchmen say Phil. then received the Decoration of the Legion of Honor; but the facts are a little different.

Kearny who had dined, as we know, with de Joinville and the Duc at the Royal Château at Fontainebleau as guest of the French King, now renewed his acquaintance with the Duc who commanded a division in Marshal Vallée's Army. Kearny tells us he was guest of the Duc at a banquet given before his departure from Algiers, who did not go on "Kearny's expedition" which was to start in one week. It was then that the Duc d'Orléans tendered Kearny the decoration of the Legion of Honor which these French writers refer to. But Phil., obedient to the then narrowly interpreted constitutional restraint upon officers accepting foreign titles and the like, felt forced to decline the proffered honor which he was later to receive when serving with Napoleon in the Cavalry Division of the Imperial Guard at the Battle of Solferino.

About the Duc Kearny had this to say: The Duke had volunteered for the campaign with the usual bravery and gallantry of all that family; more, however, as a means of popularity with the French people. His real service in Africa, however, must not be exaggerated. The Duke commanded a Division and fought it bravely, and the Duke d'Aumale—his brother—then twenty years of age, acted as his aide. But Marshal Vallée was much opposed to their serving with him; and all *allowed that their presence was detrimental,* as not acting subservient to the plans of the commanding general but causing all the army to act in relation to them, watching to secure their safety.

A week after the return of the first expedition, the second expedition set out. It was vulgarly reported,—so Kearny said,—that on the day of the departure of the expedition Marshal Vallée forbade a steamer to land for fear that she might bring authority for his withdrawal from command. A cry of disgust at the futility of the first expedition was the cause of his action.

The troops which Kearny now joined, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, he knew well from Saumur. They were the crack Cavalry soldiers—the crack Soldiers!—the Corps d'élite of the entire French Service.

The Chasseurs were the vanguard of the operations which signalized the French Conquest. Mounted on horses of native races, "supple, skillful, nervous, bold, indefatigable, from four feet five inches to four feet seven inches in height they could go from fifteen to twenty leagues, always at a trot or gallop without resting and without unbridling."

No obstacle stopped the Chasseurs; nothing impeded their columns: "A little corn for the horse, a little rice for the Chasseur; these are the only provisions for the route. They go on, on; as soon as they perceive the enemy, they spring forward; for to them an enemy

seen is an enemy gained, overthrown, destroyed! The habit of conquest has rendered them invincible! The Arabs who have felt in a hundred 'rencontres' the terrible qualities of our Chasseurs, their strength and agility, their bravery in action, and still more their generosity after victory, have named them the 'Lions of the Desert' ".[9]

Such the troops, Kearny's companions on this campaign, teaching Kearny in his formative youth how to wage war. Colonel Changarnier commanded the "Third Light" infantry on this expedition. Later we shall see Kearny deaf to the Recall on the ramparts of Mexico City. Did he then hear across the Atlantic Changarnier's words ordering his men to the assault? And selecting his own special command from those composing his column, Changarnier pointed to the fortified position: "Men, Charge! and when you hear the Recall remember it is not for you!" How well Phil. learned the Military Spirit of France!

Phil. writes "that the Princes left on the 24th of May;—the Duc d'Orléans having been limited by the French authorities before he left Paris for his service in Africa. The heat of the advancing season,—no troops having been kept in the field as late as June,—seemed to foreclose any further movement. But the Marshal saw how little he had accomplished with the means placed at his disposition which would not justify him with King and people; and the disgust openly shown at Algiers by citizens and military alike was but a precursor of the agitation that would burst forth at home. And so Marshal Vallée determined on the second expedition which accordingly opened on the 1st day of June." Now for Phil.'s own account—his "Journal" of the Conquest of the French Colonial Empire—one of the three accounts written from day to day by an eyewitness and the only such account written by a person not a Frenchman of a Colonial Conquest ultimately extending to substantially one-half of the African Continent!

[9] General Castellane.

CHAPTER III

PHIL.'S JOURNAL; AND CAVALRY TACTICS; AIDE TO TWO COMMANDING GENERALS (A CHASSEUR-DRAGOON'S JOURNAL OF THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF HER COLONIAL EMPIRE)

By PHILIP KEARNY, MAJOR GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY

I WAS attached to the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique under Colonel Pays de Bojolli, commanded by the veteran Captain Assena, an old imperial officer of cavalry.

One of the Chefs d'Escadron, Commandant Morris,[1] was distinguished from having, in a mêlée which took place whilst acting with his squadron as skirmishers, personally grappled with three Arabs, two of whom he killed; the third, however, a wiry, powerful man, had succeeded in prostrating the Commandant and might have killed him, as Morris's sword had been broken, but for the chasseurs, who galloped to the rescue.

On Monday, the 1st of June, the troops were put in motion and concentrated at Bouffarick and Blida, the days of the 2d, 3d and 4th.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique were mounted on Arab horses about fourteen hands to fourteen and a half high, bony, and generally ewe-necked, being the barb horse, not the Arab breed of the desert, but nearly equally valuable in his great qualities of endurance.

June 5th.—Reveille sounded at half past four o'clock, but we did not commence our march until about seven o'clock, having thus had time to breakfast comfortably.

The march of the army continued in the plain of the Metidjah, its direction westerly, and as if its bearing was to Cherchell.

Towards the afternoon, by a change of direction in the march, we turned towards the left, and entered at once into a region unknown to the French, and soon commenced winding among the gorges of the mountains, which were to lead us across to the plains of the Cheliff, and its capital city, Milianah, the object of our expedition.

June 6th.—At an early hour the next morning we were under arms. We now entered in earnest amongst the mountains, now scaling diffi-

[1] Under whom Phil. served twenty years later against the Austrians in Napoleon's Cavalry Division of the Imperial Guard.

cult heights, now following narrow ridges, and then again plunging down fearful precipices into some isolated valley.

June 7th.—The march of the 7th of June was much the same as that of the preceding day.

The heat was terrific, reflected as the sun was from the burning soil; and not a hundred yards could be passed over without seeing some unhappy wretch rolling in convulsions on the ground, or crying like a child in the demoralization of a violent brain fever. War is a theatre of contrasts, and one, a foreigner like myself could not but be struck with it; exhibiting in the same moment with the preceding scene of misery, the gay vivandière of each regiment, who, flauntingly dressed in the manly uniform coat of some regiment, with the skirts of her own sex, protected by a broad sombrero, would jauntily march by with her loaded mule, the pride and solicitude of her whole corps.

The engagements were not many today, but groups of Arabs were seen every here and there, as if watching with dismay the swell of war rolling in the direction of their proud city.

A cry of unbounded enthusiasm burst from the troops, as for the first time they beheld that unknown region, the long talked of object of French wishes, the end and destination of our campaign—the seat of Milianah.

June 8th.—The gray dawn had no sooner cleared away before we were in full march. . . .

There the city was before us, perched on a plateau that jutted from the side of a mountain, that arose perpendicularly behind it. The smoke now curled high up in wreaths, while the lurid glare of the fire shone at every crevice, or burst forth forking from the roofs.

The city was enveloped in flames, their own act! But an Arab was never known to yield a mountain retreat without bloodshed, and a right to avenge!

Measures were therefore instantly taken. The principal part of the infantry, formed into two heavy columns of attack, were marched over heights to the right and left of the gorge, whilst another portion was left at its mouth, to repel the Arabs who had molested our rear-guard.

Nothing could have been more beautiful than the advance of the infantry; the right column directed its course about half a mile or more to the right, attacking the town directly in front!

The colonel's orders, in the plan of the battle, had been to advance, and, forming upon the plateau, charge to the right or left, as might suit the occasion, to cut off the retreat of the Arabs. I belonged to the 4th squadron, but at the moment of advance, and by somewhat bolder riding, and knowing my powerful gray, I had placed myself close to the colonel at the head.

But to our great chagrin, when we arrived and formed up, though firing was going on within less than a quarter of a mile from us, the ground was such as to preclude the utter possibility of cavalry movements.

June 9th, 10th, and 11th.—We soon entered the city and the ninth, tenth, and eleventh were spent at Milianah, and afforded us the opportunity of examining an Arab town in its true original state. As the graveyard in which the 1st chasseurs were encamped was just outside the town, several of us, after seeing our horses tended to, strolled into the city.

An important and interesting fact was now discovered, hitherto unknown, that Milianah had been formerly the site of a Roman town.

The bazaar, or thoroughfare of merchants, is a sight peculiar to the thickly peopled cities of Africa and the East. Some shops are those of tobacco merchants, where are pipes of all forms and materials, with stems from the rich velvet covered wood with amber mouth pieces, or the flexible silken hookar, to the plain cherry with its bark left on. These again differ in variety and size from those of six inches to six feet. The bowls are generally stone, or a peculiar red clay, or of a hard wood, gilt and lined with some metal, the generality of the common pipes resembling much our Indian ones.

Never were there happier days than passed during our halt at Milianah! Though we had but our one kindly shading tree, we beheld around and near us the cypress and myrtle, and felt its romance. The long twilight of summer was enhanced by the continued music of the splendid band of the *"Legion Estrangère,"*—Foreign Legion—which played till a late hour of night; and certainly some of the richest strains of music I ever listened to were here, in the far interior of Africa!

June 12th.—On leaving the defile of Milianah and returning once more into the plain, we found the army of Abd-el-Kadir, its numbers making some seven thousand. A skirmishing soon took place, but was confined to the rear-guard.

The day was deadly hot, no water was on the line of march, and the suffering of the army was extreme. The whole plain, from the troops firing the grain, farm-houses, and villages, where they passed, had the appearance of a burning prairie of the Far West in America.

June 14th.—This day we were less molested. I was more particularly than on any other day struck with the want of management of the French with their horses. They never dismounted whilst ascending the steep hills.

So, too, we would move on, perhaps only some hundred yards, and halt, remaining mounted perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, before ordered to dismount; the signal for the advance or halt being sounded

by the trumpets attached to the general staff. In our cavalry regiments horses would have been saved to the utmost; but the French are deficient in this purely national innate love of the horse, God's noblest work after man.

This night we encamped at the *"Bois d'Oliviers,"* wood of olives, a beautiful grove, nearly a mile long, and half as wide, at the foot of the Col de Teneah.

When within half a league we found signs of what we were to expect on the morrow, by seeing drawn out below us, on a plateau to the left, at the foot of the mountain, the whole body of Abd-el-Kadir's infantry!

The regiment encamped as usual, but from the proximity of the foe, in a country where he could act, and where he had shown himself thus in force, guards were doubled and on the alert with increased vigilance. At dusk, private orders had been borne to all the officers to be in readiness with the rest of the army by twelve o'clock. At midnight, June 15th, accordingly the whole camp was noiselessly got under arms. Regiments of infantry stole up the heights, and occupied the passes and commanding points. At two o'clock the cavalry was in the saddle, and commenced ascending the height by the narrow and difficult path; and as our movement had by this time become known to the Arabs, orders from the rear were forwarded by mouth from man to man, for the head of the column to quicken the pace.

A skirmish in the wood, which had commenced by a light firing, had now thickened into a serious affair: it gradually extended on the right and left of it, and by 5 o'clock A.M., the line of fight extended in a semi-circle for near half a league, and the while the dismounted cavalry on the plateau were felt,—but not warmly,—by the Kabyles with the Arab infantry.

Indeed, the fight itself, though fought by the Bedouins dismounted, by the Arab infantry, and the mountaineers or Kabyles, owed its pertinacity to the unflinching courage and native skill of these latter.

The Arabs had moved around in great force and attacked the *"Bois d'Oliviers"* on all points, and it was, though not in our view, sufficiently evident to us, from seeing the artillery throwing their shells heavily and constantly into the ravines skirting the sides at the bottom of our part of the mountain, that a large body of the enemy must be there in waiting: but it was not until after six, and near seven o'clock, that we were fully aware of the real numbers that were there.

At this moment, a large column of about one thousand of Abd-el-Kadir's regulars, at quick step, and aligned in the most perfect order, left their place of cover, and advanced desperately up the sides of the *"Plateau de la Mine de Cuivre;"* and dauntlessly drove from their

position the "Tirailleurs de Vincennes," who occupied a narrow ledge crowning the plateau, and threw them back on their reserves.

By the aid of our glasses, it was easy to distinguish individual combats, as the "Tirailleurs," having been rallied and reinforced, charged in turn to regain their lost ground. They were a second time forced back; until, by a last desperate charge, precipitating themselves on the Arabs, they finally possessed themselves of the point in contest, the veritable key of the whole battle-ground.

The loss of the Arabs was tremendous, and they retired in confusion, throwing themselves into the underwood of the adjoining ravines. This had been the crisis of the fight.

The whole army was concentrated on the summit of the mountain, late in the afternoon. The table land on the peak of the Teneah, could not have been more than a couple of acres. It was soon literally choked up with wounded. Continued screams arose from the hospital-tents, where they were performing the amputations. Ghastly were the countenances of the badly wounded, propped up on the bare ground, exposed to the searching wind of the summit!

The scene was an unusual one, even amidst war. However, at such times it often happens that association endows some incidents with a preponderating influence. For me, it was connected with the "Tirailleurs de Vincennes." Since arriving in France, I had seen them in far varied situations. Firstly, at the camp of Fontainebleau, as one of the three American officers invited to Louis Philippe's suite. And now, at this moment, a detail, in those dark uniforms, came silently to that heap of slain. They sought there their leader; the third that had fallen since we met at Fontainebleau. I will remember the stalwart corpse, as the bugles sounded a few notes, it was borne off in solemn silence to its mountain grave. The army said that in him, they had lost a "beau Sabreur."

In relation to this affair of the Col de Teneah, the Marshal was by some very much blamed for not having followed up the repulse of the enemy after their attack on the plateau *"de la mine de cuivre."*

June 20th.—By an easy march, this day we arrived at Medeah. Numerous Moorish country-seats are studded around, universally accompanied by that chief charm of Moorish civilization, a sweet garden spot. How far the Easterns excel us in that respect! With them, none so poor, none so rich, but what his first care is to turn the immediate spot around him into a paradise of a garden!

There is here one of the finest of Moorish aqueducts, of some miles length, nearly as grand as the Roman must have been, but more pleasing to the eye from its lighter and more picturesque Saracen arch.

June 25th.—The next day we continued the same route, the one

we had passed in coming, with occasional sharp encounters, and encamped at the Fountains. Once or twice during the day, the Arabs charged and entered the line of skirmishers, butting them down with their yatagans, and receiving bayonet wounds in exchange.

In our march, as usual, the column destroyed villages and crops, wherever they passed.

June 26th.—We were on march again at 2 o'clock in the morning, and encamped amidst our old bowers in the Bois d'Oliviers at 6 o'clock. There was some firing towards the close of the march, and the Arabs were discovered to the left, but not in very large numbers.

June 27th.—At mid-day we commenced defiling on Moussaiah, where we arrived towards sun-down.

June 28th.—The day following, the 28th, General Blancford was sent with the cavalry to Blidah.

No sooner had we arrived at Blidah than an order was received to march on to Bouffarick and to order the Hussar and Chasseur Squadrons to replace us. This was a most kindly order for our horses were literally worn out! The French Army returned to Medeah and entered Algiers on the 5th of July after destroying by a "raziah" the villages of several tribes. We arrived at Bouffarick that day. Next day the Colonel, myself, and several officers proceeded to and arrived at Algiers.[2]

Kearny won high praise from the French for his services on their campaign; from the Prince de Joinville, brother of the Duc d'Orléans; from the Duc's son, the Comte de Paris; from Brevet Major General Regis Comte de Trobriand;—all Phil.'s companions in the Peninsula campaign; and a glowing tribute from a leading French Historian of the Civil War, Ernest Grasset,—the latter most typical of the manifold pictures drawn by Frenchmen.

KEARNY: SOLDIER OF THE ALGERIAN CAMPAIGN

By A French Officer[3]

Kearny spent two years in the West with the Dragoons. The American Cavalryman, excellent for Indian warfare, is narrowed by reason of his peculiar service in the West and gets a little out of

[2] This Journal of Philip Kearny's, in manuscript form, was printed in 1844 privately; and copy is in the author's possession. It consists of 25,000 words and contains a summary statement of the events leading up to the campaign in which he participated. The great soldiers of the conquest figure charmingly in its pages —Changarnier; DuVivier; Assena; Bourjolli; Blancford; Schramm; and innumerable lesser lights but fascinating in the context of circumstances in which Kearny places their heroic deeds.

[3] Ernest Grasset, in his War of the Secession; in French.

touch with the manner of Regular Troops. A dominant quality, however, distinguishes him which joined to the natural bravery of the "Yankee" is invaluable in that Service. They love their horses and care for them admirably! In the vast spaces of the West man has need of a horse! Also the Dragoon cares for his horse exactly as for his cartridges. This solicitude is carried to excess and derogates from the brilliant qualities of the 'Cavalier'; a solicitude which oftentimes resembles rather 'un marchand de cerises',—a vendor of cherries,—than a Soldier on Horseback.

To correct this fault with which the national pride was suffering, it was determined to study foreign Armies, and to send a Commission of Officers to Saumur who, after having followed the Cavalry course, would return to service as Instructors. Kearny became a part of the Mission where his solidité de Gaucho and his natural aptitude for l'hippattrique was highly appreciated. He went forth an accomplished Soldier, and with a taste of the French Army.

Kearny fought in Africa; the American officer wished to pay sa dette à la France by making a campaign as her soldier! He was attached to the état-major of Marshal Vallée and gave proof de la plus éclatante bravoure—of the most brilliant bravery . . . and it was remarked that the grand soldat allait au feu comme à la parade, sourire aux livres,—the great soldier went under fire as on parade, a smile on his lips,—as determined as if he were defending his native soil! When he quit our flag, recalled by his Government, he bore away testimonies of esteem les plus flatteurs; and left behind him amities eprouvées,—proved friendships.

He was greatly hailed in his own Country where he remained till the Mexican War, at which time began the legendary period of his career.

Comte de Trobriand who undoubtedly regarded him as the great Soldier of the Civil War up to the time of Kearny's death, wrote in his "Four Years with the Army of the Potomac": Sent on a mission to France to study especially the organization of the cavalry, instead of contenting himself with the information given him by the War Department, and with the study of regiments in the Paris garrison Kearny courageously subjected himself to all the exercises of the School at Saumur where he passed one year. He afterwards visited Algiers where he accompanied the Duke of Orléans as honorary aide during the campaign. He obtained then the only distinction in his power to obtain, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He afterwards was offered command in the French service of the Foreign Legion; but he preferred to return to America.

Kearny's Personal Report to Secretary Poinsett was sent in

duplicate to his uncle at Fort Leavenworth, and a copy—an original —not in the War Department,—in Kearny's own handwriting, is in this author's possession.

This report of Phil.'s, a very long and interesting one of ten thousand words, covering the entire territory over which the cavalry officer has to pass in his studies at Saumur, illustrated by particular instances on the fields of the African campaign, presages the spirit which Phil. brought into the American army, which time and time again at his death the World said would never be reincarnated;[4] and paragraphs in his Report reveal his essential "genius" as Soldier.

KEARNY'S "STUDIES" IN THE FRENCH ARMY

In Europe what a proud distinction to belong to the Cavalry! For it is in this Arm alone that the Officer heads his men and actually combats with his good right arm; renewing amidst the tameness of modern warfare the spirit of ancient chivalry. The French government selects the most showy and efficient men for the Regiments of Horse. . . . Kearny then described the several classes of Cavalry Regiments, and speaking of the Cavalry Reserve: but sheltered under some chance mound they wait for that decisive moment in men's affairs, particularly when battling, a moment *known and felt* by the Commander, when fresh and undaunted with the determination of men and the fury of a torrent, they rush forward to a shock that is to retrieve the lost fortunes of the day, *or overwhelm in perdition a wavering foe.* Mark this for identification in the classic "Charge of a Dashing Dragoon; Philip Kearny, the Murat of the American Army!"

Of another branch of the cavalry service, Phil. writes:—In ubiquity, they must rival the Tartars; in watchfulness have the eyes of Argus; in courage, their Croatian prototypes! They reconnoitre, they forage, they head the advance, they ambuscade, they skirmish, make forced marches by day, and bivouack saddled the livelong night!

"'Chacun a son gout!'" Phil. concludes: "But the World at first glimpse would say that one's 'gout' must be very bad to like all this. Yet this to young men is the favorite column of the cavalry and naturally it is so for, etc."...

Major General de Trobriand's reference to the selection of Kearny to command the Foreign Legion developed a serious temptation. For a time he considered its acceptance. No service, not even the

[4] In Battles of Leaders of the Civil War, a distinguished soldier writing of the Battle of Second Bull Run and of Kearny's death, declares that no soldier had appeared in any army at home or abroad like Phil. Kearny.

Chasseurs, offered such opportunity to develop a gift of handling men or to feel "the joy of the human side of my profession." The personnel of the Legion had "dropped from nobody knows where". After leading lives of adventure and wandering, men were wont to come and "seek rest by running wild" in Africa. A large number of them were well born, well bred, but "wild dogs and the reprobates of all Europe." Having saved courage from the waste of their folly they came and asked for protection against themselves with the French Flag under a feigned name. Accordingly when a Family had sought in vain for some lost member; when all the Police of the World were nonplussed; there still remained one hope: "Write to the colonel of the Foreign Legion; he will almost always give you what you seek!" An iron hand was necessary to bend into the same shape such heterogeneous elements!

Undoubtedly it was a temptation to Phil. to practice warfare with these soldiers!

Twelve years later de Peyster went to Africa and while at Algiers standing on one of the fortifications a French officer approached him quizzically: "Did you not serve in the Chasseurs d'Afrique?" "No, I arrived here but yesterday." "This is strange. I thought you were an American officer who served with my Regiment"! "And your Regiment?" de Peyster inquired. "The First Regiment, Chasseurs d'Afrique." De Peyster immediately revealed his relationship. With great warmth the French officer rejoined, "Kearny was a very brave man. I have often seen him charging the Arabs with his sword in one hand, his pistol in the other, and his reins in his teeth"!

Phil. returned to the United States in 1840; spent two months in conference with Mr. Poinsett and his fellow Commissioners in preparing their report,—himself submitting a supplementary report already read which he named: "Applied Cavalry Tactics Illustrated in a French Campaign;" and to Phil.'s delight one of the last acts of Poinsett's Administration was his imprimatur on their labors!

The Cavalry Tactics published by the order of the War Department bearing date the 10th day of February 1841—three weeks before the close of Mr. Poinsett's term of office—became the accepted Dragoon Practice in the United States!

Brackett in his classic "History of the United States Cavalry" writes: The System of Cavalry Tactics adapted to the organization of the Dragoons was authorized by Mr. Poinsett February 10th, 1841. It is mainly a translation of the Tactics of the French Service, and has not yet been improved upon, though several attempts have been made which all proved failures. I believe almost every Cavalry Officer of experience considers the tactics of 1841 as far "superior to anything which has yet been introduced into our service." Kearny

had founded himself in the History of the Army, in the Honeymoon of his military life!

But Africa is now behind us; and from October 1840 to April 1841 Phil. was on duty—principally—at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, where he served in routine duty. Then General Alexander Macomb, Commander in Chief of the Army, whose son Alexander—we know—married Phil.'s sister Susan, called Phil. to Washington to serve on his staff and as aide.

Unfortunately Macomb's death soon followed which was a signal for much talk about abolishing his job. The succession to his office was between two persons—ancient rivals—equally admired by Phil.; General Scott and General Gaines. An editorial in the *Herald* for June 30th, 1841—twenty-one years before a famous date in Phil.'s life—strikes upon a singular coincidence in recording the death of General Macomb:

"It is a singular fact that General Macomb who commanded the troops at the burial services of President Harrison should have been the first distinguished functionary under the General to follow him to the tomb. On the day when the remains of President Harrison left in the care of an escort the Commanding General of the army died."

Phil. was not at the funeral; knew nothing of his death—or the loss of his job!—for days afterwards; indeed spent the eve of his death in the milk-white arms of Diana Bullitt! Phil. had obtained from General Macomb the last formal document signed by him,—indefinite leave of absence! Kearny visited Louisville, Kentucky; stopped at the Galt House; met there Thomas Bullitt and his Lady; and Diana Moore Bullitt, their daughter, and the young lieutenant were married on June 24th. Where "Phil." and "Die" spent their honeymoon fancy only may imagine; but it is known that he was at the Van Buren house at Gouverneur,—and rumor had them at the Kearny Homestead.

Phil. was immediately appointed by General Scott who became Commander-in-Chief of the Army on his staff. Phil. and Diana took a house in Washington which Phil. leased; then bought. It was very comfortable indeed and very apt for their social proclivities. It was located on the present site of the Annex to the Metropolitan Club. One object now for three years challenged Phil.'s attention: the theoretical mastery of his Profession. Two objects challenged his and Diana's. One the Production of a Family! The other Society; a game in which "their" Chief excelled as perhaps no other in the History of the Army and which helped him to receive the nick-name of "Old Fuss and Feathers." It was at this period from Phil.'s Professional and Social eminence that he looked down upon

the military panorama; caught on to the ropes; and met the leading soldiers, in a familiar way, who were to shine later in the Civil War,—principally Southerners. Often at the Stuart House—formerly Lee's home—at Chantilly; oftener at Lee's home at Arlington;[5] in the one, a Lazar House, his body lay that stormy night at Chantilly; and on Lee's estate at Arlington his body now lies "forever"!

The only record which survives outside of many, many notices in the Washington and New York papers, of the course of Phil.'s and Diana's social life in Washington, is a rather high-hat, unmeaningful one: "During this period Phil. dispensed elegant hospitality." Which means, it may be surmised, that during the 48 months when Diana produced four children, they "went out every night" or had people in to dinner in a big way;—except, but that's their own little story.

But Phil. and Diana at length were fed up on all of this! The West called again. Reports of the Colonel's doings with his Dragoons filled the tongues of the gossipers; and war with England and Mexico on account of the Oregon country and the expected annexation of Texas respectively was freely prophesied; and the next we see of Lieutenant Kearny he is on the road to Oregon; and on the Sante Fé trail in the "first skirmish,"—of which Phil. had not the slightest idea,—perhaps Lee and Jefferson Davis did,—of the Civil War.

[5] During the year Phil. spent at Jefferson Barracks, Lee and his Lady, and Diana and Phil., had known each other in St. Louis society.

CHAPTER IV

KEARNY'S EXPEDITION ALONG THE OREGON AND SANTE FE TRAILS

POLK THREATENS WAR AGAINST ENGLAND AND MEXICO

Colonel Kearny, in command at Fort Leavenworth, had written his nephew, Ravaud Kearny, son of his priestly brother, that there was no opening in his regiment for others than commissioned officers, which rank he said Ravaud could not obtain until he reached his majority; and then added words that bear remote rumblings of war; Foreign and Civil: "This regulation would undoubtedly be done away with immediately upon the event of a war between our country and Great Britain. And although the signs of the times not long since were in favor of such a war, yet I regret to say that I no longer consider them so. I say 'regret' because I think that a war must ensue before our difficulties are settled and I therefore think the sooner it comes the better. A war could not but help unite the feelings of our people; and our public would then be willing to put the country in a state of defense which they would not do in times of peace."

Shortly after Phil.'s arrival at Fort Leavenworth, Polk had been elected President, helped by the strong backing of the Texas Annexationists who sought more southern territory within which to erect Slave Commonwealths, and so to balance the Representation in the Senate of the States above the Missouri Compromise Line which would in time be carved from the Free territory of the Louisiana Purchase, and from the Oregon country expected to be annexed to the Union either by conquest from Great Britain or by the recognition by the English Queen of America's claims based principally upon the right of Discovery and Exploration of Diana's uncle in the Lewis & Clark Expedition.[1]

President Polk made plain his purposes both as respects Mexico and Great Britain in his most famous message to the Congress, De-

[1] A reason for the insertion of the statutory provision permitting the division of Texas into five commonwealths was identic with the plan advocated by Nicholas Trist and Jefferson Davis after California had become a state, namely, to divide it into two states to create additional Slave States and so additional Senatorial representation.

cember 2nd, 1845, after the Politico-Military "Blackmailing" Expedition to the South Pass upon which Phil. was about to embark, had returned to Fort Leavenworth. Polk regretted that our relations with Mexico had not been "of that amiable character which it was my desire to have with all foreign Nations." On the 6th of March, 1845, the Mexican Minister, Polk told the Congress, had formally protested against the Joint Resolution annexing Texas to the Union; and had demanded his passports. But, said Polk, "when Texas became a part of the United States it became our duty to afford its citizens protection; and so a military force was concentrated in Texas on the Eastern Frontier of Mexico;" but that this was done only after Mexico was organizing troops and "avowing her intention to make war on the United States". The Whigs and the English Press easily punctured this "Pretence" covering Polk's policy of "Manifest Destiny", to extend our borders to the Pacific by the conquest of Nuevo Mejico and Alta California,—an object which Polk plainly reveals in his Diary.

Then Polk comes to the Oregon Question:

"My attention was early directed to the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States on the subject of the Oregon Territory"; and after stating that Great Britain had failed to accept for the third time the parallel of 49 degrees of Longitude offered by the United States as the northern Boundary,—the Political War Cry had been "54-40 or fight",—"I deemed it my duty not to abruptly break off the negotiations although entertaining a settled conviction that the British pretentions could not be maintained in view of the Treaties of 1818 and 1827 under which this Territory was held in joint occupancy. The right claimed by Great Britain from the beginning of *Navigation of the Columbia River* I rejected. The spirit of liberation on our part would relieve the United States from all *responsibility which may follow a failure to settle the controversy.*" Then Polk revealed the threatening significance of Kearny's Expedition to the South Pass and to the head waters of the Columbia River:

"The Dragoons made an extensive excursion through the Indian Country on our borders, advancing nearly to the possessions of the *Hudson Bay Company in the North* and as far as the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains and the head waters of the tributary streams of the Colorado of the West." The President didn't add, which was far more important,—but on this he was soft-pedaling,—that Colonel Kearny's Expedition had, following Polk's directions—April 9th, 1845—dropped South at Fort Laramie and had passed along the boundary of the United States and Mexico, over part of the very path upon which *General* Kearny was to advance to the conquest of

the territory of "Ten United States" within the course of a year,—the first *military* manoeuvre in the Mexican War, May 1845!

On this famous Expedition to the South Pass Phil. was joined to the service of his uncle. Its route,—to accomplish the political purposes of the President,—was, by orders issued four months before General Taylor was ordered to the Mexican Frontier, directed to be along the "Oregon Trail to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains; thence to Bent's Fort by way of Fort Laramie; and thence along the Santa Fé Trail and back to Fort Leavenworth."

On the 18th day of May, the Expedition left Fort Leavenworth. It consisted of five Companies, each 50 strong and with battle equipment "each Dragoon having his proper arms,—a sabre, carbine and pistol,"—and along with them went two mountain howitzers,—all under the command of Colonel Kearny.

The Expedition fell on the Oregon Trail, 120 miles from Fort Leavenworth, near the "Big Blue"; continued the march to the "Nebraska River"; and taking the northern course where the "Nebraska" splits into its north and south forks proceeded 700 miles to Fort Laramie, "a trading post of the American Fur Company at the juncture of the Laramie River and the Platte,"—such the contemporary military names entered by Lieutenant Turner in his Journal who was the Historian of the Expedition.

Numerous conferences were held with the Indians but no Council except at Fort Laramie,—some say the first official council in the Oregon Country,—where Colonel Kearny gathered together 1200 Sioux. At this Council Turner records Colonel Kearny's address:

KEARNY'S ADDRESS TO THE SIOUX AT FORT LARAMIE

I am glad to see you. Your Great Father has learned much of his Red Children and has sent me with a few Braves to visit you. I am going to the waters that flow towards the Setting Sun. I am opening a road for the White People and your Great Father directs that his Red Children shall not attempt to close it. There are many Whites now going on this Road; moving to the other side of the mountains. They take with them their women and children. They take with them their cattle and horses. They all go to bury their bones there and never to return. Should you disturb them your Great Father would be angry and cause you to be punished.

Sioux, you have dangers about you but the greatest of them all is Whiskey! I learn that some bad white men bring it to you from Taos and sell it to you. Open your ears and listen to this! Wherever you find it, no matter in whose possession, spill it on the ground! The ground may drink it without danger; you can't! Your Great

Father is the friend of his Red Children. I have not come among you to bring presents; but your Great Father has sent a few things that you may remember what I have said to you.

But now the real business which prompted the "applause"! Turner has it this way: The presents were distributed consisting of scarlet and blue cloth, red and green blankets, tobacco, knives, looking glasses, beads, etc., and during the distribution of the gifts the old men expressed their delight by incessant singing. The meeting was then broken up; but before leaving the ground three hollow shots were fired from one of the howitzers which was something entirely new to the Indians and seemed to fill them with astonishment.

From Fort Leavenworth the Party reached the South Pass, 280 miles in 13 days! On the way to the Pass and along the Platte, the points of interest which had been noted were points, then as now famous,—Chimney Rock,—Scotts Bluff,—Red Buttes,—Independence Rock; "and, along the general course of the Sweet Water River, Devil's Gate and the South Pass."

The Sweet Water was stocked with fish but not a trace of a shrub along its course! "It is one of the remotest tributaries of the Mississippi and its source near the South Pass not far from the source of brooks which flow westward to the Pacific." From these ice cold brooks Phil. captured the Holy Waters which he brought to New York and Calvary Church, now, as we know, the noble Rev. Shoemaker's spiritual bailiwick, with which his son-to-be, General John Watts Kearny, then in Diana's womb, was baptized in 1846!

The party remained only a day at the Pass; making the distance to Fort Laramie in one day less than the advance. On July 14th from Fort Laramie the Dragoons significantly struck due south to St. Francis' Fort just south of the South Fork of the Platte; traveled along the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and encamped three days later near the foot of Pike's Peak; and Turner chronicles: "for want of time no one ascended!"

The Arkansas River was now touched at a point 70 miles west of Bent's Fort which two days later the party reached and Turner records that the Post was built very much after the manner of Fort Laramie of unburnt bricks. At that time it belonged to Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain, from whom the Command received a hearty welcome.

The distance from Bent's Fort to Fort Leavenworth was about 600 miles. After traveling 200 miles along the Arkansas the Command left that River where it turned to the south and keeping along the Santa Fé Trail arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 24th of August. As Kearny neared Fort Leavenworth—after traveling 2200 miles in 99 days—a march "without parallel for rapidity of execution,"

as Kearny reported,—Taylor was ordered to advance towards the Mexican Border. The Mexican War actually, though not technically, is on!

Ten months later General Kearny,—without Phil.;—was again advancing along the Santa Fé Trail East to West, in command of the "Army of the West", commissioned to execute Polk's policy of Manifest Destiny, by conquering New Mexico and Alta California; and so advancing our Frontiers 1,800 miles Westward to the Pacific; and the "Oregon Country", against which the Expedition was a Threat, was then part of the United States of America.[2] But now let's go forward with the Kearnys to the first phase of the Mexican War.

Two years before Phil.'s uncle's, "Philadelphia Phil.'s," great-granddaughter, the Countess Barbé-Marbois[3] and her illustrious Spouse, Napoleon's Negotiator and Plenipotentiary in the sale of the Louisiana Country to Jefferson, were celebrating the happy event at a banquet at their "Hotel" in Paris in honor of her Family's Country's negotiators and Plenipotentiaries, Livingston and Monroe, in that affair, an English Soldier of Fortune was sitting in one of the famous Coffee Houses in London surrounded by a dozen former companions in arms, now United States Officers; and arising from the table to acknowledge the warm tributes by the Toastmaster to him as Guest of Honor, Colonel Hanger offered a Seer's toast to "the occupation by my former Country of the balance of Spanish America" which France that year was to acquire from Spain and in 1803 sell to America:

"In the course of time when your Southern territories are settled from the Ohio to the Mississippi, which in time cannot fail to be; and when your territories become in population as numerous as the sands of the sea, then will the riches of Potosi, of the Spanish Vice-royalty, attract the attention of the Americans to the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. This is an object which from the magnitude of its wealth is certain to take place in time. But as that cannot happen for at least fifty or one hundred years, I think, gentlemen, we should not postpone taking a part of that wealth of that Country *immediately!* Therefore, I offer my services freely to the Congress on such an ex-

[2] The astonishing achievement of Polk's administration was that he added nearly one-half of its continental area to the United States; and all within twenty months. Texas, contrary to general acceptance, did not become part of the United States till June 1845 when the Texas Legislature acted during Polk's Administration. Polk's and Almonte's statements in re the annexation in March were legally untrue.

[3] See Jefferson, by Bowers, 1936. Bowers fails to say who the lady was,—a daughter of a Patriot Governor of Pennsylvania:—and of "Lizzie" Fox: 1507!

pedition! And on my honor I will serve them as faithfully as I have served King and Country; for I am a Soldier of Fortune."

Then Colonel Hanger, taking his glass, drank,—gulped it,—"To an Expedition against the Golden Spaniard!" And in the Colonel's account, in his Diary of the Party,—published in 1801,—he wrote: "My toast was productive of much laughter and many observations on the wealth of the Spanish Colonies so contiguous to their own!"

Colonel Hanger died before Phil. went on his expedition along the Mexican Frontier in the preliminary manœuvre of the Mexican War in anticipatory fulfillment of the Colonel's prophecy, which within a year was perfectly proven, almost exactly within the stated period, when Phil.'s uncle conquered "the Golden Portion of the former Spanish Vice-Royalty"—the land of the Gold Rush and the Forty-Niners;—and Phil. himself, then but 30, looking but little beyond the "day and joy of battle," went cheerily forward to a Campaign in a War, Political and Military, which for him, alike now, and its Final Phase fifteen years later, had fatal consequences,—an Arm in Mexico, his life at Chantilly!

For little as Phil. may have realized it, he was really fighting for the south and for "the arch-traitors" Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis in the first phase of the Civil War, now called the Mexican; with the sole object of buttressing General Kearny's "Golden Conquest" which could not be held by the United States, as Polk wrote, until the Mexicans on the southern frontier had been brought "to terms of accommodation" by the Armies of Scott and Taylor. This territory of Kearny's Conquest for which Scott and Phil, were thus fighting became the fields, upon which were fought the great Political Pre-military battles of the Civil War; for the extension of slavery and the consequent Balance of Power in the Senate; Slave State admitted when free State admitted, with two Senators for each, opposed by the North and violently demanded by the South and at length ending in Civil War,—the last Military Phase of the Mexican.

Such the large view tying up the years-to-be with the then living present. But how did those symbolic persons, the Davises and the Lees, soon on the Mexican battlefields with Phil., manœuvre the North into the Civil War in its "First Phase!" A simple answer: Years earlier Texas,—now celebrating its Centennial—a part of Mexico, was settled principally by Americans. Time passes; Mexican misrule irks. "Sam." Houston in 1836 sets up an independent Republic; fights Mexico out of Texas to a Treaty of Peace. Then a movement for Annexation; and the last act of President Tyler's Administration in 1845 was the admission of Texas into the Union;

plainly, from the Mexican viewpoint, a ten-year plan to dismember the former Spanish Viceroyalty now the Republic of Mexico.[4]

And so, virtually,—though not, of course, actually,—the Mexican War dates from the 3d of March 1845, when by Joint Resolution, of both Chambers of the National Legislature, Texas was provisionally admitted de facto to the American Union.

The Mexican Minister, Almonte, immediately demanded his passports and left the Country, declaring the Act of Annexation to be an act of hostility to Mexico.

On August 15th, 1845, synchronously with the termination of Colonel Kearny's first strategic movement in the war, General Taylor was despatched with an army to Corpus Christi; and on January 13th, 1846, the Secretary of War directed him to advance to a position near the east bank of the Rio Grande; with orders not to regard Mexico as an enemy, but should she act hostilely towards us, "You will not act merely on the defensive",—in short, to pick a quarrel; and set the ball of Empire rolling westward to the Pacific!

Taylor advanced into what the Mexicans held to be a part of the Province of Tamaulipas. The first battle occurred on May 8th, historically known as the Battle of Palo Alto, fought on soil claimed alike by Americans and Mexicans; and on the 9th of May Taylor drove back the Mexicans at Resaca de La Palma.

On May 11th, 1846, President Polk wrote the Congress his celebrated paragraph: "Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States; has invaded our territory; and shed American blood on American soil." The message proclaimed that hostilities had commenced and that "we are now at war;" and on the 13th of May a bill passed the Congress that "by the acts of Mexico a state of war exists." Santa Anna, Mexico's most renowned soldier,—some say her greatest patriot,—then a political refugee,—sped from the West Indies, and was placed at the head of the Army.[5]

In the meantime General Stephen Watts Kearny commanding the Army of the West, had carried out the principal—really the sole object of the war,—the Conquest of New Mexico August 18th, 1846; and a little later Alta California where he established civil governments.

But Kearny's Conquest of 522,000 square miles of the Mexican national domain,—equal to a quarter of the United States—although

[4] Texas Republics had begun being formed before the War of 1812; and in 1821 General Ripley had accepted an annual salary of $25,000 as President of that Republic,—on paper!

[5] Charges of corruption on Santa Anna's part and stupidity on the part of the Administration in allowing Santa Anna to pass through the blockade in consideration of selling out to the United States were freely made.

in the law of nations under American jurisdiction as being conquered territory, had not "conquered the peace"; although President Polk had had his negotiators working overtime to negotiate the territory into our national domain—continuing Polk's pre-war efforts which plainly reveal Polk's principal purpose—holding out an additional bait to the bankrupt Mexican Government of eight to fifteen million dollars.

Kearny, irked by the failure of Frontier life to supply him with an outlet to his restless martial spirit, had tendered his resignation from the Army on April 2nd, 1846, which was accepted on the 4th; and to Diana's delight, who had been too much alone since the "splendid years" in Washington, Phil. returned to live with her "forever" in New York!

Then suddenly on that night of the 13th, the news of war came! Phil. was in Washington the 14th; saw Scott; was reinstated May 15th; and was in Springfield, Illinois, in late May, in Abraham Lincoln's law office, using his professional assistance in contracting to purchase gray Cavalry Mounts in the Illinois Horse Country; and in beating the Illinois brush in the great Illinois Man Country for picked men to bring his First Regiment, First Dragoons, up to a war footing; in which work here and at Jefferson Barracks he was engaged till July 9th, when he started with men and beasts to the front via New Orleans.

His cousin, Major General de Peyster, who was with him during part of this time in Springfield, writes:

Phil. was determined that the First Regiment should be a model troop in every respect, not only in men but in horses, and he repaired to Illinois where he knew he could find just exactly what he wanted.

But the task was not so easy, so "he augmented the Government bounty out of his own private purse" in order to obtain not only first class men but first class animals. Then his cousin continues: "While at Springfield Phil. fell in with a resident lawyer who was then looked upon as a rather eccentric but earnestly patriotic man, by name, Abraham Lincoln,[6] who was touched by the enthusiasm of the young Dragoon Officer, and zealously assisted him in carrying out his plans.

Lincoln never forgot Kearny; told Cortlandt Parker of Newark, Kearny's lawyer and constant Civil War correspondent, that he always saw Mr. "Kerny" as good horse-trader, and, above all, interpreted Phil. the Soldier in the light of his client's professional ambitions as Dragoon. Undoubtedly this first experience with Lieutenant Philip Kearny contributed strongly to Lincoln's judgment that the "Hero of the Army of the Potomac" should receive the appointment to succeed

[6] See Miller Pictorial History of the Civil War.

McClellan—the military bankrupt—and Pope,—the "broken" and "betrayed",—in command of the Eastern Armies in the Civil War!

When the Dragoons reached New Orleans on their way to Mexico, the appearance of his command "attracted the attention of the whole city". The New Orleans *Picayune* devoted two columns to their march through the town, of which the balance of the article was even more complimentary personally than this description of his Regiment:

"Lieutenant Philip Kearny, nephew of Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, whose Army has just occupied Santa Fe arrived here day before yesterday with as fine a company of Cavalry as was ever seen in New Orleans. The horses, ninety in number, are all grays and beautiful in the extreme! The men are picked and noble looking fellows! The trappings of the horses and the accoutrements of the riders are all that the most fastidious commander could want."

While Captain Kearny,—for on December 6th he had received that rank,—was with General Taylor on the Rio Grande,—his first assignment,—an event of singularly fascinating interest occurred which had far-reaching effects upon the course of the Mexican War.

Lieutenant John A. Richey of the Fifth Infantry was the bearer of important despatches for General Taylor, accompanied by an Escort of ten Dragoons, Captain Kearny commanding. Lieutenant Richey started from Saltillo and on January 13th, the Despatch Party arrived at the small town of Villa Gran where Lieutenant Richey, against Phil.'s vigorous protests as safeguard to important despatches, separated himself from his Escort and entered the hamlet alone to purchase provisions and forage;—a kind of futile rashness Phil. always deplored and himself eschewed as the plague. Lieutenant Richey, Taylor wrote, "had been despatched by General Butler with General Scott's original instructions to him of January 3rd, 1847, directing General Taylor to detach certain portions of his forces for Scott's Expedition against Mexico City."

Lieutenant Richey, uninformed of his danger, entered the village; was assaulted by a gang of desperadoes, lassoed, and brutally murdered under the most atrocious circumstances. Of course, his despatches were seized and immediately transmitted to General Santa Anna; and from this information the Mexican Commander-in-Chief became possessed of Scott's plans and learned the great extent Taylor's Army was being depleted to complete the force being collected for a new Army under General Scott; and that thenceforth Taylor's part in the program—according to Scott's plan—was to do nothing; while Scott strutted to the foreground to capture the Mexican capital!

Santa Anna, able soldier that he was, immediately determined to seize the obvious advantage and struck at Taylor's weakened force;

and the Battle of Buena Vista was fought—fortunately Taylor won—the last of Santa Anna's effective operations against Taylor![7]

Phil. himself narrowly escaped the fate which befell the brave Richey. He had himself with a companion cautiously followed the despatch-bearer and, had an impending cast of the lasso encircled his body, there would have been an end, or rather no beginning, of this Biography. But Phil. got back to his Escort, reentered the hamlet, and attempted to find the murderers, of course unsuccessfully.

The origin of the Scott Expedition—Phil. Kearny accompanying—was founded in General Kearny's conquest of New Mexico and Alta California, which President Polk wrote—and acted—was the sole, certainly the principal object of the Mexican War and which had been achieved at the time Scott went forward on his mission.

Vainly, yet persistently, as we know, did the President try to negotiate for a peace with the terrain of Kearny's Conquest as its foundation. The Mexicans were now patriotically aroused by a Mexican Edition of the great Napoleon, who heroically was bent on hurling back the invader. And so a campaign to buttress and perfect the conquest of the "golden portion of the former Spanish Vice Royalty,"—"to conquer the Peace" was the expression,—was now put in motion under the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States.

To the President and the Secretary of War,—of course, to everybody,—it seemed clear that if Kearny's Conquest could not dispose the enemy to cede that territory extending America to the Pacific, "other military measures should be resorted to." Accordingly, the Secretary of War wrote:

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DEFINES THE MILITARY ISSUE

"It was quite evident that if the Conquest of Alta California and New Mexico could not dispose the enemy to accept reasonable terms of accommodation, it would be necessary to direct a further operation against more vital parts of the Republic. Having in view the capture of the City of Mexico, it was not supposed that a march for that purpose could be so advantageously made from the Rio Grande, hitherto the base of our operations, as from another base which might be selected, presenting a much shorter line. The attention of the Government was therefore directed to the occupation of the prin-

[7] "Fortunately"; for a sound critic attributes the restoration of the equilibrium of the battle to the "Flying Artillery" introduced from a French model by the Secretary of War, Mr. Poinsett, against the ridicule of many officers including General Taylor.

cipal places along the Gulf, and particularly Vera Cruz, as the nearest point which opened a practical route to the Capital of the Mexican Republic. Measures were therefore taken to organize an Expedition for that purpose; and General Scott was assigned to undertake it. Upon him as the Senior Officer of highest rank the general supervision and direction of our military operations in the enemy's country were devolved."

It was now that Phil.'s chance came. Scott determined to withdraw about 5,000 men from General Taylor; and Scott's order in doing it redounded in a remarkable fashion to Phil.'s greater glory! The despatches which Lieutenant Richey—Phil. accompanying as escort—bore to Taylor read like this:

"You will put in movement from the mouth of the Rio Grande the following troops: About 500 Regular Cavalry of the First and Second Regiments of Dragoons, including Lieutenant Kearny's Troops." Phil.'s heart tingled with glee! Scott knew about his picked men and picked grays,—"men and horses in uniform"![8] The Commander in Chief's imprimatur on the first edition of Phil.'s soldiers; which reached second and third editions in Phil.'s Brigade and Phil.'s Division in the Civil War which Generals Meade and de Trobriand wrote "outshone all on the Peninsula,"—the crack troops of the Service!

At length after much delay Phil. arrives at Vera Cruz just in time to enter the City, now surrendered to General Scott, March 29th, 1847, and to act as Scott's body-guard. It is a magnificent occasion! Writing a year later an intimate friend then with the Army tells of the Dragoons' occupation during the eve preceding Scott's Triumphal Entry. "When the City surrendered Kearny escorted the Commander in Chief in his Triumphal entry and Phil. used to dwell with exaltation on the superb appearance of men and horses at that time. He said that his men took as much pride in the matter as Phil. himself; and were up the greater part of the night furbishing their arms and accouterments, and cleaning their horses so that the horses shone like glass bottles when paraded the next morning".

After some waiting at Vera Cruz due to interminable delays,—unavoidable delays, the Secretary thought; outrageous, Scott violently declared,—in the shipment of supplies and in the transportation of troops, the Army left the city for Mexico City on the 8th of April, 1847. The country interposed many and formidable difficulties to the progress of the expeditionary force. The difficult passes near the Plan del Rio about fifty miles from Vera Cruz were occupied by

[8] As a matter of fact, Scott had personally directed the Ordnance and Quartermaster Departments to supply Phil.'s equipment and forward it to Jefferson Barracks. Letter recently received by the author from the Adjutant General.

a numerous Mexican force; and the commanding heights of Cerro Gordo, the terrain of the first pitched battle, were strongly fortified.

The field of operations at Cerro Gordo was several miles in extent. But the key position held by the enemy in superior force, backed by artillery, was the Heights which were stormed and occupied; and the enemy completely routed and pressed many miles into the interior.

The important victory of Cerro Gordo cleared the way to the advance of our Army into the heart of the country. Jalapa, further to the west,—the journey was practically East to West, Vera Cruz to Mexico City,—was at once occupied by our troops; and in quick succession Perote with its strong Capital or Fortress and large armament; and then the wealthy and populous city of Puebla.

At Jalapa 3,700 volunteers approached the termination of their enlistment and were discharged. The Army thus reduced in strength remained in Puebla until early August when it was reinforced by about 5,000 men, and then continued its movements toward Mexico City. Before the Army now lay its ultimate objective: the occupation of a city of 200,000 people strong in its protected position and secured from successful assault, as it was written, by skillfully constructed fortifications, and by an enemy behind them of 30,000 defenders, resolved on a desperate resistance under the "leadership of a great patriot."

Kearny with his First Regiment, First Dragoons "Escort to Scott's Headquarters" is now near the battlefield. It looks good to him, but let's don't unleash him yet, as General Pillow later said he did, but go back and paint Phil. into the picture along his long journey from the Rio Grande. He had some mighty interesting times of it.

Phil. is now on his way to Vera Cruz;—war in the offing; the African Conquest reincarnated against another Abd-el-Kadir. But delay, delay, delay and again delay, now as always! And General Scott already resolved to appropriate Phil.'s troops to his own sweet uses, complains to the Secretary of War:

> Lieutenant Kearny's troops of the First Dragoons, though equally long at sea, are not known to have arrived. They were all detained many weeks waiting for transportation.

Then on the 21st of February, Scott still has his eye on Phil.'s grays! Lieutenant Kearny's troops of First Dragoons are still behind. I have already a great need of cavalry for distant reconnoitering and for opening a market for fresh provisioning, draught animals, etc.

Vera Cruz has fallen. Scott triumphantly enters the city totally surrounded by Phil.'s Iron Grays. American enterprise has asserted itself. The *American Eagle* has begun publishing; and on Easter Sunday features General Scott and his Dragoons going to Church.

It must have been a magnificent sight; certainly Scott knows how to do all this kind of thing! The *Eagle* had it this way:

"SCOTT WORSHIPS HIS MAKER," *Vera Cruz Eagle*

The service at the Church on Easter was most impressive with its solemnity. Many who the week before were hurling death shots at one another now were standing and kneeling together communing with the same God. We note that much deference was paid to the General; and that he was the first one to whom a long lighted candle was handed. This was pleasing to the citizens and from all appearances they seemed to think that at least we were not all the devils we were pictured to be!

Mass is now over;—"ite missa est"—the 12th of April is on the calendar; and Scott a quarter of a century later reminisces about Kearny's grays:

I left Vera Cruz on the 12th with a small Escort of Cavalry under Captain Philip Kearny who fell in 1862 a distinguished Major-General and Kearny escorting I hastened to the Front.—So Scott has his pet "Philly", with him—of those glorious Washington years—and both are off to the wars!

The first battle of Scott's war game is now being played,—Cerro Gordo. No opportunity for the Cavalry until its close when the Mexicans flee. The Dragoons effected a junction with the main body of the Army upon the Jalapa Road further west towards Mexico City; and in obedience to instructions received on the field from General Scott, General Patterson orders the Dragoons in pursuit, and of their conduct Patterson reports:

I moved with the Dragoons as rapidly as possible in pursuit of the enemy. Later in the afternoon I arrived at Encerro where the exhausted state of the Cavalry horses "compelled me to remain for the night;" and of Phil.'s First Battle Service under the Stars and Stripes it is written:

"The First Dragoons under Captain Philip Kearny showed extraordinary activity and zeal in pursuit of the flying foe which was very severe alike upon his horses and men."

An eyewitness, afterwards a distinguished Confederate Soldier, wrote of the Cavalry pursuit conducted by Phil.; and his account is particularly interesting in its chronicle of Phil.'s horses: After the battle of Cerro Gordo Phil. followed up in advance the pursuit of the retreating Army. I remember seeing him in full career after them! His horses were all white and showed that they received the care and attention for which the first Dragoons, his Uncle's Regiment, was honorably distinguished. But for want of proper forage in the barren

terrain over which the Army had passed they had been much reduced in condition; and consequently in the rapidity of the pursuit not a few of them tumbled down heavily upon the road, never to rise again.

Phil. now comes in for his first national publicity! The *New York Tribune,* August 17th, 1847,—the news took a month ordinarily to reach New York,—first column, first page, has these headlines:

"THE NEWS FROM MEXICO,—CAPTAIN KEARNY'S EXCURSION:" and then follows a full account of the episode:

"The Dragoons under Captain Kearny",—the despatch dated Puebla July 13th, 1847,—"which I mentioned in my last letter, went out yesterday morning towards the Capital. One object of Kearny's mission is to procure the Liberty of the American Officers now detained in the city",—but let's read Kearny's, and Ralph Semmes'—not George Kendall's,—own story, it's more amusing,—great reporter as the owner and founder of the *New Orleans Picayune* was.[9]

In the enterprising *Vera Cruz Eagle* of May 1st, we are told that Lieutenant Semmes,—to become famous or infamous as the Commander in the celebrated Alabama-Kearsarge Civil War Naval Duel,—left the City yesterday with an escort of 20 men for the Headquarters of General Scott intending to obtain from him the means of communicating with the Mexican Government in regard to Midshipman Rogers, "a prisoner of war who has been transferred to Mexico City from Puebla."

Upon arrival at Scott's Headquarters, Semmes learned that Scott was "vaguely" intending to send forth a Diplomatic Mission to Mexico City for the exchange of three American Army Officers there held as prisoners including Cassius Clay, the son of the great Whig Leader, who had been pressing upon Scott to obtain the release of his son captured in February at Encarnacion. Scott recognized the military necessity of "protecting the Flag by a sufficiently large escort against the Banditti who infested the roads all the way to the city."[10]

At length the personnel of the Escort to the Flag of Truce became the object of speculation and good-natured gossip among the young Officers seeking this desirable assignment and on July 12th Captain Anderson—later famous as "Hero of Fort Sumter"—records in his Journal:

"Captain Lee *did not go* with the flag of truce to Mexico escorted by two companies of Dragoons. Captain Kearny went with his company as Escort to the Flag, borne by Captain Semmes." Then Anderson laments,—evidently this selection of the escort was a sub-

[9] This paper was later purchased by Alexander Bullitt of Louisville, Diana's cousin.

[10] "Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer."

ject of considerable emulation,—that "I have been so grossly deceived in the report of Captain Lee's mission that I will be a little more cautious in crediting camp stories than I have been in past times. I am anxious to learn what report Captain Kearny makes of the state of the road." And on the 15th Robert reports Phil.'s return, and Phil.'s statement that the "roads were satisfactory for artillery." [11]

A JOURNAL OF KEARNY'S DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO MEXICO CITY

Kearny and Semmes set out on July 11th for the City of Mexico. They were in the saddle at seven o'clock in the morning and substituting a white flag for one of the company guidons in token of his errand of peace, Phil. and his company of Dragoons filed into the Mexican road. All were in high spirits at the prospect of being permitted to enter the great city, "the object of all our thoughts".

At noon on the 11th the guides of the party told them as they passed over a Bridge that "this stream flows into the Pacific, the first stream to do so on the path over which your army will progress." Their historian also told them that at this stone bridge, "the renowned Cortez halted for the night on his march from Tiascala to Cholula in 1519",—a century before the pioneers of the race now overrunning the country "had landed at Jamestown and Plymouth!"

Magnificent ranges of mountains rose all around, and encompassed the column on every hand!

As Phil. approached the town of San Martin, General Canalizo, formerly President of the Republic, and General Portillo, with sixty Lancers, who had been stationed at San Martin as a picket of observation upon General Scott's movements, made a hasty retreat, "mistaking our advance no doubt, for that of the entire American Army."

As the column descended the "Cold River"—Rio Frio—they came in full view of the two retreating generals who were winding their way up the heights on the opposite side of the stream.

"The Generals had by this time, to all appearances, got some inkling of our bearing a Flag of Truce, as they alternately halted to inspect the Flag. Then as if doubting some trick, moved on again."

As the troops had been ten hours in the saddle and men and horses were fatigued, Phil. halted his detachment at an Inn at the Rio Frio for the night; and mounting a native Mexican on a fresh horse, despatched him in pursuit of the fugitives. In an hour or two afterwards, the messenger returned, accompanied by one of General Portillo's aides

[11] An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War by Anderson.

who had been warily authorized to act only to arrange preliminaries for an interview between the generals, and Captain Kearny the next morning.

The inn was kept by an old German who greeted heartily the two "rich" American officers.

Kearny and Semmes solaced themselves with a fine bottle of brandy which Phil. had brought from Puebla, and at ten o'clock were off to bed.

Kearny was awakened after a sleep of several hours by what appeared to his half-sleeping imagination, "an infernal shout of the demons!" He arose; crept very cautiously to the door whence the sound proceeded; and to his astonishment found the old German inn keeper at a long table spread with viands and covered with bottles and glasses, and the host about half seas over was holding a revel with about a dozen Dragoons who it seemed were his fellow countrymen as they talked as good German and were not behind him in their exuberant praises of the Fadderland!

The next morning after a substantial breakfast, Kearny and Semmes, accompanied by the guide, and a single Dragoon to carry the white flag, rode forward to meet General Portillo as had been agreed upon the previous evening. A short distance beyond the Cuesta del Sueno,—"Sleepy Heights",—we met General Portillo, himself accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and the five Lancers agreed upon, thus making his force amount to eight; for another aide had met us with a Flag of Truce whereas but seven had been stipulated for in the preliminaries.

After a mutual salute, Captain Kearny explained briefly his business. "To enter the City of Mexico, if permitted, and to present our despatches in person to the President. General Portillo politely told us that he had orders from General Canalizo, his Chief, to halt us where we were, as no officer from our camp could be permitted to enter the city. It would give him great pleasure to take charge of our despatches and forward them safely to their destination."

Much as the two officers wished to get a view of the Valley of Mexico, and "we were now within seven or eight miles of the point whence this view was to be had, we were obliged to forego the pleasure for the present, although we were at a point nearer to the city than had been reached by any of the army."

Phil. handed the despatches to the General and took leave of him.[12]

[12] When this author was a Governor of the Pan-American society, he sat next to the Mexican Ambassador at a luncheon; and the Ambassador told him that the Aide who had effected the arrangements with Kearny was his wife's relative, later killed at Churubusco in the same battle where Kearny lost his arm!

Early in the morning the party were in the saddle, arriving at Puebla about nine, having been absent a little over two days. At the Battle of Mexico, Major Gaines and Midshipman Rogers were part of the attacking party!

At Puebla an event happened which undoubtedly lost Philip his arm at Mexico City! The Mexican Government had refused to receive Slidell as Minister of the United States; and as a consequence negotiations for the acquisition of the terrain of General Kearny's Conquest,—and for the settlement of the disputed boundary between Mexico and Texas!—were postponed. And so it was that after the fall of Vera Cruz, President Polk decided on an extraordinary course, to send Mr. Nicholas Trist as a commissioner to accompany Scott's army, and to conclude a Treaty of Peace whenever the Mexican Government "should show an inclination to end the war." Mr. Trist's instructions, dated April 15th, 1847, authorized him to confirm the title to General Kearny's conquest of New Mexico and Alta California, with prices ranging from "not more than twenty-five million to fifteen million."

The judgment which the Opposition and the Nation generally placed upon this operation of the Democratic party was expressed in an editorial in the *Tribune* of July 2d, "Scott in resisting so far successfully the impertinent interferences of Mr. Trist, who seems to have been sent to Mexico on a similar mission as the Directory of France was wont to employ around their generals, gives some promise of a hopeful result. General Scott exhibits as much moral courage in rejection of this same official meddling as he has hitherto of physical courage in the field, and deserves equal credit. It is said that Mr. Trist carried with him power of arranging an armistice; thus reducing Scott to the rank of a subaltern exercising no faculty save that of obedience."

The exercise of these faculties by Mr. Trist exactly at the moment that Phil., sword in hand, stood on the ramparts of the city alone, waving his sword to the reluctant commander of the army to follow through the gates which he had opened—which certainly could have been done—caused Scott to Sound the Recall; caused Phil. to retreat; and in the retreat to lose his arm!

It has been said that the origin of the report spread through the nation, that the City of Mexico had been captured, was in Phil.'s mission with the flag, and the retreat of the Mexican generals before "his armies!". At all events, on August 9th the *Tribune* came out with: "IMPORTANT NEWS FROM MEXICO—A GREAT BATTLE—THE CAPITAL TAKEN—THE AMERICAN ARMY REVELING IN THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS." On August 11th,—again violent headlines: "THE CAP-

TURE OF MEXICO CITY;" and in lesser type: "Scott captured the city on the 18th and 19th of July". Then full details are given; the news was authentic; it came through "a courier by Alvarado."

"General Scott entered Mexico City July 17th. He met with no opposition on his way from Puebla except a slight skirmish. The authorities then came out to meet General Scott and stipulations were exchanged." Then Scott, after six days newspaper possession, relinquishes his conquest! On August 16th, without a blush, without editorial comment; "Scott still at Puebla; Mexico City not captured." McClellan did exactly this same kind of conquest of Richmond—in the *Tribune*,—in the Civil War!

During Scott's campaign the vital Significance of the Mexican War in terms of the Civil, flamed in the Press, in the Halls of Congress!

On February 16th, the *Tribune* vividly reminded the Nation of the consequences of Kearny's conquest and of Scott's campaign in support:

"Mr. Webster offered a resolution: that the war ought not to be prosecuted for the acquisition of territory to form new states to be added to the Union," and on February 17th under the editorial caption, "The Wilmot Proviso, Yeas and Nays," carrying out the motive of Mr. Webster's statesmanship: "The vote of the House on the 15th of February by which a barrier was established, we trust forever, to the extension of Human Slavery under our flag is among the most important and auspicious events of our time. It is a victory to rank with Marathon and Saratoga and Yorktown. We joyfully append to this editorial a careful analysis of the Yeas and Nays." And on Washington's birthday, the *Tribune* tells us:

"Mr. Calhoun has addressed the Senate and the Country in a brief and strong speech in deprecation of the exclusion of Slavery in whatever territory might henceforth be added to the Union. Mr. Calhoun declared unmistakably that the passage of the Wilmot proviso through the Senate will inevitably lead to a dissolution of the Union." [13]

[13] Recent so-called historical reconstruction claims to tend to prove that the South did not thus seek new territory to buttress its peculiar institution. Hence Calhoun and Webster, anti-expansionists, are selected to show the real issue. Both against expansion, Calhoun demanded slavery, Webster opposed it in any new territory if acquired. But Calhoun was a southern political Democratic freak in a Party led and represented by Polk and Douglas and Benton,—each severally separately touched by individual motives collateral to the main issue, —which overwhelmingly demanded expansion and like Calhoun, Slavery in the annexed territory. The Whigs in the North generally,—but there were exceptions—and a few Whigs in the South, balancing those exceptions in the North, opposed expansion, and yet accepted the Treaty. But always: if expansion slavery!

Such the facts! Why were Phil., Ulysses, Gordon Meade, and their Companions in the Civil War fighting with Lee, Beauregard—McClellan?—Stonewall Jackson and Magruder and all the other Southerners in this, the first campaign of the Civil War?

General Scott, after his literary conquest of the city,—and the wresting of the Whig nomination from General Taylor,—advances to the real conquest. On August 7th the Advance Guard of General Twiggs' Second Division began to move towards the ancient Capital of the Montezumas, and private Oswandel records in his Journal: This Division was composed of the whole Cavalry Brigade of Dragoons and Mounted Rifles. The First Dragoons were under Captain Phil. Kearny and the whole Brigade under Colonel Harney. At nine o'clock we were ordered to form in front of Almedo Park to salute the Officers and Divisions as they passed out of the city. General Scott, our men would not cheer on account of leaving us here as a Garrison, although our band played Hail to the Chief. "General Scott was accompanied by Captain Phil. Kearny's First Dragoons; and he expects to overtake General Twiggs."[14]

Kearny, many people seemed to think, had a gift akin to prophecy,—really insight, intuition, knowledge of history applied to the future,—a gift of Divination which was illustrated remarkably in the Civil War. At Puebla its exercise was revealed in an interesting episode.

A party of Officers of which Phil. was a member dined at a hotel and the conversation turned on the approaching conflict. "Captain Kearny", one of the party soon wrote, "spoke with a great deal of feeling and with an earnest unaffected thirst for glory and said he would give his left arm for a brevet! The Army moved the next afternoon; and Kearny lost his left arm charging on the Gates of the City. It is needless to say that he received a brevet. Taken all in all, I have never met a more dignified gentleman and a more chivalric Soldier."

But this was not a new thought with Phil. It was said that he remarked before going to Mexico that he would, "return alive, but that he felt he would lose his left arm"! While in Puebla Phil. performed many daring reconnoissances by which we procured valuable information.

[14] The freedom from small motives of President Polk, truly great President and Statesman, whose eye was single to doubling the territory of the national domain and advancing our boundaries to the ocean, is witnessed by the facts that despite Scott and Taylor being Whigs and Presidential Candidates he retained them in leading military roles; as he did Kearny—also a Whig—whom he supported out of sheer love of truth against Benton, the most powerful Democratic Senator and figure of his day, which strongly contributed to Polk's failure to receive renomination. See *infra*.

An inkling of these reconnoissances is found in the Diary of Major General Ethan Allen Hitchcock; Fifty Years in Camp and Field.

Puebla, May 29th, one half past 11 P. M. News reached the camp that Twiggs's advancing column was attacked by two thousand Mexicans. Probably an attack on Captain Kearny's advance company about ten miles away.

The army is now on the final leg of its journey to Mexico City,—and the Battle of Mexico! On the 12th and 13th reconnoissances were pushed toward the so-called Peñon, an isolated mound eight miles from Mexico City, of great height, strongly fortified to the top, three tiers of works; and flooded around the base by the season of rains, and sluiced from a lake.

This mound, close to the National Road, commanded the principal approach to the city from the east, the direction of Scott's advance. Now it might have been carried, but Scott thought at a great disproportionate loss, and so aiming to spare the lives of the gallant army for a general battle before capturing the city,—and so obtaining the great object of the campaign—a just and lasting peace,—Scott decided to reconnoitre for another approach to the object of his ambitions.

But now, to quote Phil. on the Peninsula, in the Civil War "Serious Warfare"! Has Phil.'s sword rusted since the French Conquest! Our own opinion is that great wealth, social adulation, distinguished service, abroad and at home, the Legion of Honor—and the Foreign Legion—service on two commanding Generals' Staffs,—Diana?—have softened? That "*always* happens," is the Philosophy. Exceptions are very, too, too very, rare. However, Phil. is exceptional, else he would have been home with Diana and the children or hanging around the Union Club which was soon to do him a signal honor.

CHAPTER V

THE BATTLE OF MEXICO

"A DASHING DRAGOON: THE MURAT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY"

THE National Highway, defended by the Peñon, being abandoned as a practical route, several approaches to the city were reconnoitered on the 16th and 17th of August, and a route tentatively approved, when on the 18th General Scott determined to reconnoiter the "impassable" dried Lava beds to the left towards the hamlet of Contreras.

This reconnoissance was commenced under Captain Robert E. Lee, with Captain Kearny and a detachment of First Dragoons as Escort, and a detachment of Infantry under Lieut. Col. William Montrose Graham, to the left of San Antonio; first over difficult mounds; and further on over fields of volcanic rock and lava which extended to the mountains some five miles from San Antonio near Contreras. The controlling importance of this reconnoissance, Scott revealed in his report for the operations for this and the succeeding day: "General Pillow's Division was advanced to make a practicable road for artillery and General Twiggs' Division thrown forward in advance to cover the operation. For by a partial reconnoissance of yesterday, Captain Lee discovered a large Corps of observation in that direction; with a detachment of which Lee's supports of cavalry, under Captain Philip Kearny, had a successful skirmish, and reported a road for artillery."

That night, the 18th, a Council of War was held and it was determined to attack the enemy along the route reconnoitered by the Lee-Kearny operations; and on the morning of the 19th Scott ordered an advance in that direction for the purpose of turning the entrenched fortified camp of the enemy through which a highway to the National Capital ran near the hamlet of Contreras.

By 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th the Divisions advancing on the route of Phil.'s "Battle of the Pedrigal" came to a point where the road could only be continued,—the army as it progressed was forced to build a road along the edge of the Lava,—under the direct fire of 22 pieces of the enemy's artillery placed in a strongly entrenched position to oppose the advance; supported by large bodies of cavalry, which were hourly reinforced by troops from the City

and which passed over an excellent road beyond the volcanic field reconnoitered by Lee and Kearny; and entirely beyond the reach of our cavalry and artillery.

From an eminence upon which General Scott stood, he observed that the hamlet of Contreras was the key to the situation for a flank attack; and seeing the stream of reinforcements advancing from the City by the road running through their camp, he ordered General Pillow and Col. Morgan to move forward and occupy the hamlet,—"being persuaded", Scott wrote, "that if occupied, it would at once arrest the enemy's reinforcements and ultimately decide the battle"—incidentally, vindicate the judgment of Kearny and Lee!

Col. Riley advanced to the hamlet; and a few minutes later General Shields with his New York and South Carolina regiments was directed to follow and sustain alike Col. Riley and Col. Morgan. When they reached Contreras they found a brigade of General Cadwalader already in position.

General Scott now sent forward successively seven couriers towards the hamlet of Contreras to communicate with Shields and Cadwalader during the dark, stormy and torrentially rainy night—at least the early part of it—of the 19th; and then Scott reports: "Not one has succeeded in getting through these difficulties increased by the darkness. They have all returned but the gallant and indefatigable Capt. Lee of the Engineers who has been constantly with the operating forces who is just in from General Shields and Cadwalader to report their request that a powerful diversion be made against the entire center of the enemy's entrenched camp about five o'clock in the morning".

But after the futile efforts of six couriers to reach Shields, Capt. Philip Kearny is called to ride it! Kearny, swift as lightning, proves the challenge; and under a clearing sky,—the moon now visible towards midnight after Lee's departure on the mission,—attempts the operation on horseback!—An "impossible" task! But for that matter, Pedrigal of Mexico or Corduroy of St. Lawrence County, to Kearny were equally easy, equally hard. At least he drew on his experience near "Kearney's Fall", and "Kearney's Bridge", in St. Lawrence County, to help him in a great crisis; and according to de Peyster Kearny accomplished it! And de Peyster's oral testimony was guarded against doubt by Kearny's repetition of the story on many occasions. But by the time Kearny returns, Lee and Scott are only *dreaming* of Pedrigal and the like! Scott,—Phil. winged on the morrow—may never have known of it; certainly Scott's report written *immediately* upon Lee's return was without the good news.

This difficult operation *on horse back,* observes Phil.'s first cousin and as we know, his constant companion, was attributed to Lee by

their Chief. But others understood at the time that Kearny was the one who first traversed the Pedrigal to link the separated Divisions through the information which he carried! Kearny on his return from Mexico often spoke of this ride as the most difficult he had ever achieved! Kearny, if not the first, was certainly one of the first who succeeded in it. "It was wonderful how he succeeded! For he made his way over it at night—*moonlight to be true*—leaping his horse over the clefts!" Evidently it was after Lee's return when the moon had arisen.

Immediately Scott dispatched General Twiggs and Lee to collect the force to make the diversion against the center to be made about five o'clock in the morning of the 20th, when the main battle was to be opened near the hamlet of Contreras and towards the village of San Antonio.

The soldiers, weary and hungry, and with little or nothing to eat in their haversacks; and without the possibility of sleep; spent the night unsheltered from the storm, awaiting the last hour of darkness to gain the position whence to storm and gain the enemy's works,—and Phil. to gain his historic crown; and American Literature—"A Dashing Dragoon", the Charge of the One Hundred!

That night Philip Kearny slept soundly for three hours exactly as after the fearful fields of the Civil War,—of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, not the Six Days Retreat, Malvern Hill, Bull Run and Chantilly—at Chantilly forever—fighting Lee, Longstreet, Johnston, Beauregard, Ewell, Magruder and Stonewall Jackson; tonight peaceably lying side by side, their sleep broken by no dream of fratricidal war. Kearny was the first to gain a National name on the morrow on the field of Churubusco!

And now while Kearny,—and Lee,—are sound asleep in Staff Headquarters, let's take a look at Kearny's and Lee's parts in the operations of the 18th and 19th and at the vital importance of the Lee-Kearny reconnoissance redetermining, *as it did,* Scott's plan of attack on the 19th and 20th.

Returning on the 18th to Scott's Headquarters, Phil. reported his part in the operation. His Dragoons, *in advance* of Lee and the infantry by some 300 yards, had been met by a large body of cavalry which was driven from its point of observation and from sight of his escort; and his prisoners witnessed to the success of the battle. He had already interviewed the prisoners; and the purport of their story,—and of his judgment,—pointed to the practicability of a route "across and along the Pedrigal" over which, his prisoners told him, the Mexican cavalry had passed,—a force of 150 Lancers, to the point where Kearny had captured them. The fact that Kearny—far in advance of Lee,—had seen the Mexicans flee rapidly, proved to him

that the "impassability" of the route to the road flanking the entrenched camp of the enemy at Contreras was Mexican propaganda! Here was living proof that cavalry could pass over the Pedrigal in some way of which they at least knew; and that a turning movement was not only practical but advisable—so Phil. reported to Scott.

That night Phil. and his old friend of the Diplomatic Mission, Lt. Semmes, were present at Scott's council, supporting tacitly his companion of the day's adventure, Capt. Lee, to determine definitely the road of advance of the Army and the point of the great battle before the City of Mexico! Scott took the arguments under advisement,—he had actually then and there reached his conclusion!—and determined to abandon the plan of attack already provisionally fixed upon and to follow the counsel of Lee and Kearny, and as we have seen, early the next morning, the 19th, the American Army was on its way across the Pedrigal! And on the morning of the 20th was near the hamlet of Contreras!

During the 19th Kearny, now detached from Staff duty, continued his operations as Escort to Lee, his force supplemented by the noble Capt. Andrew H. McReynolds of the Third Dragoons, Kearny's Junior Captain, and Scott's Escort to Headquarters.

General Valencia, anticipating that the object of the Dragoon movement, and of the reconnoitering party, was to determine the strength and position of the enemy's force at Contreras, sent a force of 500 Lancers to drive the enemy back. Kearny's Dragoons were in advance; and the party of infantry under Lt. Col. William Montrose Graham were in the rear. "When we approached within range", Capt. McReynolds reported: "the Mexicans opened fire on us when Kearny, whose keen military eye was quick to see an opportunity and as quick to embrace it, promptly ordered a Charge when the enemy as promptly retreated to a point where the ground was covered with Pedrigal where they fancied the Dragoons could not conveniently operate. But Kearny equal to every emergency, and *without waiting* for the infantry, immediately ordered our Dragoons to dismount, and advance on foot; killed and wounded and captured a large number, and drove the remainder to flight". Then McReynolds adds an interesting postscript: "Col. Graham was quite indignant that Kearny should have acted without his orders and thus bear off the laurels that of right belonged to him; but Kearny never stood on the order of his going; when opportunity offered he always went!

"The great conflict of the day followed; the struggle was terrific and when night closed success was with neither army; but by a desperate charge at dawn on the 20th the enemy's works were carried!"

The controlling value of the Lee-Kearny exploit, and the masterly engineering capacity of Capt. Lee of the Engineer Corps—as well as the technique of Lee's operation—is witnessed by General Ethan Allen Hitchcock's Bedtime Diary Story of the night of August 18th and 19th:

August 18th: Capt. Lee's reconnoissance today has settled the route of General Scott's march.

August 19th: Each man of from eight to ten thousand Americans who had to pass that way took over a bag of sand on his shoulders so they mended the road as they went with eight or ten thousand bags of sand.

Again on August 18th: Captain Lee's reconnoitering party for a road in the hope of finding that San Antonio—just beyond Contreras—could be turned proved it could be. His supporting party—Capt. Kearny—fell in with a party of Mexicans, killed several, took five prisoners, with the loss of only one horse.

August 19th: We have passed over a road *almost* impassable; the volcanic slag is terrible upon the feet of animals, upon the wagons, etc.

George Wilkins Kendall, pre-Associated Press Correspondent, founder and proprietor of the New Orleans *Daily Picayune,* accompanying the Army,—his reports were authoritative and copied verbatim by the Press of America—writes the quasi-official report in his paper:

A reconnoitering party was sent over in the direction of Contreras with the object of ascertaining whether the entrenched camp of the enemy near Contreras and the strong position of San Antonio could not be turned and possession gained of another road leading into the City. The party sent out to cover the Engineers under Capt. Philip Kearny had a skirmish with the Mexican force which ended in driving the latter back with heavy loss. But the reconnoissance had a far *more important result* as it demonstrated the practicability of making a road for heavy artillery and gaining a foothold on the Contreras and San Angel road to the City. That the former was fortified was ascertained not only from the personal observations of the Engineers *but from prisoners taken by Kearny in the skirmish.* It was deemed practical to cross the Pedrigal and rout the force near Contreras and the plan was adopted by the American Commander.[1]

But of all accounts, official and lay, the best chronicle of the events of this and the succeeding days, revealing at a glance the logical sequence of the Lee-Kearny reconnoissance with the advance of the

[1] See Col. Totten's report, Chief of Engineers; also Col. Wm. Graham's report.

Army over its re-chosen route, and the consequent facility of the Mexican rout at the battles of Contreras and San Antonio,—and very properly therefore the logical entrance of the Army of the United States into the City of Mexico on the 20th, in the person of the Reconnoitering Kearny,—is Lt. Ewell's letter soon to be "Lt. General Ewell of the Confederate States of America," one of Kearny's greatest friends, then as always, whose letters Phil. captured fifteen years later when he accelerated Ewell's exit out of Manassas in the Civil War—a letter revealed at the time this paragraph is being written:

Dear : On the 18th we were sent out to reconnoiter the road towards the Pedrigal—we wished to cross the Pedrigal to turn the enemy's works; and our Dragoons, and several hundred infantry under Col. Graham, escorted Capt. Lee *toward but not across* the Pedrigal. When we got to the edge the Dragoons were *a few hundred yards ahead* of the infantry and about two hundred Mexicans stuck away in the cracks behind the rocks began firing on us quite to my surprise, for it was the *first time I had been under fire!* It was some time before I could comprehend. But presently a horse in the ranks tumbled over shot through the heart and I could hear the bullets striking the ground around us and singing over our head.

Capt. Kearny brought up his Dragoons after sending me with a detachment down a path leading a short distance into the Pedrigal. The Mexicans retreated after a fight leaving eight or ten dead and about as many prisoners. The next day our Army began to take up position *where we had the fight.* The evening of the 19th nearly all the Army was in the Lava crossing to the other side by four or five different routes.

The Mexican Commander-in-Chief then ordered General Valencia that night to retire. "Pshaw"! said the latter. "Tell Santa Anna to go to Hell, I've saved the Republic"! *A fight of ten minutes the next morning had utterly destroyed his Army* and Santa Anna abandoned Contreras and San Antonio and we rushed against Churubusco and a bloody field it was.

So much for Ewell's story for the present. Ewell continues his chapter with the "Charge of the One Hundred!"

But now for the Battle of Mexico, the common name given to the series of battles fought on the 20th around the hamlet of Contreras, Churubusco, the "Tete-du-Pont" and the San Antonio Gate.

Scott, in his report, says that "to the series of unsurpassed achievements on the 20th right in sight of the capital I shall give the General name of the Battle of Mexico." And Phil. Kearny's gallant Charge

was responsible for its nomenclature! For the Hero of Fort Sumter records in his Diary, and tells the why and wherefore of this baptism by Scott of his Battle:

August 28th:—Diary entry of Capt. Robert Anderson: Major Wade and Capt. Philip Kearny, both of whom I saw today are doing well.

The actions of the 20th are collectively called the Battle of Mexico *as the battle extended to the gates of the City, Phil. Kearny being shot within fifty or seventy-five yards from it.*

On the night of the 19th Generals Shields and Cadwalader, as we have seen, had reached Contreras, following the trail blazoned by Kearny in the first Battle of the City of Mexico incident to the Lee reconnoissance. The American forces had reached a point half a mile nearer to the City than the enemy's strongly fortified camp.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 20th without the aid of cavalry or artillery, the movement commenced, directed against the rear of the enemy's camp. Col. Riley led and was followed by Generals Cadwalader and Smith. Col. Riley reached an elevation behind the enemy's force and from this point he successfully stormed the entrenchments; drove in the enemy's flank and placed and planted the colors of several of his regiments over the ramparts and in *seventeen minutes* had driven the enemy out and carried their formidable works!

Scott then writes,—through his Official Report,—to the Nation!—published in all the New York papers:

I doubt whether a more brilliant victory is to be found on record! We did not number over 4,500 rank and file,[2] and we knew that the enemy actually had engaged upon the spot 7000 men with at least 12,000 more hovering within sight.

By capturing San Antonio, Scott knew, that a shorter and better road would be opened to Mexico City for his trains and siege guns. The capture of this point was speedily accomplished following the fall of their entrenched camp at Contreras.

In the meanwhile Col. Harney's brigade of cavalry joined General Scott who had followed the troops from Contreras and who with General Twiggs were under orders to attack San Antonio.

Scott then writes: "I directed Capt. R. E. Lee with Capt. Philip Kearny's troop of the first Dragoons to reconnoiter that strong point; and next dispatched Brig. General Pillow to make the attack on it in

[2] This represented a thirtieth part of the Army Phil. fought with and against in the Italian Campaign; and Scott's Force one-third of the little French Army in Algiers.

connection with General Worth." Before this attack the enemy retreated.

Meanwhile Scott directed a reconnoissance to be made far to the right where the balance of his Army was posted near the strongly fortified Convent and Church of Churubusco in the hamlet of that name which was about one mile distant. General Twiggs was ordered to attack the Convent held in force by the enemy and, as part of this movement upon the *fortified Convent,* General Franklin Pierce, future President of the United States, just able to keep the saddle—for since late the evening before, he had received a severe hurt by the fall of his horse,—was ordered to attack the enemy in right and rear. General Shields with New York and South Carolina volunteers, the "Empires" and the "Palmettos," whose banner Phil. was to capture in the Civil War, was ordered to follow General Pierce and to take command of all the forces engaged in this operation—none other than the famous battle of Churubusco!

These operations being "in being," the Battle now raged from left to right of the whole line. The fall of San Antonio, which had been badly shaken by the attack on Contreras, Scott now tells us was "the second glorious Victory of the Day." All the Divisions engaged at those points now hastened to the attack on the Convent at Churubusco, which, with a bridge head fortification—the Tête-du-Pont—some four hundred yards distant, now alone blocked the path to the City of Mexico and its capture!

Here at the Convent the most noted battle of the Battle of Mexico was fought. It was screened by strong field works and by the bridge head or "Tête-du-Pont", with bastions and curtains at the head of the bridge, over which the road from San Antonio passed to the Mexican Capital. The whole remaining force of the Mexicans some 27,000 men, cavalry, artillery and infantry, collected from every quarter, were now in, around or *within supporting distance* of these works, resolved to make a "last and desperate stand before the Capital," as Scott elocuted, "of an ancient Empire, now of a great Republic, which the assailants were resolved to win. Not an American, and we had less than one third of their number, had a doubt as to the result"!

The battle was now approaching the Convent from two divergent angles,—to the laymen's eyes two separate combats—against the bridge head and the Convent.

For an hour the fortified Church was hotly attacked by Twiggs; while Generals Worth and Pillow massed their combined forces upon the Tête-du-Pont.

This formidable bridge head was assaulted and carried by the bayonet; the wide ditch, protecting it, being finally gallantly crossed

by five infantry regiments of which the 11th was preëminent in bravery under Kearny's friend of the escort, Lt. Col. Graham.

At length the Convent fell and of this Scott writes to his Public: "The immediate result of this third signal Victory of the Day was three field pieces, 129 prisoners, much ammunition and two colors taken at the Tête du Pont". Scott undoubtedly will be President! Taylor is out of the news!

But the battle around the Convent deserves a little closer look. Here the battle raged most fiercely and was most bloody and eventful. It was remarkable for the reason that the most desperate defense was made by a company of deserters from the American Army, more than 100 in number, commanded by Thomas Riley, a deserter from the Third Infantry. This company of deserters were known as the Legion of St. Patrick who manned three pieces of artillery and on many occasions tore down the white flag when hoisted by the Mexicans as a signal for surrender and so added to the total of death among their old comrades in the Service. They fought desperately; and from their position the firing was tremendous! They had been placed in the first rank by the wily Mexicans, these poor fellows, and were doomed to death either from their rear or by the *guns or ropes* of General Scott! Libelously called The Irish Legion it was made up in large part of American, German, relatively few Irish, French, Italian and other elements largely recent immigrants in New York City.

Now watch Phil. Kearny! Scott talking:

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT CHURUBUSCO

By THE COMMANDING GENERAL

As sōon as the Tête-du-Pont was carried, the greater part of Worth's and Pillow's forces passed the bridge in rapid pursuit of the flying enemy. These distinguished Generals coming up with the forces of General Shields at Churubusco, now also victorious, the combined Army continued to press upon the fugitives to within a mile and a half of the Capital.

The cavalry charge was headed by Capt. Philip Kearny of the First Dragoons; having in squadron with him one troop of Capt. McReynolds's squadron of the Third Dragoons, making the usual escort to General Headquarters, but early in the day detached for general service were now under Col. Harney's orders. The gallant Captain not obeying or not hearing the recall that had been sounded dashed up to the San Antonio gate sabering in his way all who re-

sisted. Of his seven officers of the squadron Kearny lost his arm; McReynolds and Lt. Lorimer Graham were both seriously wounded and Lt. R. S. Ewell, who succeeded to the command of the Escort, had two horses killed under him. So *terminated* the series of events I have so feebly presented.

Kearny's Legend: The First and Last battles of the Battle of Mexico!

After so many victories, Scott reported, we might with little additional loss have occupied the Capital the same evening. But Mr. Trist, the Commissioner sent to negotiate the peace, as well as many intelligent neutrals and some American residents, counseled against precipitation lest by wantonly driving away the government and others, dishonored, we might scatter the elements of peace, excite a spirit of National desperation and thus indefinitely postpone the hope of accommodation. Deeply influenced by these dangers and remembering our mission, "to conquer the peace!"—the origin of a famous phrase—"the Army very cheerfully sacrificed to patriotism the éclat that would have followed an entrance, Sword in Hand, into a great Capital. I halted the victorious army at the gates of the city and had them cantoned in the neighborhood villages." On the following day, the 21st, a mission came out from the city to propose a peace;[3] on the 22nd commissions were appointed by the Commanders of the two armies; and an Armistice was signed on the 23rd, ratifications being exchanged on the 24th.

Kearny on the ramparts, sword in hand; Trist and the hobbled Scott crying "Enough!"—Kearny soon to be without his arm, sacrificed to Trist's diplomacy to negotiate California into the Union.

Throughout the Nation the Press was full of the exploit and was the origin of the popular acclaim when Kearny, after serving in foreign wars, returned to draw his sword for the Nation in the Civil War, which Pickett recalled in the letter we have read.

In the *Picayune* the Charge was immortalized by the diamond pen of the great Kendall: "It was undoubtedly one of the bloodiest and most desperate charges on record. It had no parallel in modern warfare and is one of the most brilliant and decisive feats which have occurred during the war.

"This is *the moment when General Scott if ever might have entered the city.* Everywhere the inhabitants of the town set up the cry that the Americans were upon them and the whole population was stricken defenseless with panic terror. But the Dragoons were recalled from the pursuit and the survivors of the desperate charge covered with wounds and with honor! In every narrative of the

[3] Santa Anna claimed Scott initiated the armistice. I am inclined to think Trist did—Scott actually proposing it to Santa Anna.



This colored engraving of the Battle of Churubusco from Phil.'s Collection, now owned by the author, is by Carl Nebel, who was present. The principal scene represents the attack on the Tête du Pont. across which Phil. led the famous Cavalry Charge into the city seen in the distance where at the gate Phil.'s arm was shattered. In the center of the picture is the Church and Convent at Churubusco. On the right, beyond the taller trees, is the position attacked by General Shields. The low range of mountains in the background are southward of Contreras.



events of Churubusco we have seen, the charge and pursuit by Kearny's Dragoons was exalted and applauded. But it appears to have impressed the Mexicans far more than the popular mind of our own countrymen. In various letters we have seen written by the Mexicans from the Capital they speak of the audacity of the Dragoons as terrible and almost supernatural."

But now let's charge alongside of Phil. into the capital of the Republic on that eventful day.

Phil.'s column consisting of about 100 Dragoons overtook the Mexicans about half a mile outside the Garita[4]—gate—of San Antonio Abad, through which the road passing over the bridge from the Tête-du-Pont enters the city. Beyond this gate commence the suburbs of Mexico.

A battery mounting two guns defended the Garita. The retreat sounded—not heard by Kearny or Ewell far in advance of their comrades,—Worth, Scott and all others to the contrary notwithstanding,—and the men generally, rightly obeyed the signal and small parties continued to drop off from time to time; and so the Party with Kearny was soon reduced to three or four sets of fours!

Just in front of the gate, a ditch had been dug nearly across the Causeway. It was impassable for men on horseback. Seeing that the mounted officers flying before the Dragoons abandoned their horses at the ditch and mingled with the flying Mexicans, Kearny flung himself from his saddle, called upon his men to follow; dashed across the ditch, and threw himself—as he planned—in the midst of the Mexicans to enter the battery with them! He was nobly supported by Captain McReynolds, Third U. S. Dragoons, principally from Michigan,[5] and Lieutenant John Lorimer Graham, and of course, Lieutenant Ewell, and by Major Mills, serving with Captain Kearny as a volunteer, who was killed *inside the gate*.

Kearny soon to swoon from loss of blood, had a confused idea of what happened at this juncture; still he had a distinct recollection of many interesting incidents. He remembered a Mexican officer pointing him out to the Infantry in the works; and by gestures, urging his men to take good aim at him,—a whole South Carolina regiment,—now by-standers,—were told to aim at that "One-armed devil"—now to become such!—at Williamsburg, 15 years later,—and to shoot him down. "The features of this officer," Kearny said, "impressed my mind with such vivid force that I would have recognized him afterwards."

The jam soon prevented Kearny from using his weapon and it

[4] The customhouse serving as a fortification at the gate.

[5] Kearny's prime troops in the Civil War,—"Tiger-Fighters" as he screamed to them at Seven Pines,—were Michigan men.

appeared to him as if a hundred hands had hold of him at once! How he extricated himself he could never tell! However, when he freed himself, his leather cross-belt to which his officer's cartridge box was attached, was gone; likewise his pistol; likewise his waist-belt torn off in the struggle to get free; yet he could not remember how or when!

"Nothing saved Phil. but the panic inspired by his audacity!"

"Terror-struck, the Mexicans seemed to have slunk back appalled and unmanned." Later Santa Anna, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexicans, at the gate *at that moment,* wrote to his Congress: "What might we expect when a mere handful of the U. S. Dragoons had the temerity to mount the rampart of our own defenses!"

The Mexicans either abandoned their guns or ceased to charge and fire them; even the Musketry ceased to fire. Had Kearny been followed by the numbers which commenced the charge, or had no signal to recall been blown, and had he been supported by a small force of Infantry, he would have made his way with this force into the City of Mexico; most probably would have captured the capital.

From the Garita of San Antonio to the Grand Plaza is less than a mile and three-quarters and within the barrier there was not a single defensive work and no organized defenders; all were fear-stricken and flying.

Finding himself alone, but free, Kearny retraces his steps along the Causeway on foot; but he had scarcely withdrawn when the Mexicans remanned their guns and commenced firing grape down the road!

Now on foot, Phil. encountered one of his gray Dragoon horses; sprang into the saddle, and attempted to spur the beast into a gallop; but the animal—my kingdom for my "Moscow"![6]—was plain done up and whether from exhaustion or wounds could hardly hobble along. It must have seemed quite ridiculous!—Except suddenly his arm fell helpless at his side, shattered by a ball a little below the shoulder!

Although suffering excruciating pain, and bleeding profusely Phil. still was able to keep the saddle. The flow of blood, however, soon brought on exhaustion so that he was about to fall from his horse when he came across a group of our soldiers. They staunched the blood as well as they were able; placed him in a blanket, and carried him to the hospital.

He suffered frightfully until an operation was performed the next day; and he often said no words could express his sense of relief as soon as the arm was amputated. While Doctor De Leon was at work, Franklin Pierce—ever instinct with sympathy—held his head.

[6] "Moscow" immortalized by Sir William Russell in the Civil War.

Kearny often spoke with immense gratitude of the feeling displayed on this occasion by the future President!

Kearny at this time was not the robust man he afterwards developed into; nor was his wound an ordinary one. Scarcely any of the arm was left; it was taken off so near the shoulder.

Phil.'s arm was shattered on the 20th at nightfall; amputated at dawn on the 21st. He wrote his Report,—the first in battle as an American soldier,—on the 24th from the hospital: Notice Phil. was "attending" the charge! Note it because throughout his Reports to the end, Kearny the Professional Soldier, hides his light under a bushel; but he loves to pour out his burning soul to his then "beloved Agnes," and to tell the exact military situation to the great lawyer of his day, Cortlandt Parker, his counsel in the Civil War, who knows well how to use exact military knowledge derived from a military scientist to help save the Union against incompetence, cowardice or treason!

Phil.'s report was very interesting and should be read to interpret his military character.

KEARNY'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE

August 24th, 1847: As I was not wounded until the last of the action of the 20th, I have the honor to report: that my squadron, myself attending, accompanied the general in chief to the redoubt at Contreras.

Then Phil. recounts what Ewell has already told us. After the enemy's works were carried, I was ordered to charge down the road towards the city after the retreating army. The Mexicans were overtaken soon after we entered on the Causeway about three-quarters of a mile from the city and suffered a severe slaughter up to its very gates.

Understanding that a Battery was at the end of the Causeway I communicated through Lieutenant Steele, AAA General to Colonel Harney, my firm intention to charge it, trusting to the panic to enter with the fugitives. Myself, Lieutenant Steele and Lieutenant Ewell, together with some Dragoons, whose horses were over excited, were considerably ahead of the main body, coming full on the redoubt, when the enemy opened a fire of grape upon us and amongst the fugitives. I gave the command to my men to dismount and carry it, presuming that the movement would be observed and followed by the rest of the Column.

This movement not being understood by our men; and the recall which had been sounded, and imperfectly heard *at the rear,* caused

them to halt and retire but in creditable order. Then of course, a gap; Phil.'s loss of blood; his memory was hazy; nothing fit for a *Report*. Phil. then adds: Company F. of the 1st Dragoons had been the leading one on the Causeway which explains its severe loss. I have particularly to mention the gallant conduct of Lieutenant Ewell who had two horses shot under him immediately at the barricade and whose conduct, in our previous affair with the squadron on the 18th was most conspicuous. Lieutenant Lorimer Graham, who was wounded, deserves my thanks for his gallantry on this day as well as for heading a detachment of the Company against the superior odds on the 12th.[7]

Captain McReynolds suffered from a severe wound in his arm. But it is to the non-Commissioned Officer and privates that credit is more particularly due for their conduct there and elsewhere.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. KEARNY, JR.
Captain First Dragoons
Commanding 1st. Squadron, 2nd
Battalion, Cav. Brigade.

The charge was in the presence of the whole army which was now converged in pursuit from all quarters; and the generals commanding gave splendid accounts of Phil.'s exploit.

General Pillow's official report was a glorious one: Captain Kearny of the First Dragoons, commanding the Squadron of Dragoons, made his way with great difficulty across the wide and marshy fields and deep ditches toward the main road. Seeing no field for the action of his fine squadron until the Tête-du-Pont was carried, I had held him in reserve. I then let him loose! Furious was his charge upon the retreating foe, dealing death with his unerring sabre, until he reached the very suburbs of the city and drew from the enemy's battery at the Garita a heavy and destructive fire by which the gallant Captain lost his arm and McReynolds and Lorimer Graham were wounded.

But now let Lieutenant General Ewell, of the Confederate States of America—then Lieutenant Ewell of the United States Dragoons! —conclude his story, deciding after nearly a century of silence till 1935, some mooted historical questions: Kearny heard not the recall: Kearny entered the city: The recall was not lawfully in the bugle of its Blower! And heard or not heard, Kearny should have disregarded it.

[7] This was a most gallant act saving the life of Lieutenant Hamilton, engaged in a Diplomatic mission, when part of his escort fled the field! In personal bravery Lorimer Graham was without a peer. This was one of the "many skirmishes" of Kearny's troop recorded in Hitchcock's diary.

THE CHARGE OF THE ONE HUNDRED BY A DISTINGUISHED CONFEDERATE

Captain Kearny was ordered at the close of the fight to follow the Mexicans down the avenue along which thousands were retreating. We overtook them about one-seventh of a mile from the city gates and I rather think they suffered somewhat!

The gates were a good deal obstructed and we pushed them so rapidly that they got into the water on each side of the road. They began firing on us and to some effect too.

When we approached the gate, I saw the crowd before us open, and then I saw a piece of artillery frowning over the works! Captain Kearny had given orders to dismount in such a case and carry the works; but when I looked around, to my horror, I found the Dragoons some distance in the rear!

There were three companies in all, Captain Kearny's leading. Colonel Harney had ordered the recall to be sounded in the rear. As it took some time for the information to get to the head of the column, they not being able to hear in all the noise and confusion, we were engaged while the rear was retreating.

Colonel Harney had refused to lead the charge, and of course, should not have interposed as it was out of his power to control after we passed him. Only a miracle saved Captain Kearny and myself! He lost his arm by a grapeshot, after getting in and out of the works. I had two horses shot under me, one by musketry by the side of the road, the other by canister shot through the neck. The second was able to bring me back at a walk. Captain Kearny and I came back from the pursuit of the Mexicans four or five hundred yards without further molestation to our troop.

But a singular intriguing coincidence, fortunate for Kearny's fame, enshrined a "Dashing Dragoon, the Murat of the American Army" in the classic battle literature of America!

Mayne Reid, later celebrated author, then a young lieutenant of a column of 60 volunteers, reduced to thirty-two after his exploit, sent to help turn the Tête-du-Pont, sprang forth as his brave men wavered, and called upon his troops to follow forward! His Irish drummer-boy gave a soul stirring tap of his drum and as if keeping time to its quick rolling, Empires and Palmettos—the New York and South Carolina troops, bitterest enemies in the Civil War,—rushed forward to the bayonet charge and the enemy scattered and fled the field! Exhausted by their long continued struggle, saturated with water from sole to waist and laden with sink-mud, Captain Reid and his victorious troops made slow progress in pursuit of the

fleeing foe. But at this moment, there appeared,—but let Lieutenant Reid tell his classic tale:

A DASHING DRAGOON: THE MURAT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

But at that moment there appeared, coming along the Causeway, a troop going quicker, that promised to take the pursuit off their hands. It was a troop, a squadron, of horsemen, with horses all of light iron gray color!

Emerging from the smoke-cloud of Churubusco, they looked like a band of angels with Gabriel at their head! It was Kearny with his squadron of cavalry! Before the fatigued foot had time to congratulate themselves on the relief, the Dragoons came sweeping past! They were going at full gallop in half sections of twos, the men with sloped sabres, the horses with snorting nostrils, each buried in the spread tail of that preceding him; the hoofs of all striking simultaneously on the firm crown of the causeway, as if they were galloping to set music!

At their head rode a man of slight stature, with light-colored hair, and a complexion to correspond. A long tawny moustache became the classical type of face, and somewhat aquiline nose that surmounted it. They were features belonging to a natural-born commander, and looked in their place at the head of a charging troop. They were the features of Phil. Kearny!

The young New York officer,[8] recognizing them as those of his gallant friend, cried out to his tired comrades: "Now boys; three cheers for Phil. Kearny! You've still breath enough for that?" The shout that responded showed he had not mistaken their strength. Most of them were New Yorkers, and knew that Kearny was of their kind!

The Dragoons had scarce passed when an aide-de-camp rode up, bearing a message from the Commander-in-Chief. It was an order to stay the pursuit! It was given to a lieutenant-colonel, the only field officer upon the ground. The order came upon the men like a bomb-shell, projected from the rear. Stop the pursuit! What did it mean? They had put the enemy to flight; and they knew he would not again make stand to oppose them that side the city—nor even in the city; for the scare upon his scattered troops would be sure to carry them clear through it, especially when chased by Kearny!

"'T is a fatal mistake," said Reid, "and General Scott will find it out in time. We have the city in our power; and it will cost more

[8] Mayne Reid.

blood to get it so again!" "The orders are for you to halt!" shouted the aide-de-camp, who, accompanied by a cavalry bugler, galloped on after the dragoons. "Halt!" cried the New York lieutenant, flinging himself in front of the pursuers, and raising his sword with an air of determination. The men came reluctantly to a stand! They had scarce done so, when a spectacle commenced passing before their eyes that made every man of them sad—almost mad. Back, back along the road came riding the squadron,—Troop—of Kearny, not as they had passed before, at full gallop, in the flush of a vigorous charge; but slow and dejected as if returning from a reverse. And in the rear rode their leader, his left arm no longer grasping the reins, but hanging by his side, like the sling jacket of a hussar!

The tale was soon told. Some half-mile beyond the spot where the aide-de-camp halted us, the enemy had cut the Acapulco road and thrown a parapet across it, with the usual fosse outside. Here a few of their bravest men had determined on making a last stand. But Kearny, braver than they, riding at wild gallop, had leaped his horse into the work—with one spring, clearing both ditch and parapet! His faithful sergeant had followed him; both as soon as they alighted, plying their sabres upon the enemy inside! At that moment sounded the recall of the orderly accompanying Scott's aide-de-camp; and the American Dragoons, trained to the signal, pulled short up outside!

It was a terrible predicament! Alone within the entrenchment, surrounded by a score of assailants, Kearny and his sergeant had no other alternative but retreat; and, wheeling right about, both headed their horses to releap the ditch. Their gallant grays carried them across—the sergeant safe; but the best cavalry officer in the American army received a shot in his left arm that caused him instantaneously to let go his bridle rein! It pained me to see it hanging loose, as he and his squadron filed past, going back along the Acapulco road! But the cheer that saluted his return was far more sympathetic and not less enthusiastic than that sent after him in his impetuous charge.

In the battle of Churubusco, as on other Mexican fields, the writer of this sketch commanded a corps of men who were a strange conglomeration of veterans and vieux sabreurs. They had seen service on almost every European field, as also in Asia and Africa. They had been organized in New York City, under the aegis of an old Napoleonic officer—the Count de Bongars. By the incidence of campaign life they came under my command shortly after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and so continued till peace was sealed by the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo. Among them were many cavalry men, who had been trained in the First Schools, and taken part in celebrated

charges. One and all confessed to me they had never witnessed a charge so perfect, so compact, so dashing, as that led by Phil. Kearny along the causeway of San Antonio de Abad! To convince me of this, I did not need their testimony: for I too had seen something of cavalry service—enough to know that, if there be any dispute as to who is the Murat of the American army, it must between two men of similar Christian names—two Philips: in short, between Kearny and Sheridan.

Santa Anna, Mexican Commander in Chief, now vis-à-vis to Phil. Kearny at the San Antonio Gate, gave three accounts of the charge, all variant. This account is pure fiction; neither Phil, any officer, nor any Dragoon was taken prisoner. As for his chivalrous conduct; Phil.'s Arm!

Santa Anna wrote that the attack on the convent of Churubusco had caused the flight of the troops which commanded the Tête-du-Pont and they spread out in confusion over the road to the city. "Then it was that the audacity of some Dragoon Enemigos tried to cut off the escape of our column, which had retired to the parapetos of Candelaria, where the Dragoons attempted to effect their escape. But all were killed except one Captain who was taken prisoner, who, with his soldiers, had taken the resolution that they would follow and kill Santa Anna if they could obtain such glory; if not, would die with honor. I directed the Captain to be spared and treated with every consideration; since far from offending me, I wish to give him the honor due to his audacity."

The historic Mexican account tells how Santa Anna reached the Garita of San Antonio, and after him the rest of the army cut to pieces and mixed up with some of the "Enemy's Dragoons intoxicated with blood." The men at the Garita discharged some grape-shot among them; and the Mexican Infantry, feeling that their entrance was now covered, opened a severe fire along the Causeway animated by the presence of General Santa Anna, who personally commanded them. "At this moment, an American officer in a uniform of blue penetrated through the low earthen rampart, mounted on his horse, sword in hand, dealing sabre blows and falling wounded upon the Esplanade. Many swords were drawn to kill him; but the others also hastened to defend him in seeing him fall. He rose crippled, radiant with valor, and smiling at the felicity of being at the gate of the Capital!"

Thus Philip as Mexican history sees him, was the first of the American army, sword in hand, to enter the gates of the capital!

Another account gives Santa Anna's colloquy about Phil, fallen, wounded and captive in the ramparts: The Captain was surrounded by some of the President's aides and "were about to kill him when

the President interposed and ordered them only to disarm him. 'General Santa Anna,' said an aide, 'this man ought to be shot! He has himself confessed that he came here for the purpose of killing you.' 'How now! what said he?' inquired the President. 'He says,' was his reply, 'that learning at Churubusco from a prisoner, that you really were with the column, he, with four other soldiers who followed him, took the resolution of reaching and slaying your Excellency; for if they accomplished that, it would be a most glorious act and still more so if they should perish in doing it.' Admiring his daring bravery, the President replied: 'Now less than ever no harm will I allow to be done! The Captain is a prisoner of war; let him who layeth hand on him beware! Alas, if I had many officers like him, Scott would not now be near us.' He then placed the Captain in charge of Don Augustine Tornel with whom he was seen entering the palace last evening."

Kearny's sole military object in the charge was to open the gates of the city for the Army to pass through; and Scott had sounded the Recall; Phil's object is frustrated; his arm shattered! Often in the Civil War "reckless" bravery was professed by those who sought to frustrate Phil.'s ambitions and to hide his military science! So let's get a line *at the outset*—not of his courage, which is obvious—but of his mastery of his Military Mystery. Does sound judgment approve his exploit?

Santa Anna, than whom no other authority may be greater, knew well that if Philip's charge was followed through, his capital was doomed; and after describing his audacity, writes: "At 11 the next morning, I received an officer from General Scott who proposed an armistice, which I accepted instantly on account of our deplorable situation. The rout at Padierna and the Convent; the loss of one-half of our heavy artillery; a like amount of musketry; and of more than one-third of our army had caused such desaliento that if the enemy repeated his attack as was expected, certainly he would occupy the capital, "Sin Mucha Resistencia",—literally Scott's own words translated into Spanish.

Kearny's old friend of the Diplomatic Journey, Captain Semmes, outraged at Phil.'s shattered arm, writes of the failure to follow through as philosopher and strategist: The gallant feat of my friend Kearny performed with less than 100 men, proved our ability to have entered and possessed ourselves of the city within two hours after the battle. In the eye of philosophy, no more blood should be shed in war than is necessary to effect its purpose; all waste beyond that is criminal! The object of General Scott was to strike a vital blow at the enemy by possessing his capital; and the gallant Captain Kearny charged by Pillow's permission up to the very city gates.

This demonstrated the facility with which we might have entered.

But General Quitman, looking on with the whole army, not only vindicates Kearny's "recklessness"; but glories in the scene: We were in possession of everything except the Garita of San Antonio Abad which was only defended by a two-gun battery. The Mexican Army was paralyzed. Universal consternation prevailed in the city. The Dragoons under Captain Kearny were pressing the fugitives and charged within arm's length of the battery in the face of its fire, dismounted and would have carried it with their sabres but unhappily the bugles under peremptory orders from the general-in-chief, sounded a recall. The heroic band, bleeding in every pore, and in the very moment of their triumph, were compelled to fall back! Scott reported that the army cheerfully accepted the recall but instead this unlucky halt filled it with surprise and mortification. Thus speaks an onlooker,—turn back to this page when you meet Phil. Kearny again in the Civil War at Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines and Malvern Hill! Always the Recall!

McReynolds, at Kearny's elbow—and who stiffened his arm while Kearny lost his—tells us that on the occasion of a large assembly of officers at Willard's Hotel in Washington, congratulatory to General Scott at the close of the Mexican war, "I chanced to be one of the number; and General Scott introducing me to General Dearborn of Massachusetts, stated that I had participated in 'Kearny's Charge' and in his emphatic manner, added: 'It was the boldest charge I ever saw or read of'."

Finally Justin Smith, in his classic definitive History of the War with Mexico, thus ends his account of the close of the Battle of Mexico: Oh, what a glorious sight it was to see Philip Kearny riding into them! His own troops were picked men; they rode picked horses—all iron gray—that now seemed endowed with supernatural strength and his other troops were fit comrades! Little by little the rear fours, hearing the trumpet sound the recall, dropped off. But Kearny, the leader, and about a dozen others, kept on like a swift vessel; dashing the billows of humanity right and left. The battery which stood at the Garita fired on friend and foe alike. Still the little group arrived there, leaped from their horses to carry it, and found—that they were alone! The panic of the enemy, however, saved them. Tearing loose and springing into the saddle they got away. But a grapeshot was faster than Kearny; and so losing an arm, but winning a brevet, "*he finished valiantly* the battle of Churubusco." Phil.'s dawn, breaking into its zenith, blazed in a celestial sky.

Kearny is now in the hospital suffering excruciating pain. During the night, it was decided to operate. The scene in the hospital was

appalling; but evil, as of old, was turned into good: witness Kearny's private hospital for *his* Brigade—the only Brigade Hospital!—in the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria in the Civil War. One of the surgeons views the scene with Phil. at the Palace of the Archbishop, as De Leon chucks three quarters of an arm on the floor!

After operating with all my assistants until 3 o'clock in the morning, I left the building of which I had made a temporary hospital, to take an hour's rest in the open and I turned around to look at my amputation table. Under it was a perfect heap of arms and legs! Looking at myself I was covered with blood from head to foot; and looking over the field of battle: The sight cures one of a desire for military life. If he could see the literal piles of mangled corpses of the slain; some without heads; some without legs or arms; some with their bowels torn open; the ground strewn with the wounded, dead and dying,—he would be content with his lot. I saw in the Archbishop's palace at Tacubaya a floor covered with wounded officers and men; the amputated limbs quivering with life while the gutter of the Court was filled with streams of human blood.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!—It is also an escape!

Alongside of Phil.'s Causeway, many a tiny rivulet of human interest trickled into the main stream of the Battle.

Colonel Pierce Butler of South Carolina had been ill for several days; but when he heard that the Palmettos' Flag was going into the fight "unaccompanied by him to whose special care it had been committed," broke loose from his Physician, sprang from his sick bed, and weak and ghastly and almost fainting, mounted his charger and planted himself at the head of his regiment. This glorious hero was killed!

Sergeant Stowell shot plumb through the breast at Churubusco whispered to Franklin Pierce who tells of the incident, "Do the boys say I behaved well? If I have, write home to my people,—" his last words.

Phil.'s great friend, the peerless Lieutenant Colonel William Montrose Graham, dying a little later, after receiving seven wounds continued at the head of his column; and upon receiving another through the heart, slowly dropped from his horse; and as he fell upon the ground murmured: "Forward, my men! My word to you is always—Forward."

Such the war of Phil.'s participation and experience. But let's not leave the thing in air but complete the picture. Then too, the first sentence proves the validity of Phil's judgment: "Follow through" and the folly of Diplomatic Soldiers.[9] It was soon found that the armistice was treacherously imposed by the enemy to organize fur-

[9] One of the fine things about Gen. Pershing: he always remained soldier.

ther resistance; and to collect their energies and strength in the hope of saving his capital from its threatened doom. The duplicity of the designs of the armistice was detected on the 6th of September and on the 7th the Sanguinary Battle of El Molino del Rey was fought, which was the opening scene of the storming of the formidable fortress of Chapultepec,—San Antonio Gate, of course, still defended only by two batteries!—and of the triumphal entry of the Army into the City. Upon these fortifications, our batteries opened fire September 12th, continued until the 13th, when our troops were ready for the assault.

On the 14th of September, 1847,—an ever memorable day in our national history,—the Army entered the City; and in full and resplendent uniform, the Hero of two Wars towered conspicuous among all the rest! Behind him followed a one-armed veteran of two wars, Scott's Escort to Headquarters,—"picked men on tall gray horses"! A loud huzzah resounding through the City burst from the troops, as Scott with his magnificent Escort of the crack troops of the American Army went forward; the Dragoons brandishing their sabers high in air responded with a loud *military* huzzah! "But the American soldier who had *first* entered, *Sword in Hand,* the gates of the City, was Phil. Kearny!"

Eight months and eleven days later, Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, now breveted for heroic doings in the conquest of the territory which Phil. was supporting,—breveted against a 13-day speech in the Senate of the United States by John C. Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Benton of Missouri, who had defended his son-in-law unsuccessfully against the charges made by Kearny against Fremont, for mutiny in California,—entered the city as Governor into which his gallant nephew had entered as Conqueror! And on August 1st, 1848, with the last of the American Army, "Steve" was at Vera Cruz, as Governor where Philip began his special service as Scott's bodyguard.

But before leaving Mexico City, let's read a letter from Uncle Stephen to his wife; a word from McClellan; and finally a great French historian's reference to Phil.'s part in the whole scene.

San Diego, Alta, Calif.
December 19, 1846.

Dear Mary:

Phil. has been sighing for a captaincy. He is now entitled to it since poor Johnson, who succeeded E. V. Sumner, was killed at San Pasqual before Captain Benjamin Moore was also killed and so is entitled to the first vacancy. Say nothing of this except to Phil.

Stephen.

But no vacancy was necessary; on the 6th of December, the date of San Pasqual, Phil.'s commission—no nepotism about it!—was issued.

Major General George B. McClellan, later Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, Phil.'s immediate superior in the Peninsula, bulks large when Phil. serves under him in the Civil War, now a Lieutenant in Mexico; and a mental link binding "Peninsula" and "Mexico" McClellan is revealed in McClellan's diary. By these signs, ye shall know him when we see him again; his ambition was as strong as his contempt for the volunteer: "If I cannot increase my rank in this War, I shall resign shortly after its close. I cannot stand the idea of being a Second Lieutenant all my life.... You can form no idea of the pleasure it gave us to meet the Regulars after having been so long with the cursed volunteers."—"Thus speaketh Zarathustra!"

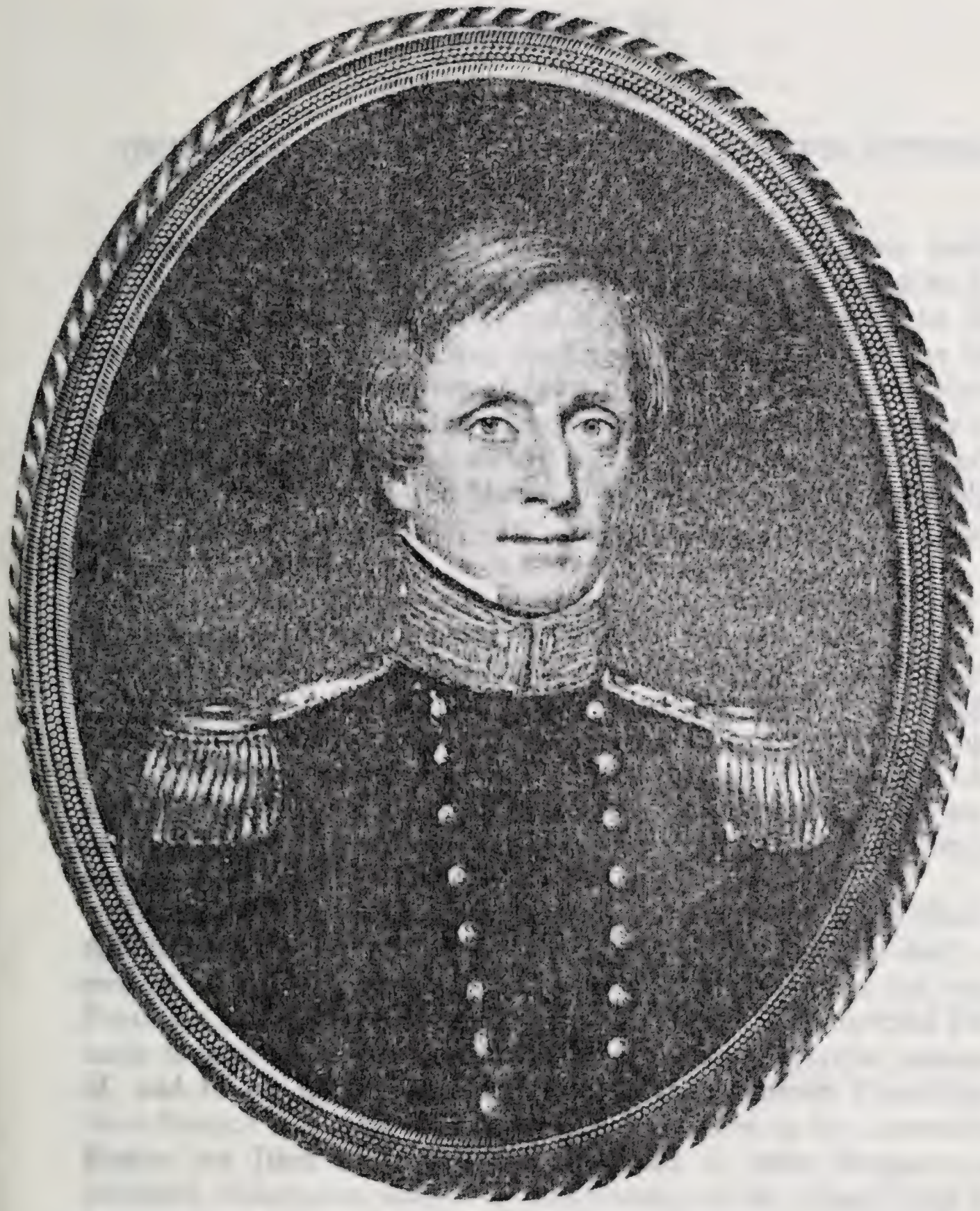
Little did Stephen dream when he wrote his wife that a French military historian of the Civil War would marvel that a great conqueror and governor—S. W. K.—would deign to take command of a troop of Dragoons in Scott's Army; and that even on Stephen's very private property at San Pasqual, a Teacher of history, would find Phil. as its hero;—Sic Transit Gloria etc! Did Phil. then feel the force of the dictum of General Grasset, making plain the link that bound the Civil War in the chain of the Mexican? For Grasset wrote in his History of the War of the Secession: "A strange coincidence! *Kearny devoted body and soul to the liberal cause,* was the promoter, the executive of an enterprise of *which the effect was to* reinforce the party of Slavery. He consecrated to that object all his exuberant activity. Had he reflected on the political consequences of his expedition?"

Phil. is not to reappear upon the *great* public scene as an actor in America until the Civil War. Let's follow—like lightning—through the years, to interpret Grasset's meaning and to put Phil. logically in the presence of Generals Ewell and Lee on the Peninsula.

In spirit, the two Kearnys in Mexico fought the same battle which Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought in the Civil War. Soon the Soldier's battle ground became the Statesman's and Ward Heelers' too! The South, battling for Slavery in the territory of Kearny's conquest against the North! Finally the Republican Party and Lincoln: "So far shalt thou go and no further:" The United States, in *its* Territory, and the States carved out of it, shall be free,—Slavery remaining in its ancient stronghold only, the South!

Then Lincoln,—Symbol of this idea,—elected: South Carolina secedes months before the Civil War; then the war! Philip abandoned by all the friends he has formed in Mexico,—comparing them

to his comrades on the Peninsula, he writes, "But they *were* Southern gentlemen",—draws his sword for the Union in a horrid fratricidal war in the first skirmish of which he had unwittingly fought against the Union with Lee and company and Uncle Steve,—and against the United, and for the Confederate, States of America!



Stephen Watts Kearny. Photograph of an original painting from the collections of his son, Colonel Henry S. Kearny. For this photograph thanks are acknowledged to Mr. W. Radford Bascome, the General's grandson.



CHAPTER VI

MANIFEST DESTINY

GENERAL KEARNY ADVANCES OUR FRONTIERS TO THE PACIFIC

KEARNY, TAYLOR, SCOTT, WOOL, in the order of their political significance, for Kearny's Conquest of New Mexico and Alta California was Polk's principal, if not sole object in the Mexican War, were the Soldiers commanding the Corps d'Armées against the Mexican prey, which Taylor rustled from the Texas brush; while Kearny seized from the victim's claws its choicest morsels! None other than all of the United States westward to the Pacific from the boundary of the realty sold by Barbé-Marbois,—whose wife was "Philadelphia Phil.'s great-granddaughter,—for Napoleon to Thomas Jefferson in 1803.

Then Taylor, Wool,—and Doniphan of Kearny's "Army of the West,"—held off the Mexican Hound of War unleashed to retrieve the stolen goods; while old "Fuss and Feathers," Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, Phil. accompanying as "Escort to Headquarters," struck at the victim's vitals, its Capital City, and killed; leaving General Stephen Kearny in sovereign possession of a great Empire to bequeath to his Country as a legacy on his death, October 31, 1848, when by treaty with Mexico his conquest had been confirmed.

Exactly three weeks after "American blood had been shed on American soil" and the War was formally "in being",—and nine months after Kearny's return from his first manoeuver in the war,—President Polk, by orders dated June 3 and 18th, 1846, directed Phil.'s uncle to lead an Expedition "to take the earliest possible possession of, and to set up civil governments in the Mexican Provinces of New Mexico and Alta California"; and obedient to his instructions, Kearny on June 27th, 1846, in command of 2700 Dragoons and Missouri Volunteers, known as the "Army of the West," left Fort Leavenworth for the Pacific, via Santa Fé, which he occupied August 18th, advancing principally along the famous Santa Fé Trail, a distance of 900 miles in 52 days. After setting up a civil government for the Province of Nuevo Mejico, now in whole or part the States of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and New Mexico, so splendidly organ-

ized that under its Constitution, "Kearny's Code," the State of New Mexico is now governed;—and setting in motion as part of his "Army of the West," Colonel Doniphan's Expedition into Central Mexico "unparalleled in its epic grandeur",—Kearny left Santa Fé September 25th, 1846 and proceeded to conquer or occupy, and when and if conquered or occupied, to govern Alta California; a Mexican Province which began at the western base of the Rocky Mountains near the headwaters of the central of the three branches of the Gila River, and extended to the juncture of that river with the Colorado of the West, and thence due West to the Pacific; the Northern and Southern lines being the Northern and Southern lines of the present State of California extended to the Rockies.[1]

Kearny now proceeded by an "almost unknown route," going down the Rio Grande which ultimately flows into the Atlantic, and then passed over the Mountains to the Rio Gila, which ultimately empties its waters into the Pacific.

While at Socorro, New Mexico, on this historic military journey, General Kearny met "Kit" Carson—most famous frontiersman—and a party coming from Los Angeles bearing despatches and papers from Major John C. Fremont and Commodore Robert Field Stockton, both *then* of the Naval Forces of the United States; and among these despatches Stephen read this astounding and gratifying intelligence:

Ciudad de Los Angeles, August 28th, 1846

Secretary of the Navy
Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that the flag of the United States is flying from every commanding position in the Territory of California; and that this rich and beautiful Country belongs to the United States and is forever free from Mexican Dominion. Thus we have secured the Territory for the United States; ended the war; restored peace and harmony among the people and put a civil government into successful operation.

Robert Field Stockton, Commanding
Pacific Squadron.

Kearny reread his peremptory orders from the President to leave at Santa Fé "all troops not necessary for the conquest." His orders, too, reading that a large force was en route by the Cape to the Pacific to await Kearny's arrival—and command—at San Francisco; and above all to reach the Pacific "by the Fall"; *and to set up a*

[1] Disturnell's map annexed to the Treaty of Peace. See Paullin's Atlas; also *infra*.

civil government in Alta California upon its occupation or conquest.

Kearny had no alternative! He sent back Captain Sumner with 200 soldiers;—his whole command then amounted to 100 Dragoons;—cast aside his wagons; abandoned portions of his equipment, and nearly all his horses; and proceeded by forced marches to reach the "conquered and governed land," to occupy it and to govern it; if possible by the Fall.

The Expedition accompanied by Carson whose despatches were borne to Washington by "Broken Hand," followed the Gila to its juncture with the Colorado of the West, a distance of 800 miles; and moving down the Colorado 40 miles, struck due west across the Great Desert boring for water and eating mule meat! Polk's orders,—Polk's plea,—to consummate the great object of the Presidential ambition, to reach, occupy and govern Alta California by the Fall, kept ringing in General Kearny's ears; and on December 2nd Stephen arrived at the Settlements on the Frontier of the present state of California a little over 60 miles from the Pacific.

While pursuing his march during two days from Warner's Ranch, his first point of contact with "California," Stephen was met about 40 miles from San Diego by a small detachment of volunteers under Captain Archibald Gillespie of the Navy sent out by Commodore Stockton with a letter from the Commodore to give the intelligence,—astounding in view of the Commodore's claims in his despatches to the President,—that the "enemy" to the number of 600 or 700 were reported to be in arms in the Province; and that 150 of the Mexicans were in Kearny's immediate neighborhood! What could all this mean! Had Kearny's eyes deceived him! Kearny read again Stockton's despatches, "the country belongs to the United States forever free from Mexican Dominion,—the war ended, a civil government in operation".[2]

Being informed that an armed party of Californians were at the Indian Village of San Pasqual 8 or 10 miles distant, Kearny moved forward on the 6th with a view to attack them. "An action ensued," wrote Secretary Marcy to the President, "and resulted in the defeat of the enemy with considerable loss in killed and wounded. The force under General Kearny engaged on this occasion did not exceed 80 men. The enemy's force was double that number and being well mounted were able to make good their retreat."

The next day the detachment went forward on its march for ten miles; and encountering a hostile party occupying a hill near San Bernardo drove them from their position. "General Kearny," wrote the Secretary to the President, "remained with his command at the

[2] An inkling that Stockton was having trouble with the Californians reached him ten days earlier.

place till the 11th, when he was joined by a party of sailors and marines sent out by Commodore Stockton and they proceeded to San Diego."

Kearny was now at San Diego by the Fall of the year as he had tacitly promised the President. The Commodore greets General Kearny "on foot." Vast herds of horses running wild had been driven off by the Mexicans who for months had besieged Stockton at San Diego; and every last one of his horses, 35 in number, had been sent out with Captain Gillespie. Kearny then sends a copy of his orders to the Commodore directing Kearny to conquer and,—in the event of conquest,—to occupy and govern Alta California; and "to lead an Expedition" to effect these objects; and to command all troops coming by the Cape, as well as those "organized in California"; and above all that the Commander of the Pacific Squadron should "cooperate with General Kearny," and "occupy the ports only"! To his amazement, Kearny found Stockton claiming that Alta California was already conquered and governed! And what's more that Stockton was Conqueror and Governor! Then Kearny learned that the "Conqueror and Governor" intended to "lead an expedition", the words of Kearny's orders; "to conquer California", again Kearny's orders; with the "Volunteers organized in California" again Kearny's orders; as soon as Stockton had collected horses and cattle for mounts and subsistence to be obtained from an expedition to Baja—not to Alta—California! Robert also told Stephen—both were New Jersey men—that having conquered the territory, although he had no orders to govern, by his conquest he had gained the right to govern. "I have no orders from the President to set up a government; I have set up a government under the Law of Nations by right of conquest"! And this despite the fact that Kearny again in vain searched Stockton's orders for any authority to govern or to conquer or to lead an expedition to conquer or occupy the Territory!

With this picture Kearny felt there was something very, very, very wrong! But seeing Stockton's mood,—later he wrote Stockton he feared Civil War,—General Kearny bided his own time. Suddenly when the "expedition" was about to start Kearny demanded and received from the Commodore the recognition of his right to command the expedition including the command of the marines over whom, however, the Commodore reserved—under Kearny—the supreme authority.

On the 29th of December, General Kearny ordered forward the expedition consisting of approximately 500 men, Dragoons, Volunteers and Marines. The expedition moved from San Diego upon Los Angeles, the Capital and reputed stronghold of the enemy, with

the object, the General wrote to "succor a party of Americans moving on the same point from Monterey",—the forces under Major John C. Fremont of the Navy. For at this time General Kearny was informed by the Commodore that Fremont's forces were part of his Naval organization of which he had appointed Fremont Major.

On the 8th of January, Kearny's Expedition—Kearny's "Army of the West"—reached the St. Gabriel River, where they found the enemy about 600 strong with artillery stationed on the heights which commanded the passage of the River and determined to dispute it. A severe conflict ensued which lasted an hour and a half, when the Heights were carried and the enemy defeated and driven from the field.

The next day the enemy was again met and routed on the Plains of the Mesa. The rout of the Mexicans was so decisive that some of the leaders of the Californians fleeing the field met "Lieutenant Colonel Fremont of the Regiment of Mounted Rifles", a rank he had now assumed,[3] near San Fernando; and entered into a capitulation with him whereby the people under arms and in the field agreed to disperse. This Treaty was later approved,—strongly against Commodore Stockton's resentment directed towards Colonel Fremont for *professing* a power which he did not possess,—and the War on the Western Frontier was permanently closed. Kearny had consummated the President's purpose!—The sole object of the Mexican War.

On the 10th of January, 1847, the "Army of the West" under General Kearny entered the Capital City of the Holy Angels as he had already entered, five months earlier, the City of the Holy Faith!

General Kearny, the Secretary of War wrote, "had received permission to return home when the conditions of affairs should no longer require his presence." And so after establishing a Civil Government he left California for the United States,—accompanied by Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, now of the Army in imminent danger of arrest and court-martial for mutiny, disobedience to orders of his superiors and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman![4]

In the meantime before leaving Santa Fé, "Steve" had directed Colonel Philip St. George Cooke to command the Mormon Battalion recruited by General Kearny from the members of that Great Society then in immigration to Utah and to proceed to the Pacific. Taking the route further south than General Kearny, a route established by Colonel Cooke as the principal wagon road for the great immigration trains for the West, Colonel Cooke arrived at San Diego, 500 Mormons strong during the early part of January.

[3] This fact is ignored by Fremont's Biographers who fail to distinguish between the Mounted Rifles and the Mounted Riflemen! A most natural error for no contemporaneous Army Register includes the Army contingent.

[4] Prof. Nevins in Polk's Diary says Kearny arrested Fremont in California.

But what had happened to so slash in pieces the Royal Canvas painted in such glowing colors which had thrilled General Kearny at Socorro when he read Stockton's despatches handed to him by "Kit" Carson—on the faith of which he had sent back a force capable of driving the whole Army of the Californians into the Pacific? Did Stockton's picture book ever have a copyright valid either in common sense or public law, in theory or in fact!

John C. Fremont, so-called "Pathfinder," actually not "Pathfinder," he found none, but "Great Geographer",—while "pathfinding" along the route traveled and "pathfound" by Major Kearny two decades earlier in the Yellowstone Expedition, and by Phil. and "Steve" within a year, heard of the possibilities of friction with the Californians; and hastened to the valley of the Sacramento, northern California, after Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie of the Marine Corps, had overtaken Fremont coming from Washington with despatches from the President to Thomas Larkin, American Consul at Monterey. Gillespie whispered the contents of some cryptic secret despatch he had memorized and destroyed for fear of capture,—he had not destroyed the despatches to Larkin!—to Fremont's privileged ear which had come from Senator Benton—his father-in-law—of the Military and Foreign Affairs Committees of the Senate. This singular message, so much more precious than Larkin's despatches, had to do it was said,—no one ever knew the contents, don't know them now,—with the possibility of the occupation of California by Foreign Powers, a thing which we know to have been wholly without the realm of the imagination of any Foreign Chancellor, Russian, English, Chinese or French! Certainly since Larkin's despatches from Polk delivered by the same hand, directed Larkin unconditionally to conciliate and under no circumstances whatsoever oppose or wage war with the Californians, it is "impossible" that despatches to Fremont, from a Senator who knew thoroughly well Polk's purposes,—and who as Senator possessed no authority whatsoever to direct Fremont to act,—could have warranted or even remotely suggested any warlike movement such as the Bear Flag Republic represented and in which Fremont, long after its foundation, took the leadership of its "Army."

In the meanwhile a group of American settlers had determined to set up a Republic along the Sacramento; and with a "Bear Flag"—a bear on a flag—for their *national emblem* declared themselves a little Nation, wholly independent of the United States and Mexico! At least that was Fremont's reading of *his* object and of the object of these Bear Flag Founding Fathers, as he explicitly testified at his court-martial. A Republic in California after the pattern of Sam Houston's Republic of Texas!

It was at this juncture that the great geographer, now abdicating unfortunately the supreme office in which he so excelled, and resigning from his country's service,[5] arrived on the Sacramento. Then after much vacillation, seeming uncertain what to do until the Bear-Flag-Cat which he had been watching had jumped!—like "Marse Robert" in the Civil War when his State was seceding from his nation,—seized the United States property, in the persons of his Topographical "Soldiers" and their equipment and the President's commission to carry on his topographical surveys,—and organized his "Soldiers", and the Bear Flag's little Army into the renowned "California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen".

Then suddenly the startling news which drove the Bear off the flag and put the Stars and Stripes in its grizzly stead![6]

Commodore John D. Sloat, commanding the Pacific Squadron, under orders to occupy the ports, only if he became aware that war between Mexico and the United States was declared, having learned of this declaration,—then unknown to Fremont,—had occupied Monterey on July 7th 1846; summoned Fremont to him; and when Fremont told Sloat that Fremont was acting without orders,—no secret orders were then disclosed on this momentous occasion when if ever Fremont was authorized to do so; Larkin had disclosed his,—Sloat, as Fremont testified at his court-martial, "would have nothing whatsoever to do with me"! On the contrary "Sloat directed the United States in the person of Commander Montgomery" to take possession of San Francisco and alas! of the Bear Flag Capital City, in the name of the Great Republic. Down came the Bear, up went the Star! General Ide and his patriotic companions had accomplished their mission.

Commodore Stockton now succeeded Sloat and the apparent, of course not the real, conquering and governing began!

Stockton occupied Los Angeles without coming in contact with the Californians; set up military zones on paper; established no civil government; but governed under martial law; made no attempt to extend the northern occupation or to occupy the interior; and leaving Gillespie as Commander at Los Angeles retired to Yerba Buena,[7]

[5] A careful search fails to show whether this resignation was ever received or accepted. If not accepted it is not legally possible to distinguish between the Charges against the conspirators in the Aaron Burr operations and Fremont's *Topographical Associates* in the Bear Flag Republic.

[6] It is historically false to say that Fremont as U. S. citizen conquered this territory. He ceded Bear Flag land to the United States; or rather the United States conquered the territory of the Bear Flag Republic, if we assume Fremont's own theory!

[7] San Francisco, so named while Kearny was Governor.

sending Carson off with his despatches. But the "wily Latins" had gulled the downright Yankee and had withdrawn into the interior sweeping the country of all horses and cattle necessary for an inland Expedition; and convening the Provincial Assembly and appointing a Governor and Commanding General, attacked Gillespie who without a struggle capitulated! And soon the dauntless Californians drove Stockton out of all that half of California south of Monterey; defeating his forces in three battles, in which he lost more in killed and wounded, than Stephen in his victory at San Pasqual! Compelled Stockton and Fremont in two separate recovering Expeditions,—Stockton at Los Angeles; Fremont moving to Santa Barbara by water,—to retreat; Stockton with his Fleet to San Diego; and *Fremont of the Navy* to the Valley of the Sacramento! During the next three months the "Conquerors and Governor," left the Mexicans in undisputed possession, governmental and military, of at least three-quarters of Alta California west of the Sierra; or about a 20th part of the whole of Alta California east and west of the mountains, of which nearly the whole had already been occupied by Kearny when he arrived at Warner's Ranch.[8]

[8] It is almost universally stated that the territory east of the present State of California as far as a portion of the present state of Kansas was a part of Nuevo Mejico,—the Mexican Province,—as it was a part of the "United States Territory of New Mexico." Undoubtedly *a map* may here and there be found placing this territory in Sonora or Nuevo Mejico; but that is not the question. If it were, the overwhelming opinion of the great cartographers make this terrain part of Alta California as far as the headwaters of the Gila River. But not being the question, the imprimatur of the Governments of the United States and Mexico concludes finally the true question. Disturnell's map, revised edition, 1847, *annexed to the Treaty of Peace,* is made conclusive by each Government, the one ceding the other accepting the cession, and Disturnell makes Alta California as stated in the text! The scholarly new History of Nevada 1936 takes the opposite view, and places General Kearny as Governor of Nevada inasmuch as Carson County, formerly part of Utah, and before that a part of the Territory of New Mexico, was formerly a part of the Mexican Province of Nuevo Mejico, which he conquered and first governed under "Kearny's Code." In like manner, the state Historian of Arizona,—unwilling as that Historian is and probably as unable therefore to disclose the authority for this statement,—states emphatically that Arizona was part of Nuevo Mejico. This position is wholly untenable. The Disturnell map only controls. A leading historian of the early Far West writes that the words of the trappers whom he tells generally regarded the terrain in question as part of Nuevo Mejico solves the question for him! Kearny was Governor of this terrain, Arizona, Utah to the present State of California by reason of the Law of Nations which holds that the Conqueror is by that fact Governor; and having conquered Alta California east of the Sierra, before December 2d, 1846, he became Governor of the terrain in whole or part of Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and the *western part of the present state of New Mexico.* See Vol. 8, No. 3 of the Quarterly of the Calif. Hist. Society Article by Thomas Kearny.

Stockton now was without horses, or cattle for subsistence; his men without equipment; and their clothing so dilapidated,—many without shoes,—that a campaign was unthinkable and he was preserved from attack and disaster by the guns of the Fleet only.

Such the story of the "Conquerors", and of "the "Governor"!

The Battles were now fought; Los Angeles entered; the Mexicans surrendered. Stockton immediately—his courage quickened—reasserted his absurd claims; appointed Fremont, who had now abandoned as we know his Majority in the Navy and had adopted a Lieutenant Colonelcy in the Army in the Regiment of Mounted "Rifles,"—not the Mounted "Riflemen" of the Navy,—Governor *and Military Commandant;* although a Brigadier General was present with explicit orders to occupy and govern! Fremont actually accepted the appointment! General Kearny well aware that he would soon be in possession of a great military force, wrote Stockton in protest that "to prevent civil war" he would not now attempt to withstand Stockton's unlawful conduct in Fremont's appointment. Then upon the arrival of Colonel Stevenson, 7th Regiment from New York, and the famous Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman's artillery, and Commodore Shubrick's arrival with Polk's orders confirming unconditionally Kearny's statement to Commodore Stockton at San Diego, Kearny set up a Civil Government; disbanded Fremont's *California* Battalion of Mounted Riflemen; and when Colonel Mason of the Dragoons arrived Colonel Mason became Governor and Military Commander. With Fremont under orders to accompany him Kearny proceeded with some remnants of his Army of the West—a body guard of Mormons[9]—to Fort Leavenworth; where he arrested Fremont. A Court was assembled to try him; and the Court found Fremont guilty of mutiny and disobedience to Kearny in acting as Governor and Military Commander. The President of the United States, on appeal, confirmed the judgment of the Court except as to mutiny and remitted the penalty of dismissal from the Army. But Fremont, just precisely as he was to do in the Civil War, when Lincoln put General Pope over him, resigned from the Army!

Kearny was dead in 1856, when Stockton for the vicious "Know-Nothing Party" and Fremont for the Republican Party, became Presidential Candidates and severally vaunted themselves as "conquerers and governors"! Their claims ran across the invincible facts of Kearny's conquest and government; and so falsehoods strewed the battle fields and the line of Kearny's march from Warner's Ranch to Los Angeles with the débris of Kearny's Fame! And in the

[9] On the return Kearny buried the remnants of the Donner Party who had perished in the effort to reach the Pacific.

Civil War again when McClellan and Fremont came out against Lincoln as Presidential Candidates a most furious brochure reversed the process and taking Kearny's "facts" turned them upon Fremont and helped to drive him to a resignation from the nomination of a so-called branch of the party for which he had been its first Presidential Candidate in 1856. The Voice of Kearny, Soldier of the Frontier! And of the Conquest!,—no Politician,—was silent in a St. Louis graveyard.

Founding their biographies and histories in this Political Bunk,—wholly unwilling to look at the sworn testimony of the actors,—many of Fremont's biographers have based their claims for the glorious Stockton and Fremont and their "Conquests" upon these facts; until in the year 1936, four noted authors,—of more, or less historical fiction!—most friendly to General Kearny, repeat unblushingly these Historical Humbugs!—and all the time in any competent library the whole of the original statements—or nearly so—on all the facts at their pen's tip!

Thus the Fremonters cry aloud that General Kearny should not have relied upon Carson's statements that California had been conquered; and so to have gone unprepared to the Conquest of California and the battle of San Pasqual "making Kearny responsible for the bloody slaughter" on that field![10]

Yet no record is clearer than that Stockton and Fremont—if anybody—are responsible! For Kearny read at Socorro—and acted on—Fremont's and Stockton's *official reports* to the Secretary of War and the Navy. In Kearny's Diary for that date occurs the following entry:—It follows almost exactly his despatches already in the record; and his report to the President is nearly a replica of this entry. Kearny went to San Pasqual with a "bodyguard" because Stockton invited him to come to a land conquered and governed!—Now revealed as American History for the first time!

"We crossed the right bank of the Del Norte at Albuquerque, (65 miles below Santa Fe) continued down on that bank till the 6th of Octob., when we met Mr. "Kit" Carson with a party of 16 men on his way to Washington City with a Mail & Papers—an express from Comd. Stockton & Lieut. Col. Fremont—reporting that the Californias were already in possession of the Americans under their command—that the American flag was flying from every important position in the Tery. & that the Country was *forever* free from Mexican control—the War ended and Peace and Harmony re-established among the people." No American officer in any national crisis ever wrote more recklessly irresponsible official documents

[10] Bashford and Wagner: "A Man Unafraid."

than these political speeches—such they proved—of Stockton and Fremont.

Next comes the fascinating historical fiction that Kearny was either beaten, worsted, or what not at San Pasqual! But what were the facts,—all the time keeping in mind that Kearny's present imperative presidential objective was to get to the coast by the Fall [11] and to meet and command his troops coming to California by the Cape and to govern California.

Kearny, with the approval of the Navy and Carson,[12] daringly attacked and drove the Mexicans from the field in headlong flight by bringing up his mountain howitzers after losing a large number of officers and men; and buried his heroic dead for whom it is said he shed tears of agonized shame to think they had met death so near the object of all their ambitions,—particularly the noble Johnston shot through the head as he entered the fray. Doctor Griffin, one of the heroic men of the Medical Department of the United States Army, who knew his business if ever a man did, built ambulances for the wounded; and with all this paraphernalia,—and exhausted after a march with bellies filled with mule meat over 850 miles as to a conquered land,—proceeded the next day the remarkable distance of ten miles, a third of the way towards San Diego, fighting and driving before him at the "Battle of San Bernardo" from a veritable Gibraltar, the fleeing Californians. And yet we are told that Kearny, —who mismanaged the affair,[13]—was not victorious on the bloody field. It is plain that the actual objects of the battle to reach towards the Pacific had been achieved; and no partisans should dare for the sake of the personal glory of Fremont or Stockton to emasculate this unparalleled achievement of this small bodyguard of the Army of the West.

We now come to Stockton at San Diego, where he swore at Fremont's trial he was beseiged by the Mexicans, and "virtually a prisoner";—receiving a message from Mr. Stokes, a volunteer English messenger, sent to tell Stockton of the battle of San Pasqual, who went forward and arrived on December 6th at San Diego the day of the battle. Stokes stated that Kearny had met the Mexicans; had lost many men; including three of his officers killed; was himself badly wounded; was without victuals; lacked medical and other supplies and transportation for his wounded; had been reduced for days to

[11] Necessary. under the Law of Nations to be in possession as Polk wrote at the time of the Peace.

[12] See Vol. 5, No. 1, of the New Mexico Historical Review.

[13] Later we shall read Phil.'s letter rightly calling San Pasqual a "mismanaged, 'two-penny' skirmish"; but of course this has nothing whatsoever to do with Victory!

the use of mule meat; was without horses; and was surrounded by a superior force of the foe.

Mr. Stokes' message to the "Conqueror" and "Civil Governor" went unheeded! Then Captain Turner, the night of the battle,—Kearny thrice wounded and unconscious from loss of blood,—sent Lieutenant Godey and two companions, Burgess and another, to Commodore Stockton exhorting him in the most passionate language,—language of pathetic appeal,—for transportation, and above all ambulances and medical supplies, for Kearny's wounded; and declaring Kearny's little heroic band of 60 men in extreme peril of annihilation, surrounded by 150 California Lancers as computed in Stockton's letter; with 600 to 750 additional enemy cavalry on the surrounding hills! This message reached Civil Governor Stockton, —presumably as Governor with a well equipped State Constabulary to drive away these *foreign* military racketeers,—early in the morning of December 7th, confirming Stokes' report of the preceding evening. Stockton later wrote that then he thought he should immediately be compelled to send forward a relieving expedition. Yet the 7th and 8th passed until evening and no man to relieve, no man even to learn about Kearny's wounded,—about Kearny's heroic band,—was sent forward! Yet Godey's message was peremptory. Stockton's anger was awakened! Carson, Godey told him, was with the expedition,—the assured medium of a vast volume of political publicity for the great conquerors!

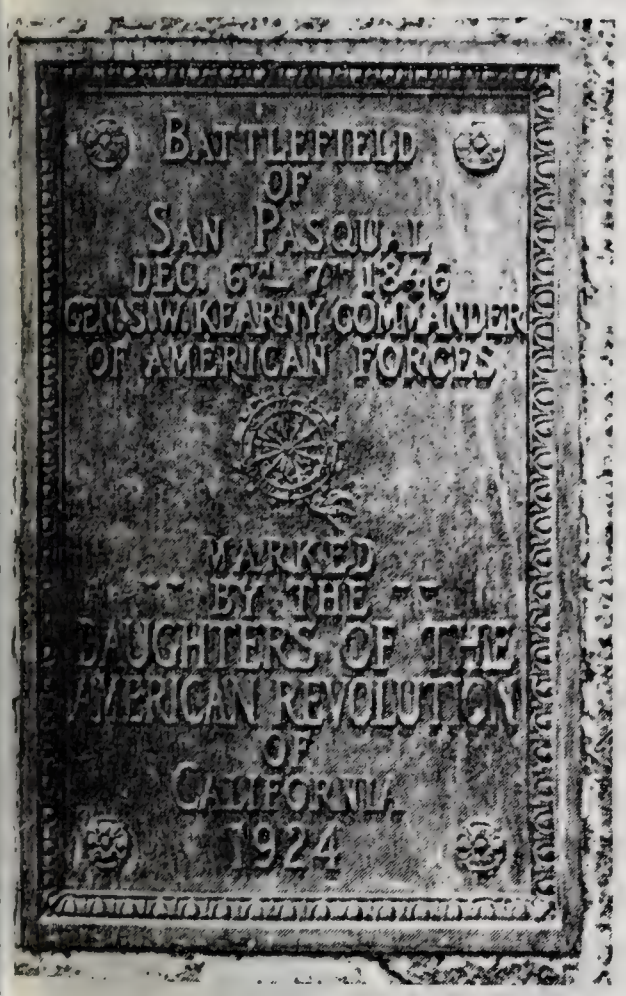
Kearny had now advanced his ten mile journey to the Hill of San Bernardo. And so on the 8th Kearny knowing,—now revealed for the first time,—that Stockton had refused to send aid,[14] reluctantly allows because of the futile peril, Midshipman Beale of the Navy, accompanied by Carson and Beale's Indian servant to go on the third desperate adventure to seek relief from the Commodore. Beale pleaded with Kearny to allow him to go forward for he pathetically told the General that he for one could not believe that the Navy in the person of Stockton had refused aid as reported by a prisoner exchanged with the Californians.[15]

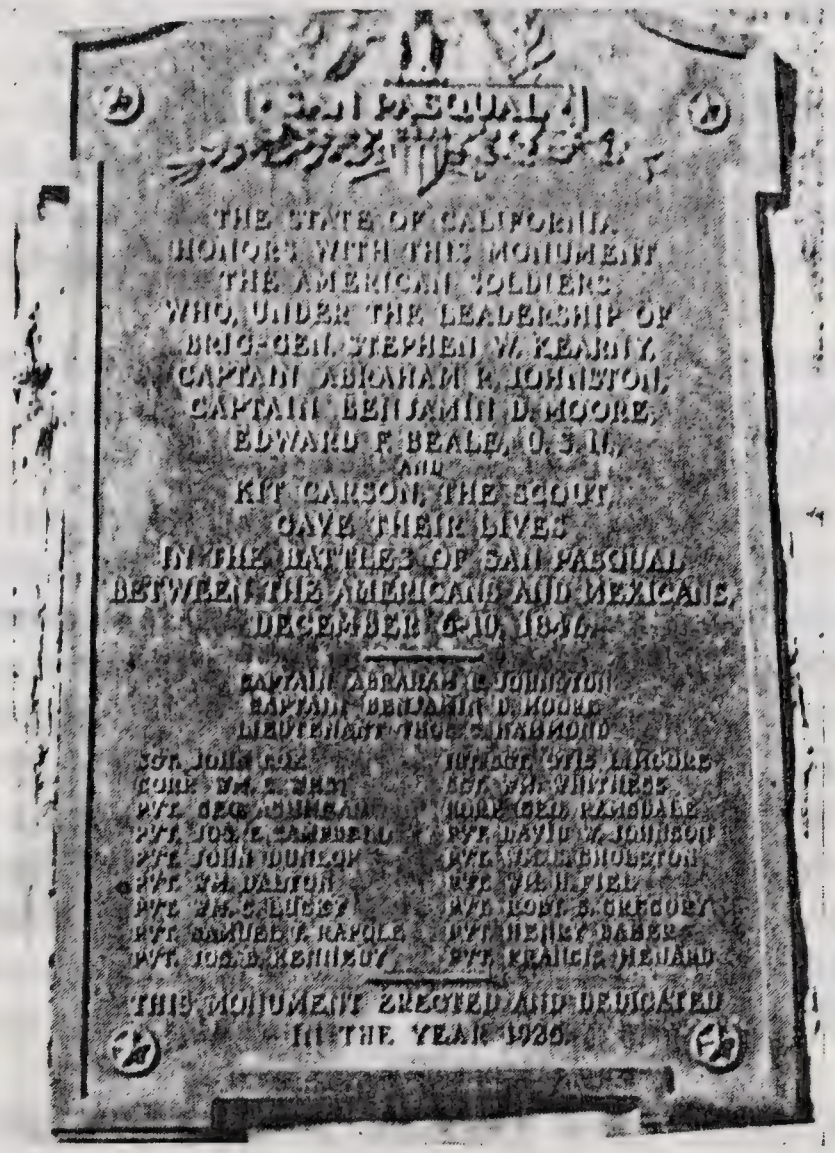
Upon the arrival of the Indian at six o'clock and the heroic "maddened" Beale at ten, who used the most eloquent language to urge Stockton "to come on,"—whose orders were to cooperate with, and send supplies to the Army,—Stockton decided to send off—did send off—a relief expedition, several hours before the brave and dauntless Carson, who had characteristically chosen the most arduous and

[14] Kearny is "ridiculed" for permitting General Pico to "gull him" by exchanging the ignorant Burgess instead of Godey: See Bashford and Wagner. Yet Burgess informed Kearny of Stockton's refusal!

[15] A private letter to this author from Truxton Beale, the Midshipman's son.







Battlefields of San Pasqual and San Bernardo

The battle of San Pasqual was fought on the 6th about sunrise. The battle of San Bernardo on the 7th at sunset. The distance between the battlefields was ten miles. The latter with the inscription the "State of California, etc." is now a public park.



perilous route, arrived after its departure![15a] To the Indian,—"Native Son,"— uncelebrated in Marble or Story, belongs the primary honor of the exploit!

The Expedition of 250 men,—hiding during the day,—a living witness to Stockton's knowledge of the seriousness of Kearny's plight and to the extent the Californians had cowed him,—arrived at his camp at 2 on the morning of the 11th after Kearny, "the wounded now being capable of taking the saddle",—and so no ambulances needed,—had given orders to advance at daybreak.

Kearny's Army of the West as per Presidential schedule arrived at San Diego on the 12th without contact with the enemy!

But had Stockton simply delayed, as his partisans uncompromisingly contend, been inert, been negligent in a great crisis? Or had he resolved to let Kearny,—like McClellan with General Pope at Second Bull Run as we shall see,—"get out of his scrape" as best he could? Had Stockton actually refused aid? Stockton had a motive,—a very powerful one indeed which haunted him and Fremont through the years! They never forgave Kearny for taking their lifeless dispatches from Kit Carson—their living Political witness—and sending them on to Washington by another bearer!—And then Stockton knew that if Kearny's forces were annihilated, that Stockton alone would be sole conqueror and governor!—again a "ringer" for little Napoleon at Bull Run,—a theory which he and Fremont vainly tried to substantiate as practically their sole defense at Fremont's trial!

Now for the first time, Doctor Griffin's "Unpublished Journal" reveals after a silence of nearly ninety years, that Stockton actually refused to relieve Kearny or to send ambulances for the wounded! Dr. Griffin's entry reads for December 8th, "We saw some commotion on the plains: in a short time a flag of truce was sent to us by General Pico. The capture of these three men,—Godey, Burgess and their companion,—was now found out. We exchanged one prisoner for one of the men taken,—Burgess,—and learned that Commodore Stockton had refused to send us a reenforcement. The General now determined to march at all hazards"! And we learn from the same Unpublished Journal, and from Beale's and Kearny's statements, that Dr. Griffin's Appeal for the wounded prevailed with the General,—after the troops had been assembled to march forward on the eighth,—to postpone the advance until the "wounded could be placed in the saddle."

Then an unimpeachable, authoritative, Mexican confirmation of

[15a] Yet almost universally Carson is given credit, and the Indian ignored! Actually take a look at the two-figured monument in the Smithsonian,—Historical,—Museum.

Griffin's entry is found in the dispatch from Governor José Maria Florez to General Pico, dated Los Angeles December 10th, in which he advises General Pico that "if on the receipt of this message the enemies have not surrendered, I recommend very emphatically you do not relax the siege,[16] but continue pressing them as closely as possible; since there is nothing to fear. A man was intercepted by the San Diego courier bearing a dispatch from the Commodore of which I am attaching a translation; and from which we see that he has no way of coming to the aid of the besieged." Plainly Stockton had refused to relieve the army from the plight into which his reckless political dispatches had plunged it.[17]

Great—and comic—stress has been laid by Fremont's lawyers and Stockton's and Fremont's Biographers as witnessing to Kearny's plight at San Bernardo, and so to the impossibility of reaching the coast without the conquering and governing Stockton's timid aid; that Kearny remained on "Starvation Peak" from the seventh to the eleventh without water for man or beast! But Kearny's fame rested upon no such miraculous achievement! Kearny's and General Emory's testimony,—then Lieutenant Emory, an author of one of the great works of military literature, his Reconnaissance,—is uncontradicted: "we had scanty grass and forage for our animals; but we had plenty of water; which we dug for; the animals being watered twice a day."

As for the conquest and government, treated in the only way in which these subjects convey any practical meaning, namely, from the standpoint of the law of nations, to which alone Stockton appealed; the way the Nations would look at the attempt by the United States to rape this vast territory from a neighboring Republic—to be responsible for injuries to person or property of foreigners—the way indeed, which, if the matter was brought to the Permanent Court of International Justice that Court would look at the question, the following "opinion" has been cited on many occasions:

THE MEXICAN WAR AND THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA[18]

Analyzing the testimony of Stockton, Kearny, Fremont *and the cloud of witnesses* brought to Court at Fremont's trial, in one of the

[16] This decisive despatch from the Bancroft Library now published for the first time.

[17] The Historical Society of Southern California, not aware of this despatch, state another letter was the last one Florez wrote from Los Angeles. Both were dated the same day.

[18] Vol. 8, No. 3, of the Quarterly of the California Historical Society. Article by this author.

most bitterly contested trials in American history by Senator Benton,[19] the most powerful political Democratic figure in the public life of the day who was defending his son-in-law against the charge of mutiny; and where the Court resolved unanimously the question of conquest and government in Kearny's favor, the proof is incontestable that Stockton on December 29th knew well that General Kearny claimed the full exercise of his powers and that he exercised those powers as Commander-in-Chief in California and as commander of the Expedition proceeding to its conquest.

Stockton's testimony at the court-martial where he was given the fullest liberty to state fully his position was as follows: "I continued preparations for the march to Los Angeles under the impression that General Kearny was going as my aide-de-camp. It seems however that I was either *mistaken* in my view or that Kearny had *suddenly changed his mind;* because on the day we left San Diego, December 29th, Kearny gave me to understand that he would like to command the troops and after some argument I agreed to appoint him to the command but reserved my position as Commander-in-Chief."

From this testimony of Stockton's that he reserved a command in California, Fremont attempted to impute to Kearny a recognition by acquiescence of Stockton's Chief Command. But this theory of reservation is untenable under Military Law since Kearny could not by recognition of Stockton's power vest Stockton with an authority the creation of which was reserved solely for the President.

Under military and Naval Law, Stockton could not put himself on duty by virtue of his Commission alone; but only by virtue of an assignment by the President; and so Stockton's claims were without foundation; inasmuch as Stockton's orders dated March 14, 21, May 5, June 24, and October 17th, 1845 and June 13 and 15, 1846,—the famous order of July 12, 1846 did not operate in California since it was *not received in California* until after Stockton's departure!—expressly limited Stockton's operations to the occupation but not to the Government of the ports only and contained no authority whatsoever to take possession of or to conquer or to operate in the interior; an authority expressly committed to General Kearny exclusively by President Polk;—to whom also was committed the exclusive

[19] A comic scene at the trial in which Benton charged Kearny with "frowning down" Fremont resulted in Kearny's card in the *National Intelligencer* calling the statement unequivocally false. Speculation, mostly humorous, was rife in the papers as to Benton's proposing sword, pistols or carving knives or a debate in the National Legislature! At length a reputed interview in the *Herald* reported that Benton had promised his wife shortly after his famous earlier duel "never to fight a duel again." The Senator thus saved the Warrior by what might be termed a "crawl".

authority to lead an expedition in the Territory and to receive from Stockton the occupation of the ports.

Besides Kearny's authority under Military Law was incapable of being delegated to Commodore Stockton. "It is an accepted rule," writes the Adjutant General Major General Robert C. Davis, "that no officer can put himself on duty by virtue of his Commission alone. Command is exercised not by virtue of office alone but by virtue of assignment by authority of the President. This rule has had a place in the Army Regulations since 1835. An officer could not in 1846, and cannot today,—1929,—delegate his command to a Naval Officer without the authority of the President. Failing delegation from the President, General Kearny was without authority to delegate his command to Commodore Stockton"; and in the official record of the War Department,—1927,—it is stated "General Kearny was in command of the combined Naval and Army Forces." So much for the command of the Expedition.

Then Mr. Kearny proceeds to the discussion of conquest and government.

President Polk wrote, "By virtue of the power of *conquest* and *occupancy,* General Kearny established a *Civil Government* in New Mexico!" And the Supreme Court decided that *"shortly after 1846* the United States had military possession of upper California; and *then* the President authorized the exercise of the belligerent right of a *conquerer* to form *a Civil Government."* Halleck, authoritative publicist writes: "an enemy possesses a Country only so far as it compels the enemy forces to retire. Conquest—and government—depends on exclusive possession of the conquered territory and is a valid title only so long as the victor maintains exclusive possession; and conquest and so government come to an end when the conquerer is driven out." Such the Law of Conquest. It is plain Stockton had not conquered or governed Alta California west of the Sierra before Kearny's arrival.

Finally it is to be noted that the Executive, and the Judiciary have each recognized Kearny's conquest and government: The President possessing as Commander-in-Chief exclusive power to appoint the Governor and sanction the government of *this conquered alien Province of Alta California,* by affirming the judgment of the military court recognized Kearny as conqueror and governor, Fremont having been tried for disobeying Kearny under his own,—Fremont's,—simultaneous like claims; a position affirmed by the Secretary of the Navy in these words: "there has been no official recognition of any government of the territory in the occupation of our naval forces"; and by the Secretary of War who writes that the Civil Government was established by the *military officer in chief command."* Kearny

commanded the expedition; was Conqueror and First Governor, East and West of the Mountains.[20]

Perhaps one of the most singular and amusing perversions of history is the transposition of Philip Kearny to the Chief Command at San Pasqual! Either that, or Stephen the "Lilly" of Seven Pines. The great French Historian, Grasset, makes this pardonable mistake for at a distance of 6,000 miles he cannot realize—we have already sampled his theory—two Kearnys gaining fame in the Mexican War! Not so the writer of "an authoritative article" on that battle in the *Overland Monthly* for June 1933. How does he travel that route? Listen: Stedman's "Kearny at Seven Pines" celebrated Phil.'s famous feat of saving the Army on that bloody field! In that contest he was opposed by Phil.'s great friend the gallant General Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the rebel commander-in-chief who was wounded; but almost at that very moment, the greatest soldier of the Confederacy was dying on the battle field after beating Grant and the northern army to a frazzle.[21]

His name was General Albert Sidney Johnston; and his wife was none other than the sister of Dr. Griffin,—Stephen's Surgeon; and, mirabile dictu, Dr. Griffin and the charming Johnston widow came into possession of San Pasqual Rancho, the field of Stephen's Victory and she called it "Fair Oaks," the rebel name for Seven Pines!

Recognizing this identity of names, Johnston and Johnston, Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, and thinking no doubt that Mrs. Johnston's husband had been killed at that battle and had named the place accordingly, and that the very field of battle now her country place had been named for the Civil War battle, the author "logically" concluded that General Stephen Kearny had become immortalized in Stedman's stanzas, about "Kearny at Fair Oaks"—15 years after he had actually died in 1848 in St. Louis! Thus speaks history!—again historical fiction!

Again it is said repeatedly that Kearny was a West Pointer and as such despised,—like McClellan,—the "secular soldier",—the non-West Pointer! And yet every reference shelf of every public library is laden with Heitman's notable Register of the Army, full of all kinds of statistics; read it, gentle historian,—even the great historian of Mills College in his Biography of Fremont, entirely in sympathy with General Kearny, states that the General reached the Army through West Point. But Heitman who knows,—and tells the story for the asking;—shows that Kearny was appointed to the army from

[20] Nevins' characterization of the judgment of the court as "technically" correct only, and Bashford and Wagner's passionate and loyal judgment as "Absurd Verdict" are not tenable as legal opinion. No other judgment was possible.

[21] At Shiloh.

New York, as was Phil. Kearny, without attending West Point.

Then some more fiction: Fremont was condemned by a Court entirely composed of West Pointers! and yet Heitman comes to the rescue. Of the 13 men constituting that Court no Senior Officer save one was West Pointer! And only five of the entire membership of 13—and they Juniors! The Army in the Mexican War—as in nearly all our pre-Civil Wars—in its principal commands were not West Pointers,—Scott, Wool, Taylor and Kearny. Like Fremont, like Kearny,—if Kearny was tried as he was, and as was Stockton, *implicitly* in Fremont's court-martial and of course Stockton was condemned and Kearny was acquitted,—Fremont and Stockton were tried by their peers,—Non-West Pointers. And this West Point fiction is carried to an extreme by Stanley Vestal in his fascinating "Life of Kit Carson", who attributes Kearny's dislike to Carson,—itself a Fiction,—to Kearny's dislike for Fremont as non-West Pointer!

Fremont's Biographers have claimed that an order told Stockton that should he occupy any portion of the Province he might set up civil government. But this order, July 12, 1846, never reached California, probably it was never intended to reach California until Commodore Shubrick arrived who brought it. And this, of course, was confirmed by Stockton's own words; plainly showing that he never read the July order, "I had no orders from the President, I established a government incident to conquest under the Law of Nations."

It has been repeatedly said that Fremont was in January 1847 "technically" in the Navy and that the issue of loyalty to Stockton in renouncing Kearny arose first in January 1847 when Fremont was bidding for the favor of the Commanders to be designated to the Historic office of first Governor of Alta California, east and west of the Sierra, after the entrance of the expedition into the City of Angels and the capitulation of the Mexicans. But this cannot be so for Fremont had abandoned Stockton and the Navy without consulting Stockton, in October 1846; for on October 27th, his commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the "Regiment of Mounted Rifles",—a newly founded "Oregon Country" Regiment deflected for Mexican War Service,—arrived in California; and promptly his Majority and his command, "The California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen" were both abandoned; and the Battalion became the Regiment,—the "Riflemen," the "Rifles,"—! For when on January 13th Fremont wrote to General Kearny,—reported to him,—he explicitly so stated in these words, "I am present with 400 mounted Rifles (Signed) Lieutenant Colonel John C. Fremont, Regiment of Mounted Rifles."

But this issue of authority was quickly resolved in early February 1847 upon Commodore Shubrick's arrival confirming Kearny's position.

"A Man Unafraid",—Fremont's most loyal advocate,—has emphasized Fremont's intense loyalty to Stockton—and so justified Fremont's acceptance, January 1847, of the Governorship and the Military Commandancy of California by Stockton's appointment. The history of the Battalion and of the Regiment, of course, negatives any such theory. But if we are, as the context undoubtedly demands, to understand personal loyalty to Stockton, or personal loyalty as a necessary ingredient in Fremont's heart-structure, as distinct from loyalty to Stockton's Cause, little justification—none—is found in Fremont's career!

Expulsion followed Fremont's conduct at college. He then entered the Navy; was dropped from it. Fremont married Miss Benton the powerful Democratic Chieftain's daughter, "Jessie", many years his junior, really a debutante when he eloped with her, much to Miss Benton's father's disgust, yet who immediately bent all his powers to exalt his son-in-law's fame. In California, directed to move on Southern California, when Stockton was being expelled from San Pedro, he started but returned to the North,—without notice to his Chief—greatly to Stockton's indignation. Receiving a commission from Stockton and the Navy, without Stockton's knowledge Fremont abandons the Navy when a higher commission is offered to him in the Army, actually taking with him Stockton's Battalion! Then to cap the climax, when the Navy offers him the Military Commandancy of the Territory in the presence of his Commanding General—although himself a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army,—he abandons the Army, mutinies against Kearny's orders, as the Court had to find, and accepts the Navy's commission while retaining his Army Lieutenant Colonelship! Even as in the Bear Flag Revolution he had abandoned the United States and the Topographical Engineers in which he was Lieutenant and Brevet Captain appropriating all the Engineers' Property and all their men and carrying everything over to the new found Republic to become Commander-in-Chief of its great armies! Then when Kearny's authority backed by a mighty force, Military and Naval, is established, he offers his Naval Battalion as an Army Regiment to General Kearny; of course Kearny rejected it!

A staunch political ally of his influential Senatorial father-in-law who had spent unsuccessfully his all in getting Fremont "out of his scrape" with General Kearny,—the *Herald,* January 23rd, 1848, announced that the Court was ready to sentence Fremont to be shot,—Fremont takes the leadership of the Republican Party,—like the Bear Flag Republic just founded but with a longer life story!—

opposed not only to Senator Benton, the leading "Political" Democrat of his day but wonderful to say to his former staunch, conquering ally, no other than the Commodore! Who became a candidate for the Presidency of the American or Know-Nothing Party, the anti-foreign, the anti-catholic and so the anti-American party of the day!

Accepting a military commission from President Lincoln, Fremont proves disobedient to Lincoln's policy; resigns the army because General Pope is appointed over his head;—even as with Kearny in California!—and in 1864 takes the leadership,—renouncing the Republican Party,—of a party opposed to that party, which proposes to the Nation its denunciation, and under whose banners he had fought against Benton and Stockton; and thus became a violent denunciator of President Lincoln and Lincoln's administration, military and political as alike corrupt and incompetent and proposing a course leading to the dissolution of the Union! To justify Fremont's adhesion to Stockton, particularly in view of the avowed conditions of Kearny's orders, something other than glorious personal loyalty to Stockton must be shown.[22] Ambition overruled Fremont's personal loyalty,—if any personal loyalty characterized him, which is hard to see through the eyes of the distinguished scholar Cardinal Goodwin in his life of Fremont who has investigated Fremont's financial operations which to say the least, must be regarded as very unpleasant reading,—even as Gideon Welles' Diary in its reference to McClellan's cowardice and treason in the Civil War which Phil. Kearny "knew" to characterize McClellan's conduct,—to Fremont's partisans or those who look for lofty-mindedness and the least minim of honesty in their heroes; and the ambition which controlled Fremont was Stockton's proffered offer of an historic Office.[23]

Professor Nevins too professes to know that Kearny was an Irishman; but we have already read that Kearny's claim to any such high noble chivalric distinction must be tempered by the consideration that only one Irish strain,—the Kearny strain,—impregnated his blood through a hundred and fifty years in America. Unlike Fremont who was the natural son of a French émigré, Kearny,—descended from French, Irish, Scotch and English Colonial aristocratic stock,—was essentially a "boiling pot" common garden American.

Kearny had written to Commodore Stockton at the time Stockton

[22] His personal loyalty was due to Kearny. Jessie's family and Kearny's had since Jessie was a little child been intimate friends in Saint Louis; and into this joint family circle the Kearnys, with characteristic loyalty, had welcomed Fremont.

[23] Throughout the Civil War when sinister movements were directed against Lincoln, Fremont, rightly or wrongly, was gossiped of as possible leader. An illustration is Mayor Updike's effort to raise a corps of 50,000 men in New York. See Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 23, 1862.

appointed Fremont to command, that he would not then act in resistance to Stockton's unlawful exercise of authority, "to prevent Civil War;" and "The West's Greatest Adventurer" reflects unfavorably upon General Kearny for arresting Fremont before his departure from the West, or in his later work in practically arresting him and dragging him across the continent!

But the universal voice of the army was that Kearny should have arrested, and *tried there in California,* this mutinous officer and applied the death penalty! And Kearny for subordinating his pride, Army and Personal, to save the Nation from this disgraceful scene of a Civil War, and for patiently awaiting his time—"he knew to bide his time, so can his fame abide"—when his own troops should arrive, received the condemnation of the whole Army and his best friends, his Adjutant General writing to his wife in St. Louis uses these words:

Monterey California
May 1st, 1847

My beloved wife:[24]

The General leaves here in a few days to correct some of the abuses that have been practiced by Lieutenant Colonel Fremont. This officer has not yet been arrested and I suppose will not be. Fremont could not have behaved worse yet General Kearny has not arrested him and will not arrest him. The whole Army is disgusted with General Kearny's course in relation to Fremont. I feel greatly annoyed when I see the General going so counter to my own notions of military propriety as he has done in this case of Fremont. Au revoir, Yours,

H. S. Turner.

Such the conquest and occupation of New Mexico and California, to hold which,—the sole object of the President,—Phil. had lost his arm in the Expedition against the vitals of the Mexican Republic and in which Stephen was to lose his life!

In the meantime, General Kearny as we know had sent forward Doniphan's Expedition; and although of little military value, it illustrated in a remarkable way the brilliancy of a great leader and the endurance and courage of a great band of voluntary soldiers, and its march and battles a military epic.[25]

[24] This important "new" letter was supplied by the ever eager cooperation of Miss Stella M. Drumm, Missouri Historical Society.

[25] "Epic" has been the word rightly applied to describe the Expedition of the detachment of Kearny's Army of the West known as the Doniphan Expedition. But compared with the "Kearny Expedition" to New Mexico and California it was—as epic—unimportant. The Detachment to Chihuahua marched 1200

Writing of this expedition, the Secretary of War reported to the President: "the adventurous march of Colonel Doniphan's detachment, of Kearny's Army of the West, a small but heroic and gallant command of Missouri troops, for 1,000 miles through a hostile country in the course of which two battles were fought against vastly superior numbers and always victorious with losses only on the part of the enemy and almost bloodless on ours, is an achievement to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of military operations." [26]

And although Stephen had left Stockton and Fremont and all their presidential aspirations far behind him,—Kearny Soldier of the Frontier, loathing politics like his nephew; no good at them!—yet the controversy still raged about his name and in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of March 28th, 1930, an editorial tells us:

THE FAMILY MAKES IT RHYME WITH KILLARNEY

Ever since Mayor Taylor informed the city that "Kearny" is properly pronounced "Karny" dispute has been perennial. Local custom had made it "Kerny" Street and declined to give up easily. The Telephone Company adopted "Karny" as the pronunciation for its Kearny Exchange, but citizens still insisted that the girls were wrong.

The question has been argued many times in The Chronicle Safety Valve. It all hinges on the way General Stephen Watts Kearny, after whom the Street was named pronounced his name. General Phil. Kearny has been brought into the discussion but as will be seen that makes no difference.

The *Chronicle* printed yesterday a letter which must be as final a word as can be had. It was from Thomas Kearny of New York,

miles in six months over well known terrain and accomplished no military object; although this heroic band fought with extraordinary bravery in attempting to accomplish its mission which was rendered futile by Scott's Expedition to Mexico City. But the California Expedition marched 5300 miles, over 1800 miles of which no military force,—and very few others,—had ever passed! Marched 3000 miles of that journey in six months! During which it added a quarter to the territory of the United States,—a territory larger than the combined areas of the original colonies and of George Rogers Clark's Conquest of the then North West; fought as many battles as its Chihuahua Detachment; set up—and Kearny presided over—two Civil Governments; and made its 5300 mile march in 13½ months, actually 8 months of marching! And adding to this distance the Expedition of 1845,—the first military manoeuver of the Mexican War,—the whole distance traveled was 7500 miles and achieved the sole ultimate object of the war, and Oregon—against which the Expedition was a Threat—became part of the United States.

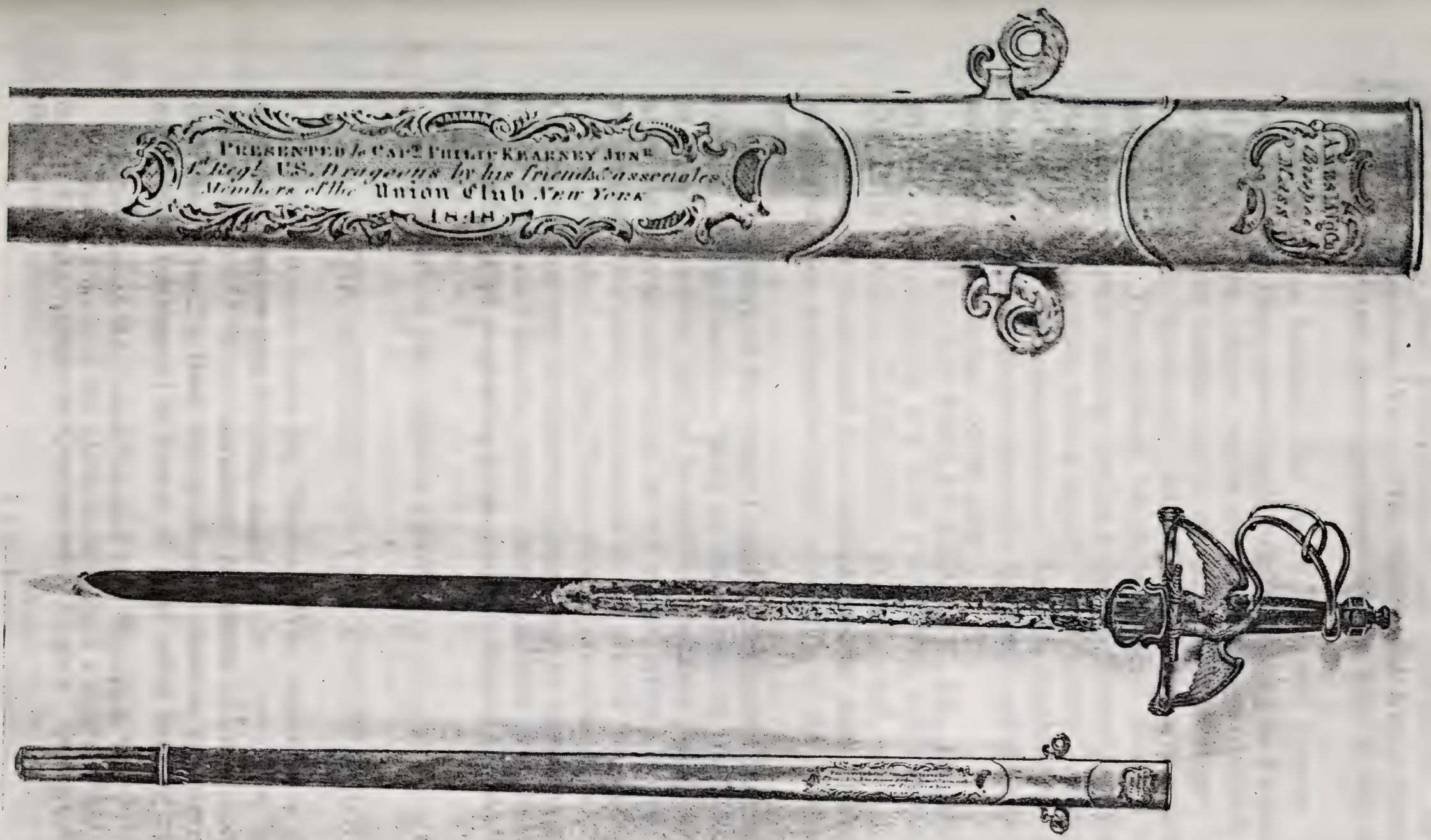
[26] Kearny died in St. Louis in the Clark House,—he had married Governor Clark's step-daughter,—and was buried in Colonel O'Fallon's private burying ground after "the most imposing public funeral" ever held in St. Louis.

son of General John Watts Kearny, grandson of General Philip Kearny, and great-grand nephew of General Stephen Watts Kearny. He avers that in all its branches in this country, the family does now and always has pronounced its name "Karny". It rhymes with Killarney.

Kearny's conquest of the West had moved the boundaries of the United States 1800 miles westward to the Pacific. Manifest Destiny was the slogan coined to signify this movement; and when Kearny, a Sign of the United States, found himself on that Ocean, the General found the vast commerce of the "People of the Eastern Seas" open to his country through the action of his first cousin, Commodore Lawrence Kearny, who had three years earlier, even as Commodore Perry, 7 years later in Japan, opened China to the trade of the world! Stephen's political dogma of Manifest Destiny was supplemented by Commodore Kearny's Open Door Policy to protect which was one of Pope's principal objects, allowing his countrymen now moving with accelerated volume towards the shores of the Pacific, to trade freely,—equal opportunities for the peoples of all nations,—with the nations bordering on that Ocean.

Commodore Kearny, commissioned by President Tyler to obtain for his Nation privileges of trade equal to the privileges accorded England in the four ports opened by the Opium War to England exclusively, appealed to the Chinese Emperor to accord his country and the world the same rights of trade which the Manchu had opened to Great Britain. At first refused, at length the Emperor under the dominion of the fear of another war like the one recently concluded with England, yielded to Kearny's demand—backed by the "Constellation" and the East India Squadron;—and the trade of the Celestial Kingdom under the Open Door Policy established by Kearny was thrown open not only to America but to the traders of the world.[27]

[27] Having completed a chapter on Commodore Kearny's action constituting an integral part of American Foreign Policy in its advance Westward to the Pacific, this author read the brilliant manuscript of Professor Carroll Storrs Alden on "Commodore Kearny: Sailor Diplomat" and decided to omit that Chapter. Professor Alden's authoritative work on this phase of American Foreign Policy and on the Commodore's piratical exploits in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Caribbean left nothing to be said on the subject which fits in with the subject of this Biography. See also "The Tsiang Documents" by Kearny. "Americans in Eastern Asia" by Tyler Dennett; Prof. Alden's book is now in Princeton University's presses, 1936. Also T'ien Hsia, Nov. 1936,—article by Thomas Kearny.



"On your return from the Mexican War, where in a gallant charge you lost an arm, your fellow townsmen, members of the Union Club, felt desirous to testify to your noble bearing. . . . Let not this Sword rust in its scabbard lest another day should again summon you to the Battle!" Address of the Union Club.—"I must ever so strongly bear in mind that in a Republic particularly applies the motto: 'It is a sweet and pleasing thing to die for one's country'." Philip Kearny's reply. Prophetic!



testimonial" to their fellow-member and "townsman" for gallantry during this Mexican War. This testimonial was a glorious sword and as a rich and chaste specimen of the art "it has never been exceeded".

The guard is formed,—the sword now this moment before the writer,[2]—by a large spread eagle in gold holding in its beak the head of a serpent, the folds of which constitute the guard which is studded with agate. The handle is solid silver, richly chased, and fastened to a blade of the "Ice-Brook Temper" arabesque and polished in exquisite taste. The scabbard which is of solid silver is relieved by ornaments in gold etching; and in a long oval space is a sketch of the Battle of Churubusco with a legend "Churubusco". Upon one side of the blade is a representation of Hercules crushing the Lion. On the other a military device admirably designed; and then an inscription witnessing the "Genius" of the gift:

PRESENTED TO PHILIP KEARNY, JR., 1st REGIMENT, FIRST DRAGOONS, BY HIS FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE UNION CLUB, NEW YORK, 1848.

The sword is enclosed in a curious case of dark walnut,—a most unique exterior scabbard,—which is worthy of the weapon which it encloses.

When the body of the young Captain then grown famous as Major General Philip Kearny—"hero of the Army of the Potomac"—lay in the great vaulted Hall of his beloved mansion, Bellgrove, patterned after a medieval castle which he had visited when a young Lieutenant at Saumur "the sword was clasped in the arm of the dead soldier!"

The President of the Presentation Committee, Mr. de Peyster Ogden, made a very handsome address; and its significance developed in the days rolled into the years,—in the darkest days of our national life,—when Phil. unsheathed the symbolic sword to save Union and Nation.[3]

This is part of Mr. Ogden's Address:

THE ADDRESS OF THE UNION CLUB

On your return from the Mexican War where in a gallant and successful charge into the very gates of the Capital you lost an arm, your friends and fellow-townsmen, Members of the Union Club, felt desirous to testify their sense of your deserts by offering you an appropriate testimonial in honor of your noble bearing in that cam-

[2] In the home of Mrs. Julien Harrison Hill, Richmond, Va.

[3] A framed original of Mr. Ogden's address and a copy of Phil.'s reply hangs in Gen. Kearny's residence at Charlottesville, Virginia. On the wall also hangs the sword.

paign. Let this Sword, which I have the honor of being charged to present for your acceptance be not valued the less since peace has followed in the train of victory; nór yet let the weapon rust in its scabbard during a night of repose, lest another day should again summon you to the Battle!

We ask of you for our sake, to regard this Sword as a trophy you both sought and won. Wear it in peace and war as a token of admiration for your splendid achievements.

Phil. was delighted; all awaited his reply; his first public speech; read it; confessedly Phil. is in it;

To Mr. de Peyster Ogden, Sir: The Sword of Honor which I have this day received at the hands of my fellow-townsmen, members of the Union Club, is an overwhelming mark of distinction.

You bid me consider this Sword in the light of a trophy. Indeed, Sir, I most sensibly so feel it!

I note the significance of your presenting the sword as Fellow Townsmen.

For myself, Sir, when on returning from Mexico with other crippled remnants of the Victorious Army, I shared in the hospitable City of New Orleans those distinguished marks of attention which none know better how to bestow than the generous Southerner whose whole being vibrates in unison at the touch of honor, I was rewarded.

When on arriving in my native city I felt the pulse of sympathy beat high, and was received with cordiality by gentlemen whom I realize the honor of calling my friends and associates of the Union Club, my heart was touched.

This day, being presented with a Sword of Honor, I confess that my cup of ambition is filled to the brim and overwhelming!

In presenting me with the Sword you charge me not to value it less that Peace has followed the train of Victory. Still with the predilections of youth spent in my present Profession, must I ever so strongly bear in mind that a republic particularly applies the motto 'dulce et decorum est pro patria mori'.

Another event of lasting satisfaction to Phil. and Phil.'s children's children now even to the Fourth Generation had climaxed during Phil.'s absence in the wars; vividly realized even at the very moment of writing this paragraph by a letter from Samuel Shoemaker,—the noble Rector of the Episcopal Church called Calvary, "February 8th, 1936. Dear Mr. Kearny: The thought has come to me that it would be most appropriate if you would be willing to serve on our One Hundredth Anniversary Committee of Calvary Church. Whether you belong to some other church does not matter! It is the direct contact with your ancestors who played such a large part in this Parish which seems to be the important thing." "I ask you", could anything

represent the Man Shoemaker so splendidly! Characteristically,—"Catholically,"—Mr. Shoemaker's masterful centennial Volume on the "History of Calvary Church" is much more than a Parish record. Like his "Re-inspiriting Oxford Group Movement"—even as Newman's Oxford Movement—in its universal appeal his book is a history of a great City, particularly during days when alike church and City had growing pains, and when the life of Religion, the life with God, was an integral part of the whole town.

During the summer of 1841, the Rector, Vestry and Warden determined that if "suitable lots" could be obtained, to remove the "Cottage" Church building then at Fourth Avenue and 30th Street; and a Committee of Vestrymen and the Warden was appointed to investigate and report, among whom was Philip R. Kearny, Phil.'s first cousin, Secretary of the New York Life Insurance & Trust Company.

It so happened that a part of the Watts estate which Phil. had inherited included the property, ninety-eight feet by one hundred, at the northeast corner of "the Fourth Avenue" and twenty-second Street, a "part of a number of lots belonging to him immediately adjoining"; and these four lots, appearing entirely satisfactory to the committee, Philip, Churchman, approached Phil., Soldier,—Philip R. was generally conceded in the business world one of the great negotiators of his day,—and told Phil. the Church's story. And so well did he accomplish his task that before he had left Phil.'s Apartment at the "uptown Astor" as the "elegant" new "New York Hotel" was called,—a hot-bed of Secession in the Civil War,—Phil. had fallen in with the Church's line of action,—really had fallen for Phil. R., Negotiator! And, ever eager to do the "handsome thing," had told Philip R. "that in consideration of the objects for which his property was to be applied, he would deed the land to Calvary at a figure considerably under the market",—really for nothing relatively,—and the next day, the 15th of October, 1841, Phil. and Diana signed the first agreement of a hundred to New York real estate which they subsequently signed, which provided "that whenever the Rector, Vestry and Warden Parties of the First Part then owning a wooden building or House of Worship fronting on "the Fourth Avenue" should remove the said building and place it on lots of Philip Kearny, Party of the Second Part, he will execute to them a deed in fee simple taking the whole purchase price of $8,000 on Mortgage;" with no interest for the first year and practically none thereafter, the whole principal to be paid at the end of eight years!

At a meeting November 11th it was decided that the proposition of Philip Kearny, Junior, be accepted. And so by a deed dated New Year's day 1841,—"January 1st", whose trick was that! is it valid!—

Phil. and Diana "gave the land to the church for the first service that day held in the Cottage Church" in its new location, Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue; and for five and one-half years Calvary's "house"—now unknown to most New Yorkers,—was located on the lots upon which the lofty structure of the United Charities Building rests!

Then suddenly, wholly unexpectedly, in 1846 while Phil. is in Mexico the news spreads that a committee of three had been authorized to purchase six lots at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street from Phil.'s first cousin, J. Watts de Peyster,—also part of Rose Hill Farm—upon which to build a magnificent structure for which plans by the great Renwick had been accepted,—even the present beautiful temple!—And that Arbitrators had been appointed to make an equitable settlement with Philip Kearny, Junior, concerning his lots deeded to the church on such excellent terms,—excellent to the church! The Award of the Arbitrators tells a curious tale of New York real estate, of Calvary and of Lieutenant Philip Kearny. The award was made April 3rd, 1847, when the new church was in course of erection.

THE AWARD: CALVARY CHURCH TO PHILIP KEARNY

It is represented and stated as the cause of such a change of location that the Vestry had ascertained by experiments that the nature of the ground at Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue was such that there was great doubt whether a proper foundation could be had on said lots for a building so large and heavy as they should require, and that they were, therefore, compelled to give up all intentions of building upon them; and since the new church will supersede the present Church edifice, and the use of the lots purchased of the said Philip Kearny, Junior, for church purposes, the rector, wardens and Vestry when their new church shall be erected, and within three months from the delivery to the Vestry of this Award, shall reconvey the said lots to Philip Kearny, should he elect to take the same, on the payment of $300 for assessments paid by the church during the period of occupation, and on the cancelment and delivery up to them of the bond and mortgage.[4] On this award is endorsed the phrase "Accepted by Philip Kearny."[5]

[4] On a similar part of Phil.'s property the taxes today over a period of seven years are $105,000,—now owned by an insurance company.

[5] For a paragraph-biography of Philip R. Kearny and several of Phil.'s forbears, see this "History of Calvary Church," by Shoemaker, beautifully published by Mr. Fleming Revell.

The occasion was a memorable one; and Phil. and Diana now recalled her counsel in 1841 to let Calvary have the lots on Twenty-second Street but for their market value; and then a princely gift. No one, Diana mused aloud, will remember a deed! Exquisite chalises,—Kearny-marked,—will be used, a perpetual memorial; or, thought Diana, use the purchase price, Phil., and perhaps later on a glorious structure to replace "Papa's Little Cottage".[6] Her counsel had not been followed; a compromise had resulted. But now Phil.'s father was Vestryman; Philip R., Treasurer; sister Susan and Diana, Communicants. Diana re-proposed a handsome memorial of the occasion,—not like "lots to be forgotten"; but around the Altar circles the flame—now as in the ancient law—of Sacrifice, represented by the Holy Communion in the new, as by beeves and oxen in the Old Law, served by Tankard, Chalice and Paten! And to renew its age-old sacrifice—or its equivalent—in a new temple, holy vessels, surely not desecrated by the names of a family of Christ's servants, vestrymen and wardens, a Levite even, for a hundred and forty-seven years, were all but necessities.

Phil., of course,—exquisite taste always—was to do the choosing and right well did he serve! And in 1847 Phil., Father, Son and "Holy Daughter", presented the elegant sacred vessels now in constant use after ninety years, marked:

"CALVARY CHURCH FROM PHILIP KEARNY, PHILIP KEARNY JUNIOR, AND SUSAN KEARNY MACOMB, 1847."

—and consisting of a lovely silver tankard now used at every communion service in the church and four silver chalices likewise so used; large silver Patens, "constantly in use now, 1936, at communion services;" and one very large silver Paten. Could consummation be more devoutly wished and realized! Diana, you've got mighty good judgment![7]

Kearny's military duties in New York were soon resumed; made easy for him. He hadn't been too well; and he was assigned to Recruiting Service which afforded him an opportunity for recuperation and for recreation; for home life with his family, now interrupted for twenty months. But the fact is his health had been affected by the shock of the amputation, and he was unable to throw off even

[6] The incidents in the text are not included in Mr. Shoemaker's book; although it is entirely due to Mr. Shoemaker's cooperation through Miss Fallows, who served the church by assembling much data that the text includes many of these incidents.

[7] For the splendid appreciation of Phil.'s "Papa" and "Philip R", see Book of Remembrances in Calvary's transept, also for a history of the presentation of the chalices.

some lighter ailments; and at length was attacked by varioloid which laid him up for many months. At first Doctor Kearny Rodger[8] thought it akin to the yellow fever which contracted by General Stephen Watts Kearny while Governor at Vera Cruz, had just ended fatally in Governor Clark's residence at St. Louis,—and in the "most imposing funeral ever held in St. Louis." But after a time Phil. was again in health although scarred quite deeply and a development, a change followed in his physical appearance. He was less "a beautiful man",—a note of effeminancy about his countenance; "the effeminancy which attends on civilization" was Cardinal Newman's interpretation. And of his countenance now the right word is "handsome". From this time he began to spread and develop into "that magnificant figure of a trooper which attracted the attention of everyone who saw him as he lay upon the embalming table".

Shortly after recovering from his sickness Kearny, now in robust health and doubtless after a series of clashes between temperaments which as time went on, had proved to be incompatible, Kearny and Diana separated. Various traditional causes have been assigned to their separation, none are even remotely evidential; except the known one of Kearny's high, imperious temper; his restlessness under the restraint of military inaction, and with no prospect of renewing his life of professional combat which he so prized,—Africa had spoiled him!

And so the ever memorable day August 24th, 1849,—and as Philip R. ever thought "a day of eternal regret to both the 'glorious Diana' and to her 'handsome Dragoon',"—Kearny left the Twenty-second Street home within six months after his father's death. Perhaps both had deferred intended action which was accelerated by that event; and Philip takes up separate lodgings.

Up to this time no woman, save Diana, had "troubled" Phil.'s dreams!

Who can pretend to sound the depths of Man and Woman, particularly a Phil.-man and Diana-woman, by mere literary criticism! Who may assign reasons! Who looking at what *seems* to be Dust in the Balances may confidently assert that that dust weighed, or did not weigh, mightily in the depths of Phil.'s and Diana's beings,—tiny Atoms, yet filled,—if fired,—with infinite power!

In later years Phil. met; lived with; and married a woman, not a Diana, and although of an excellent Family, not of Diana's brand, soaked in America! But still a woman of charm and beauty! And as great a hold as her fascinating youth exerted over Phil.'s dynamic imagination;—and she loved him beyond all things!—yet it was said

[8] Vice President of the New York Academy of Medicine.





Communion set presented to Calvary Episcopal Church, Twenty-first Street and Fourth Ave., New York City—the noted Reverend Samuel J. Shoemaker, Jr., present Rector. The Church is now—1936—celebrating its centennial, and its pristine glory is finding new expression by the quickening impulse of the Oxford Group Movement. To this Church the General deeded its second site at Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second Street. Mr. Kearny acknowledges to the Reverend Shoemaker, thanks for permitting this photograph to be taken.





symbolically that when Phil.'s body fell into Lee's arms, Lee went forward to view the remains of his beloved friend; safeguarded his person, placed a guard of honor around it; sent it forward through the lines with Escort and Flag; and as he reached down and drew from the breast pocket of Phil.'s coat, tightly buttoned, Phil.'s papers he burned them all, not reading them, and among them a picture of the glorious Diana. True or false, the scene represents an hypothesis, a Sign, a point of view derived, again true or false, from authentic Tradition.[9]

And so if this really represents "Phil.", really represents "Die", should not Diana with four children, herself noble, great in spirit, even at eighty lovely to look at,—exquisite eyes, ears and nostrils,—as her grandson knew her to be, have shielded her *other child* from himself, with the knowledge and understanding of a heart which seemed to her children's children a wing under which she later gathered her glorious brood of grandchildren and great-grandchildren! For she must have known that the impetuous, the "wild", the beautiful veteran hero, the Toast of his Age, would pour her treasures into other laps; would never return when the latch-string was drawn inside the door by her lovely hands.

However Phil., as de Peyster said, "became a Wanderer"; the die was cast; "Die", his beloved Diana, was cast off forever! or did she cast him off?

Ambassador Bullitt has written:

September 7, 1936.

My dear Mr. Kearny:

I remember Cousin "Die" Kearny very well indeed. When I was a small child she was an extraordinarily beautiful old lady with striking white hair surrounding a tranquil oval face. I remember her with absolute distinctness but I can not remember our exact relationship.

My cousin, William Marshall Bullitt, of Oxmoor, St. Mathews, Kentucky, has all our family papers and certainly could give you our exact relationship without the slightest difficulty.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

William C. Bullitt.

Of these and the intervening years till 1858 when at length Kearny's Secession from the marital Union was completed by legal dissolution

[9] Later it will be seen that this transcript of ancient records is not true in known details.

of the marriage bond, Diana wrote, a letter now used with reluctance; but still we are writing Phil.'s Biography, and so hers;—they shall be Two in One Flesh,—written when she knocked on the doors of the Supreme Court of New York County for a divorce:

"I never knew," wrote Diana, "that Phil. during any of the years following our marriage till 1857 had carnal connections with any woman, never even suspected it. I was wholly unaware of his life about which I am just informed, until the month of August 1857 when I returned to New York from Paducah, Kentucky, where I had been living since 1850. I have not cohabitated with Phil. since August 24th, 1849." Plainly, "Cherchez la Femme", does not explain Philip's career!

Phil. lived in New York till January 1851, when he sought and obtained permission to join his Dragoons in California. It was fortunate for Phil. that his duties bore him to the Land of the Gold Rush and of his uncle's Conquest; for through the fraud of a trusted agent,—not Philip R.—a part of his fortune had been swallowed up. Fortunately, too, that at this grave crisis the great and noble heart of the companion of his playboy days who had partaken equally with Phil. of the Watts' family treasure, to whom Phil. confided his misfortune, was touched and his hand was widely opened; and, despite the fact that his act might jeopardise his entire fortune enabled Phil. to repair the losses. That was John Watts de Peyster, really showing the kind of people that crowd have always been! Phil. immediately repaired his losses, and de Peyster adds:

"Phil. was more than fortunate in his business dealings in California, and more than recouped the fortune which his agent had stolen and which I had helped Phil. repair, and although it left me almost penniless, I was happy to do all that was required."

Kearny's mission to Oregon which followed his arrival at California, in its principal and avowed object, was a futile one; namely, the removal of the Regiment of Mounted Rifles—Fremont's "Old Army Crowd"—from Oregon; but in its accidents, which nobody intended, was of the utmost importance. Indian Warfare! and the trace of his name and fame in the History of "the Oregon Country", —and so of Idaho, Washington, Montana, Oregon and Wyoming,— which Phil.'s and Colonel Kearny's Expedition in 1845 to the "Hudson Bay Company" territory had helped annex to the United States ten months later, and in the history of the State of California annexed incident to his uncle's conquest and Phil.'s and Scott's expedition to buttress it!

The troops to be removed, the Mounted Rifles, which had been organized for service in the Oregon country, and to garrison posts upon the Oregon Emigrant Road, under Congressional Act passed

May 19th, 1846,—were deflected from the intended object and ordered to Mexico.[10] The Regiment's numbers being greatly reduced during the Mexican Campaign, it was recruited at Fort Leavenworth, and at length set out upon its march to the Columbia River in the Spring of 1849.

Scarcely had the Regiment arrived at Oregon City, Fort Vancouver and Columbia Barracks, than the Delegate to Congress of the Oregon Territory actually urged its removal.

Kearny had not gone overland with the Regiment,—he was still Major of the First Regiment, First Dragoons,—but reaching San Francisco by sea, had thence proceeded to Oregon City. He arrived at Columbia Barracks, April 24th, 1851, only to find that Colonel Loring, commanding the Rifles, had left with the principal part for San Francisco. After remaining there about a month in command of the barracks, Phil. set out with all the remnants, except a few men left in command of Lieutenant Theodore Talbot, on his journey to California, with Captain James Stuart and Captain Walker, two old friends of the Mexican War.

What amazed Phil. about the whole proceedings, was that when after years of private, Legislative, and official appeal,—and at enormous expense,—the Troops had been formally stationed at this difficult Post under the pressure of a strong public opinion, the Delegate to Congress, represented to Congress that so far from being a blessing, "they were really a curse to the Oregon country", which the country would be glad to get rid of. To his constituents the Delegate said that the cost of maintaining the Rifle Regiment was $400,000 a year. He proposed that the Congress supply equipment and then authorize the Governor to call out Volunteers when needed.[11]

However, Phil. was under orders and although dissenting strongly from the Delegate's attitude and urging the Governor to allow the troops to remain "against possible Indian warfare", Phil. set out on May 1st "to leave the country defenseless",—at least so he viewed it.

The command under Kearny moved slowly, and following instructions, examined the country for military stations and the best route for military roads; and particularly a road which would avoid "a dangerous route through the so-called Umpqua Canon." Proceeding south by slow stages, the Regiment arrived at Yoncalla, an interest-

[10] In California when it gradually dawned on Fremont that Kearny in view of the universal voice of the Army was bound to arrest him, he pleaded with Kearny to let him join *his* Regiment in Mexico!

[11] Philip's letters indicate that the governor likewise favored the removal pointing to an understanding with the Delegate reached in Washington before he had recently assumed his duties. Yet Bancroft by implication, points to the fact that the Delegate alone urged the removal.

ing place name, being in the Indian dialect a compound of Yonc, eagle, and calla-calla, bird or fowl, applied to a conspicuous butte, at which a noted pioneer, Jesse Applegate, who looms large enough in Oregon History, made his home, "in a large and hospitable mansion."

Kearny sought out Applegate for his topographical assistance; and the Pioneer was glad to help the Soldier. Kearny assigned a detachment of twenty-eight men under Lieutenant Williams as escort to Applegate, and to a local celebrity, Levi Scott, who began a reconnoissance for a new route, while the main body of Kearny's command travelled the old road.

Scott's story was an interesting one, and he had a particular interest in this business, self-justification. Scott had come into the Oregon Country in 1846; and his covered wagon companions whom he "commanded" had reprimanded him severely for not finding a better route at the time of the emigration. It was, therefore, almost with delight that Applegate and Scott,—Applegate was also included in the reprimand,—found, as did Phil., who reported to the Secretary of War accordingly, that no better route existed than the route,—the "Applegate Route",—they had opened in 1846!

Applegate himself was as surprised as anybody, for he had expected with Phil.'s cooperation to find a road "saving forty miles of hard trail".

While the Kearny-Applegate exploring party was in progress, Phil. learned from a settler named Knott that hostilities had broken out between the whites and the Rogue River Indians—thus realizing his fears—who were said to be gathered around their favorite observation point, called impregnable, which they named Table Rock, about twenty miles east of the ferry over the Rogue River along Phil.'s route of march.

These Indians, Phil. learned, were by long odds the "most savage and warlike" of all the tribes on the Pacific Coast; and what rendered them more formidable was the fact that they occupied a district which intercepted all intercourse between Oregon and California.

Scouts sent out reported that Table Rock was a flat-topped mountain overhanging Rogue River and that the Indians used this prominence as watch-tower, from which in perfect security they had a large extent of country and a long line of the road to California under observation and could determine the strength of any passing company of travellers and their places of encampment before sallying forth to the attack.

On the information now in hand, Phil. promptly took up the march towards the Indian stronghold with the intention of dislodging them. A heavy rain had swollen the streams and impeded his progress, and it was not until the morning of the 17th of June that he reached

Rogue River at a point four miles distant from Table Rock. Kearny hoped to be able to surprise them. He ordered his command to fasten their sabres to their saddles to prevent noise,—a practice of the Chasseurs,—and ordered a part of his force under Captain Walker to cross to the south side of the river; while the remainder under the most beloved and heroic Captain James Stuart kept on the north side.

Stuart came upon the Indians who were prepared for battle. Dismounting his men, who, to Kearny's disgust,—fatal indeed to "Jim" Stuart—in their haste, left their sabres tied to their saddles! They made a dash upon the enemy! The Indians met his charge with great courage. A fearful struggle took place in which eleven Indians were killed and many wounded. In the attack the noble Stuart was wounded and died the next day!

Kearny immediately recovered Stuart's body and buried it at the junction of a little rivulet flowing into the Rogue River, which in his honor Kearny named Stuart Creek near the camp which Kearny now established. In General McClellan's Diary on an otherwise blank page is found the following record:

On the 18th of June, 1851 at 5 P.M. died Jimmy Stuart my best and oldest friend. He was mortally wounded the day before by an arrow while gallantly leading a charge against a party of hostile Indians. He is buried at Camp Stuart about twenty-five miles south of Rogue's River, Oregon, near the main road, and not far from the base of the Cishin (?) Mountains. His grave is between two oaks on the left side of the road going south, with "J. S." cut in the bark of the largest oak:

Jimmy Stuart came down to take care of me when I first fell sick,[12] and after doing so with his usual kindness, was unfortunately taken sick himself.

McClellan was in Oregon on railroad business in 1853 and brought to the neighborhood of Stuart's death this description given him by Phil. Kearny. McClellan seems not to have realized that Stuart's body had been removed.

In his Recollections of a Virginian, General Dabney H. Maury, a Captain of the Mounted Rifles, lets us have a closer view of the heroic and loveable Stuart and of the campaign.

KEARNY AND STUART IN OREGON, by Gen. Maury

Among my friends in this far off war was Captain James Stuart, son of the able editor of the *Charleston Mercury,* a great nephew of Sir John Stuart who at his death was the nearest survivor of the Royal Family of Stuart. Jimmy Stuart served with me in the Mounted

[12] Mexican War.

Rifles and was one of the most interesting characters I have ever known. Handsome and gentle as a woman, no soldier of our army surpassed him in courage and daring, and his commanding general said of him in his report of the last battle of the Mexican War, "Lieutenant Stuart of the Rifles, leaping the ditch, was the first American to enter the City of Mexico"—really the second—and so of Phil.'s military kindred!

After the Mexican War Captains Stuart and Walker of our Regiment marched across the Plains to Oregon City; and in June 1851 was ordered to march under Major Philip Kearny to San Francisco and Jefferson Barracks.[13] The road to California led through the country of the Rogue River Indians. One night after midnight Stuart told us that he had had a dream; had been unable to sleep because of a conviction that his death was at hand. He could not rid himself of the feeling; and he wished Walker to see to it that his wishes then imparted should be carried out.

In vain Walker tried to laugh away all this as a nightmare; but was insisted upon by Stuart. Walker was to be his executor. The next day it was learned that the Rogue River Indians had begun hostilities, and Phil. Kearny immediately made preparations to follow the Indian war party and punish the savages. At breakfast the next morning Stuart told of a wierd dream which had troubled him; how an Indian Warrior had appeared at the door of his tent; drew his bow upon Walker first; and then changing his aim shot Stuart through the body.

Kearny divided his forces, sending Stuart with his party down the Rogue River. Stuart charged the Indians. The chief seemed to surrender to Stuart. Stuart ordered him to drop his bow; and to emphasize the order, tapped the Chief on the head. Immediately the Chief drove an arrow through Stuart's body. He lived a few hours in great agony. His grave was made near a tree at the forks of the road and carefully marked.—Such the famous first battle of Oregon —Indian—warfare the "Battle of Stuart's Creek"!

Governor Lane of Oregon Territory in 1868 in a private letter wrote of this campaign in which he participated: "During the Summer of 1851 Major Philip Kearny was informed of a recent attack of the Rogue River Indians in which they succeeded in killing quite a number of miners and doing other mischief.

These Indians were at that time the most warlike and formidable tribe on the Pacific Coast. Never having known defeat they were exceedingly bold in their depredations upon the miners and settlers, and were the terror of all.

[13] In Bancroft's History of Oregon, the impression is given that Phil. was "attached" to the "Rifles" in their march across the continent. This was not so.

Major Kearny determined, if possible, to give them battle, and finally found them, three hundred Braves strong, in the occupation of an excellent position. He ordered an attack and after a sharp engagement succeeded in dislodging them, killing, wounding and capturing fifty or more. It was here that the brave and lamented Stuart fell.

The Indians retreated across the Rogue River and Major Kearny feeling that they had not been sufficiently chastised concluded to pursue them, and while in the prosecution of this purpose I joined Major Kearny. The Major followed until the Indians made a stand quite favorable to themselves on Evans Creek about thirty miles distant from the scene of their first disaster.

At this point Kearny again attacked them, killed and wounded a few and captured about forty; among the latter a very important prisoner in the person of the great chief's—Jo's—favorite wife. By means of this capture and these successes an advantageous peace was obtained.—Such the "Battle of Evans Creek" the second battle of Oregon Indian warfare, as viewed by a participant. Lane continues: Being an eye witness in part of Kearny's movements and actions I can with great truth bear testimony to his gallantry as a Soldier and his ability as an Officer.

"I was then and still am sensible of the great good secured to Oregon by his achievements at that time."

Kearny had now driven the Indians off the route to California,—cleared the trade route,—but he was in possession of the Indian prisoners, and had no place to put them! Yet he recognized their value as hostages, and was determined not to release them until the Indians consented to a treaty of peace. In fact, sooner than release them, he resolved to take them to California and send them back to Oregon by sea!

Here Governor Lane came to Phil.'s relief by offering to escort the prisoners to Oregon City whither he was about to return, or to deliver them to Governor Gaines or the Superintendent of Indian Affairs wherever he might find either. And so the prisoners were at once sent in Governor Lane's care escorted by Captain Walker; and Lane delivered them on July 7th to Governor Gaines who was found at the ferry over the Rogue River with an escort of fifteen men waiting for his interpreter—Gaines was quick to follow up the defeat—to bring the Rogue River chiefs to a council. The "success of the council was largely due to his possessing their various families and succeeded by means of Kearny's prisoners in inducing about one hundred savages, among whom were eleven Head-men to agree to a peace".

This treaty placed the Indians wholly under the jurisdiction and

protection of the United States; and they agreed to restore all the property stolen at any time from white settlers. In return for the Treaty, Governor Gaines delivered back to them "Kearny's women and children"!

Phil.'s work was accomplished. Had he read the *Oregon Statesman* of July 22d, 1851, he would have been gratified to know his work had won a place in the history of the Pacific Northwest:

I proceed to give in brief an account of the various battles which have just been terminated with the Indians on Rogue River by a detachment under the command of Brevet Major Kearny:

The Indians had been completely whipped in every fight. Some fifty of them were killed, many wounded and thirty taken prisoners. Too much cannot be said for Major Kearny. For more than ten days he was in the saddle, at the head of his command, scouring the country and pouncing upon the Indians wherever they could be found. He has done much to humble the Rogue River Indians and taught them to know that they can be hunted down and destroyed.

On July 22d in the *Oregon Statesman* a famous name signs this letter:

To the *Oregon Statesman,* July 2d, 1851. The Indians at last gathered to three times the number of Major Kearny's command. Fifty Indians were killed. Major Kearny has forty prisoners.

Too much credit cannot be given to Major Kearny. He manifested the same indefatigable spirit which has rendered him eminently popular on former occasions. He is decidedly an accomplished soldier. Yours truly, 'Ewald'.

Kearny never forgot the gallant Stuart. After the campaign, he wrote to his friend Rufus Ingalls, then Captain of Dragoons and later Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, and requested Ingalls to send a detachment from Fort Vancouver to obtain his body; and forwarded from San Francisco a fine metal case for the remains and continued to display interest in the matter of letters after he had reached China; remitting a draft for all the expenses incurred. Captain Ingalls faithfully complied with the request, and the body was restored to Stuart's relatives in Buford, South Carolina; and South Carolina voted a sword to the Captain's eldest brother as a token of affection with which the State cherished Stuart's memory. A handsome monument in Buford, S. C. celebrates Stuart's fame with a syllabus of Rogue River Indian Warfare!

Phil. now proceeded to San Francisco and until October 13th was stationed in various part of California.

Reports of Kearny's battle freeing the route of travel from San Francisco to the Oregon country, soon reached California, and the *Alta California* of July 6, 1851, a newly established California paper, bore this important news:

Indian Difficulties. Mr. Heye states that from a gentleman just down from Shasta mines he learned that a pretty well authenticated report had reached there that Major Kearny's mounted company of eighty men, while on their way down from Oregon, had been attacked by the Indians at the crossing of Rogue's River, and that Captain Stuart had been killed. We hope that this report may yet prove unfounded.

Upon Kearny's arrival in San Francisco, he turned his military hand to the disturbed conditions among the Indians in the northern part of the State. The Historical Editor of the *Alta California* enlightens the dark recesses of the silent archives of the War Department. On July 26th we read in the *Alta California:*

Indian treaties—Military Movements.—The Indian Commissioner, Colonel Redick McKee, we are informed, is to leave Sonoma about the 1st of August, for the purpose of making treaties with the Indians in all that portion of the State lying north of the Bay of San Francisco, and West of the Sacramento River. He will be accompanied by a detachment of United States Dragoons, under command of Major Kearny, as an escort.

Major General Estille and Staff, of the 2d Division State Militia, will also accompany the expedition as far as Clear Lake, where it is supposed a Treaty will be easily entered into with the numerous tribes that reside upon its shores. . . . In the acquaintance of Major General Estille and Major Kearny with Indian Wars, their acknowledged ability, energy, coolness and courage, we feel assured that Colonel McKee will find the greatest assistance in the arduous mission he is about to undertake.

And then the story is continued in the same paper for August 26th: The Northern Indians:

The Indian Commissioner, Colonel McKee, accompanied by General Estille and Staff, and an escort of United States dragoons commanded by Major Kearny, are now en route, by land, for that portion of the State.[14]

Kearny, his work accomplished, now again resigns the Army and

[14] Thanks are most sincerely acknowledged to the State Librarian at Sacramento for supplying these newspaper items,—and thus proving to both our satisfactions that de Peyster was wrong as to the date Kearny sailed!

heads for a trip around the world. He will be back in New York in the late Fall of '52; will reappear at a reception at the Tuileries given by the Emperor Napoleon in the Spring of '53 with dramatic consequences alike to his children and his grandchildren,—perhaps to his fame and place in history! And so for the first time Phil. goes forth on his travels,—Alone. The ancient wisdom "it is not fit for man to live alone" was soon to be justified in her children.

CHAPTER VIII

HAWAII: ROMANCE!; THE LEGION OF HONOR IN THE FRENCH ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

KEARNY left San Francisco on the Sloop of War "Vincennes" as the guest of Commander William L. Hudson on October 13th, 1851 for a trip around the world,—a rare treat in those days! On December 7th he was at the Sandwich Islands where he had the Upper and Second Story of a "new Cottage" with a piazza extending all the way around his apartments. In the Cottage the "Chiefs"[1] occupied the Lower floor. He breakfasted with them, however; but dined usually in a "French restaurant."

But soon Phil. is again on the waters; and the "Vincennes" struck the trade winds and for four days she went dashing madly ahead; "making, for hours at a time, 12 knots an hour." Phil. visited China, stopped at Ceylon, went to Bombay, thence to Egypt; and in the Fall of 1852 was again in New York on business. He sold a piece of property on 22nd Street to create a fund to establish a capital, the income of which was to be paid to Diana; but he was soon off again to Europe.[2] "Phil. became a Wanderer"!—and in the spring of 1853 he was living at Paris, whence he had written to Secretary Poinsett, a dozen years ago, that he was going to practice War with the French in the Algerian Conquest.

An American officer who served in the Civil War wrote of Phil.'s life in France now and later,—1852-1860:—"Phil. was in the full enjoyment of the companionship of the distinguished officers with whom he had served in Africa who appreciated him as a glorious type of the American Soldier, distinguished by the loss of an arm. Kearny bore his honors always with great diffidence; his deportment was devoid of ostentation." A member of Phil.'s family has written: "His were dashing turnouts, quite famous in Paris on account of the dash of the young American Officer who graced them." His first cousin sees: "that in whatever character Phil. undertook to shine he always played his part well; his hospitality was princely; his equipages and horses[3] inferior to none in style, beauty and quality."

[1] A dominant social group in Hawaii.

[2] De Peyster failing to find this Deed of Trust, "notarialized" in New York, leaves Phil. in Europe till 1854.

[3] Grasset, the French Historian, says Kearny always rode "blooded horses."

One of the best artillery officers in our service who translated a French political work and who was Kearny's constant companion at this time had this psychologic thing to say: "He was marked by a disposition exhibiting itself at times in an affecting mood of self-abandonment and even desolateness which was calculated to give one a deep and attentive interest in him; and though possessed of the soundest sense and good judgment, some incidents in his life border on the romantic!" At this very moment a Romance was developing into, some say Phil.'s great Tragedy, others one of the great love episodes in our Puritanical history; and any way you look at it with marked incidental effects upon the history of his country in the Civil War!

In the spring of 1853 Lieutenant Bankhead of the Navy—and this Artillery Officer who has just turned the key to the romantic in Kearny's personality,—were at a fashionable reception for English and Americans at the Tuileries given by Napoleon III. This officer wrote:

I was much struck with the bearing of Major Kearny. He had then left our service but still bore the title; and for this representative occasion wore the uniform of the Dragoons. He was introduced to the Emperor by our Minister, Mr. Rives; and when his name and services were being mentioned "he shrunk, as if from modesty and bashfulness, although a lost arm should have prevented any statement from being over-emphasis."

In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Maxwell had sailed from New York, their destination "Homburgh"—their daughter Agnes' health had been delicate. Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, four years now gone, Mr. Maxwell, in no sense a man of means, occupied a position in the business life of New York; and Mr. Maxwell and his Lady were received easily in the larger, if not in the exclusive Society of the city; but their daughter's exquisite beauty had challenged interest in this Family.

The Maxwells bore letters to the Emperor and on this day, to this particular reception, the Maxwells were bidden; and along with them—alas!—came their Agnes!

Tall, supple, "panther-swift" in movement, pure unclouded brow and dreamy eyes of wonder, fragile, exquisite, Body and Spirit, Agnes Maxwell's recent debut in New York City had focused upon her fascinating Personality the eyes of the youths of wealthy and aristocratic families;—her engagement to one of these golden youths had been announced;—and it was said that her beauty "would lead to a Bed of Down, and to a Board groaning with all the good things that life offers, to make slight recompense for the flower of her Maidenhood,"—in short, marry wealth!

Arriving on foot almost at the same moment with Phil., Agnes' fascinating eyes had now themselves become fascinated as she saw spring from a phaeton a Dragoon officer,—one-armed,—the embodiment of the Romance to which the panther in her sprang, as Phil. from his equipage.

Suddenly she found herself alone, drawn forward, clasped spiritually in Phil's arm, the empty sleeve the symbol to her of Courage and of War in Far Places! And as she stood just behind him, her delicate Person almost—it was not of course,—touching the Person of Her Soldier, perhaps 12 years her senior, her ears tingled with delight as their rosy conch-like shells drank in the toast that Mr. Rives offered the Emperor as her Country's spokesman: "Major Philip Kearny, First Regiment, First United States Dragoons, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Soldier of the Algerian Campaign." And when the Emperor, his interest singularly quickened at this notice of Phil.'s service to his Empire, offered Phil. his hand and then remarked "Soldier of France!"—and turning to the Empress: "We must see more of you, Major Kearny", Agnes' fascination was tinged with reverence; and although Phil., of course, put plenty of salt on the tales of these two old birds, not so with Agnes!

Following Phil., almost unwillingly; suddenly,—her health is not fully recovered, and then the excitement,—she swoons to the floor. Phil., drawn by the movement in her direction, moves quickly forward, now actually takes her in his arm and bears her to a chaise longue! And when her flower face opened its petals; and "the maiden lay before him in the evening light; he had not dreamed she was so beautiful." Then came on him a sort of sacred fear for silent, though he greeted her, she lay "fixed on his face as if it were a God's"!

Phil. now turning to Mr. Maxwell, "May I offer you my phaeton?" And so Phil. walks to his Apartment at 15 Avenue Matignon with Lieutenant Bankhead and the Artillery Officer; and the whole Maxwell Family are off in Phil.'s carriage to their Hotel!

Next morning Phil. wakes, musing,—an image of youth haunts him! For the first time Phil. thought: Time passes; he is now 38,—the girl 20? And then he walks to her Hotel and 60 years later the young girl writes of that man—when New Jersey transfers his body to Arlington!—"I wish to be buried by his Side, the Hero of my Life and my Love!", but that's a long way off. How about right now? And besides, her fine aspiration was not gratified!

Speaking of this Period of their lives a member of the Kearny Family has written: "Her relatives remonstrated at the Friendship as being improper as Kearny had a wife and children in the United States but they,—Agnes and Phil.—'told them all to go to Hell'."

Then the Maxwells started on an European trip. Phil. joined the Party; traveled with them.

In the early part of '54 Phil. at the insistent demand of his business Agent in New York,—none other than Philip R. Kearny, who had objected to his Ball bill at Saumur!—returned to New York. The Maxwells soon followed. Phil., face to face with the consequences, with the danger of warming his being near the flame without catching fire, which might burn down the structures of both their lives, determined to break the bonds that would, if realized, so defame him; and off he goes to the vast spaces of his little Empire in St. Lawrence County, to lose himself,—to lose Agnes, perhaps to awaken the dream of the "glorious Diana,"—in wild rides as of old over the corduroy roads over which he had passed as a Youth!

Then an accident, a turning point of his fate,—upon what little things destiny hangs!—Near Kearney's Falls on the Oswegatchie River his gray horse's hoof sinks through a rotten timber; breaks its leg; falls into the River and Phil. fell—being one armed—with, not from, the horse. His body, some thought him dead,—was borne to Van Beuren's hotel in Gouverneur. Dr. Robert Watts comes up from New York; Phil. is all right, needs only care; but it will take him a long while to be whole again; and we find Phil. in his Apartment in N. Y. during the Fall and Winter of 1854-5.

Then Agnes reappears—why not? But too bad for you, Phil.; too bad, of course, for her. Use your resolution! You still owe her nothing except Friendship! No man, no woman may wreck another's life! It will hurt you eternally;[4] hurt her; help nobody! Yet the love of man and woman is strong,—strong as death as the event proved in Agnes' case! But why go on with the tale,—all, each one of us, know, in fancy or in actuality, the story!

Well, Agnes called; sees him. Instructions are given to admit no one,—Doctor's orders the pretense. Really Phil. is saving two human beings, himself and Agnes, from themselves!

But no "stony barriers" could keep Agnes' love out,—and all that kind of thing!

And so in 1855 Philip R. Kearny tells Diana the story. A divorce! Phil. wants to marry. Never! The social custom of divorce now universal, obtained in several Sovereignties by handing a piece of paper, the man to the woman or vice versa, or by each signing a sheet of paper and taking it to an office and having it stamped, was not then the custom. And even if Diana was willing the Kearny

[4] Undoubtedly the religious fanatics and the extreme Abolitionists allied with the Churches,—and of course Phil.'s enemies,—used this story whispered in Lincoln's ears to shelve Phil. in the Civil War; but Lincoln at length saw the motives and swept the opposition aside to place "his General" in chief command.

family were unwilling. To them, *then* seeing neither "steadily or whole", they saw no romance in the whole proceeding! "Truth is the Daughter of Time" and they were contemporaries; and the judgment of history tends to exalt a romantic loyalty in a relationship for the genesis of which neither were responsible.[5]

In 1855, Agnes is frequently seen at Phil.'s place at Bellegrove, 7 miles from New York. Phil. is absorbed in the building up of his great estate of 100 acres just opposite the home of his youth across the Passaic River, in Newark the "Kearny Homestead"; succeeds in doing it. Frederick Law Olmstead [6] lays out the grounds and Agnes delights in it! His cousin writing of this period says: "It was at this time 1854-5 that Phil. devoted his time to embellishing his country estate, Bellegrove, which he had recently purchased." As a matter of fact, Phil. had begun assembling the plot in 1850; and in 1850 to '54 deeds are recorded in Hudson County which witness to the period of its establishment. He had built as we know a magnificent castle-like structure patterned after a Medieval edifice he had visited in Saumur and a distinguishing characteristic was a great Bell Tower which gave "the place a suggestion of a Cathedral."

An enthusiast in everything he undertook he turned his attention to sheep-raising and established "one of the finest flocks in the United States." He also turned his attention to cattle but in this direction his success was unimportant;—he went to Europe before the experimental stage had passed. But his great delight was in his gray horses; among which his dearest friends were "Moscow" and "Monmouth," and "Black Hawk,"—Mexican Warriors,—the latter really a white horse foaled at Jefferson Barracks in 1838 and named for the Indian Chief whom his brother-in-law, General Atkinson, then Commandant at the Barracks,—Phil. at Fort Leavenworth,—had beaten at the decisive battle of the Black Hawk War and so imbedded his name in the chronicles of America.

Then the "fascinating because the impossible dream of bliss",—so Tolstoi had it of Anna Karenina,—was at length realized! A divorce had been denied them. Their love tested, had proved its truth, and of course ever since the first moment of their mutual history at the Tuileries,—often in his Civil War letters, Phil., refers to Agnes as "His little girl of the Tuileries",—their souls had lain beside each other's—and now the tacit word was to be made flesh! In fact

[5] Intense and eager and instinctive as our loyalty and devotion to Diana Bullitt, truly even in age as Ambassador Bullitt has written "the glorious Diana", yet Phil.'s justification,—by no means an excuse but an apologia in the true sense,—in view of modern opinion is sound.

[6] He planned Central Park.

had been; and the Priestly Caponsacchi's words, towards his Mistress, stirred in their hearts: "Because of our souls' yearning that we meet and mix in Soul through Flesh, let us become one body being one soul."

Now comes into the story, consummating it, an account from a member of the Kearny family: "A piece appeared in the newspaper saying that Major Kearny was sailing for Europe on a certain boat on a certain day and his name was on the passenger list. The morning the boat sailed his passage was cancelled and he returned to Bellegrove. The next week a figure heavily veiled boarded a European steamer. Just before the ship sailed a carriage sped to the dock and Major Kearny,—and his luggage,—emerged and boarded the vessel. And when they arrived in France Phil. and Agnes disembarked; went immediately to Rouen, France, where they took an apartment at No. 1 Rue Armand-Carrel and in the official record of the Etat Civil, and generally and socially, were known as "Mr. & Mrs. Philippe Kearny."

Upon the birth of the child, Phil. and Agnes,—really Kearny,—were off in 1856 to the Coronation of the Czar Alexander. Nothing could have exceeded his graphic descriptions of the fetes that attended the Ceremonies! He seemed to experience a vivid satisfaction "in the military Displays in which he participated". On two occasions,—one on the eve of the Coronation,—he and Agnes attended banquets at the Imperial Residence.

Phil. also visited Prague, "to attend some great military reviews near that city." "Later Mr. & Mrs. Philippe Kearny", he and Agnes, went to Italy and were present at a Ball in the Grand Ducal Palace in Florence. Kearny appeared as Knight Templar, clothed from head to foot in Chain Armor, under the weight of which, over 18 lbs. "He danced as lightly as if clad in silk; and wore it so aptly the illusion was perfect." Of this kind of entertainment Phil. was fond,—the unique, the bizarre; otherwise classic and formal; no fooling about it! And at a Grand Ball "unequaled in any age—till 1898—in the city of New York," given by Commodore John C. Stevens, at "Castle Point" Kearny was conspicuous as Abd-el-Kadir in a costume he had captured in Africa. So correct was his appearance in every detail that from his belt swung a severed head "imitated in white sugar." To the mid-Victorian ladies present,—availing themselves of the privilege of "screaming" with or without provocation,—the Representation was so real that the Commodore touched Phil. on the shoulder; and soon he laid aside the token of his martial experience in Algeria!

In 1857 Phil. and Agnes came to America. The world thinking

that they were married, received them with open arms; but of course Phil. and Agnes held back!—of course they did!—and Phil. opened again his quest for freedom. Of this period a member of Diana's Household till her death in 1906, says: "Mrs. Kearny refused to allow a divorce as her Kearny relatives did not want her to get one. But Major Kearny threatened to assert his right to his child and take John Watts Kearny away which he had a legal right to do. Then regardless, Mrs. Kearny applied for a divorce. She was granted the divorce in New York to be free from him as if he were actually dead but he could not marry until she actually died. Phil. took Agnes to New Jersey as soon as the divorce was granted and they lived at Bellegrove"—which reasonably represents the true story. For in November 1857 after making a handsome allowance on Diana, Diana brought suit in New York; and in March 1858 the decree was granted. But as for the death-business that was the lawyer's trick under a Confederated System. For all he had to do to give Death the gate, was to step across the state's boundaries where New York prohibitions are inoperative,—which he did by shortly marrying his real wife now these three years, Agnes Maxwell! But there were reasons,—applicable to the conduct of their married life in France,—about which Cortlandt Parker told them, why in April, 1858 Phil. made a Pre-Nuptial Settlement upon "Agnes Maxwell", giving her a life income of $3,000.00 per year. Then they returned to Paris; Phil. rented again the "noble apartment" at 15 Avenue Matignon, in one of the most fashionable districts, a minute's walk from the Champs Elysée, not far from the Arc de Triomphe;[7] and thenceforth till 1861 their lives, now realized from dream to reality, shone brilliantly in the life of the city.

As soon as Rumors of War had hardened into the sudden mobilization of the French Army,—France supporting Italy in Italy's claims for Nationality and so to be rid of the heel of the Austrian Invader on Italian soil, in Northern Italy,—Phil.,—Semper Fidelis,—applied "personally" to the Emperor for permission to join his old Regiment, the Chasseurs d'Afrique. But General Morris, Phil.'s old Commander in the Conquest of France's Colonial Empire, now an illustrious Captain, was chosen by the Emperor to command the Cavalry Division of the Imperial Guard; and the Emperor "did Major Kearny of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, Soldier of France" of the Tuileries Reception, the distinguished honor of assigning him

[7] This house, the nucleus of the Count Raoul de Ricci's present distinguished residence still exists,—to whom the author is indebted for this information. The Count writes that pedestrians on the Champs Elysee may be seen from the windows. Kearny's "apartment" was a figure of speech for a private residence.

to the Cavalry Division of the Imperial Guard on General Morris' Staff!

Dressed in the garb of the First Regiment, First Dragoons, of the United States Army, Kearny left Paris on May 12th, 1859, the day after the departure of the Emperor and returned two days before the Emperor returned on July 14th. On the latter date, Kearny showing the zest of his Battle experience, wrote a friend:

Paris, July 14th, 1859

My two months have been all that a Military Man would have desired,—a School of such Grandeur as rarely occurs! And the Drama has been complete! Leaving Paris the day after the Emperor I arrived just two days before his return. I have roamed about everywhere and on the day of Solferino, I was—: but wait a little; for things happened before the glorious Charge of the French Cavalry at Solferino which decided the Campaign.

Napoleon had left Paris to arrive at Genoa on the 12th of May; on the 20th the Battle of Montebello was fought; and passing on to June 14th, one of the two great contests of the war, Magenta, was fought at which Kearny was detached at his request from the Cavalry of the Imperial Guards and participated, not in a great, but as General Grasset wrote, "in an important way".

It was at the Battle of Montebello that Phil. met,—Phil. liked,—General Forey who later—as Phil. in 1847—captured Puebla in Mexico, 16th to 19th of May, 1863, when Napoleon was attempting to set up a Mexican Empire under Maximilian; and who was raised for his signal service at the Battle of Montebello to the dignity of a Marshal. Phil. wrote that he thought that to General Forey belonged the chief credit, jointly with the Sardinian Cavalry, for the Victory at Montebello.[8] In this charge—the most gallant of the war—Phil. participated.

Now comes the battle of Solferino and in this Kearny played a distinguished part. In the citation for the Legion of Honor, General Morris remarked simply; "in this Engagement Major Kearny was always at my side!" but the truth is a little different. Had he been in that necessarily secure position he would not have been reprimanded by Morris "as father to son", for needlessly exposing himself! Kearny was an Observer, in Morris' guarding eyes; in Kearny's eyes Phil. was a participant or nothing! At least he was determined to get busy in battle and he began the night before.

[8] These French customs of rewarding almost on the field of their victories, the great soldiers of the Empire, made Kearny feel, even bitterly, the neglect following his great victories in the Civil War.

Phil. wrote "The night before the battle I had a marvelous escape having been inveigled by false guides into the midst of the Austrian masses",—but the exact character of the escape Phil. didn't detail.

At the battle itself Phil. was not only present with the line of Cavalry skirmishers but he wrote, "I participated in every Charge that took place. That day I was mounted from six in the morning until 11 at night scarcely off my horse even for a few minutes. Depend upon it he was a good one! The Cavalry of the Guard came up some 6 leagues in full trot, and rapid gallop, to take its place under fire; for there was a gap we had to stop."

A distinguished Military Critic, an American, who made a study of the Campaign, translated it for American consumption into terms of the Battle of Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG AND SOLFERINO

By An American Soldier[9]

The decisive battle of the Campaign in many respects resembled our third day's fight at Gettysburg,—provided the Cemetery Ridge we occupied at Gettysburg had formed a comparatively straight line of ten or twelve miles instead of a fish-hook of not more than five miles in the extent of its curve.

The heights of Solferino were to the Austrians what the prolongation of Cemetery Ridge was to the Army of the Potomac.

Pickett's charge was a repetition of the onset of the Imperial Guard which captured the key-point, pierced the Austrian center and decided the battle.

Pickett failed for the reason that the French succeeded. The Army of the Potomac saved itself from the assault of Pickett by an almost spontaneous movement of all the neighborhood troops to repel the Charge by feeding the fight at the point of the onset of Pickett's men. On the contrary the Austrians did not reinforce or replace the exhausted defenders at Solferino. The Austrian Army went to ruin in consequence.

At 2 in the afternoon was the crisis of the day,—the Bloody Angle of Solferino,—when the Cavalry of the Imperial Guard to which Phil. was attached came up to fill the gap left by the advance of a Corps of the French Army—the Second Corps—to connect the Corps under Marshall Neill with the Corps under General Canrobert.

This advance of the magnificent body of Horse was represented by a spirited sketch from the pencil of a Lieutenant of the Dragoons of the Empress Eugenie, published in the *Illustration* of Paris.

[9] Major General John Watts de Peyster.

They came up Chasseurs, Dragoons, Lancers, Cuirassiers, in columns of Squadron, having accomplished six leagues at full trot or gallop in the midst of horrible clouds of dust across the country very "impracticable" for Cavalry and assumed a position in front of the Austrian center. Here the Chassuers were let loose on the Austrians; and at the same time General Morris of the Imperial Guard, supported the movement with his lancers, dragoons and Cuirassiers. The Austrian Infantry as well as the Austrian Dragoons were completely overthrown. But Phil. thought that if the Austrian Imperial Guards and the "Hungarian Hussars who were reputed to be the finest Cavalry in Europe, had lived up to their reputation, the victory might have been with the Austrians."

Then a dramatic moment! When the order was despatched to the Chasseurs of the Guard to make the onset Kearny requested permission from General Morris to "go forward and witness it"! "When the charge took place Kearny participated in it, holding his reins in his teeth, with his characteristic impetuosity." A relative of Major Kearny's from Boston formerly an officer of the United States Dragoons, wrote: "General Morris slightly reproved Phil., for allowing his ardor to carry him away and to join in this charge!"

General Grasset, the French Historian of the Civil War has written the most representative account,—of six or seven which have been read,—of Kearny's part in the Italian Campaign.

KEARNY, AT SOLFERINO: "A PURITAN IN THE MIDST OF THE CAVALIERS." [10]

Kearny was since his early youth a Batailleur—a Fighter—not after the manner of Philip Sheridan, but with an indomitable character which sometimes inspired grave anxieties.

A year of study at Saumur, intercourse with the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, a circle in which he shone; a very great devotion to the Person of the Sovereign, was joined to an admirable loyalty! And what camaraderie,—companionship, fellowship,—in every crisis! What confraternity in the moment of dangers; and what understanding of pleasure!

Kearny was now making the Campaign with the Imperial Guard, only too happy to draw the sword for love of the "bruit"—noise; and "de la fumee de combat"—smoke of battle!

Kearny made a splendid figure in this correct and severe bearing in the middle of the sparkling uniforms of the Imperial Guard, a sombre note amidst the gilding; so much the more remarkable by

[10] The War of the Secession by Grasset.

reason of the contrast. A Puritan in the midst of the cavaliers of Charles I.!

"Les Milanaises, dit on ne furent pas creulles, si l'on en croit quelques lettres de l'officer American, dans lesquelles il raconte, avec la rude bonne humeur du Yankee laché en pays etranger; quelques aventures assez montés de ton!"

He was recognized, for the rest, fighting as he alone knew how, in every combat; and charged "si brilliantment a Solferino" with the Chasseurs de la Garde that they offered him the Riband of the Legion of Honor. "Il en etait tres fier dans son pays, ou les distinctions honorifiques n'existent pas. Il porte toujours au reverse de sa capote de General," when the American balls whistled around him, the Decoration valorously won in the Plains of Lombardy. Tomorrow the Decoration will accompany him on all the battlefields where Kearny is found fighting against his own compatriots with his "bravoure legendaire"—legendary bravery.

The Chief of Staff of the Italian Army has written of Kearny's part in the War of Italian Liberation:

"Roma, 26 Novembre, 1935

"Ministero della Guerra

"Commando Delcorpo Distato Maggiore

General Kearny combatte a Solferino il 24 giugno di quell' anno, inquadrato pero nelle truppe dell' esercito francese che concorsero alla campagna. La brillante condotta del Kearny fu premiata da S.M. l'Imperatore dei Francesi con la Groce della Legion d'Onore.

L'esercito Italiano esalta nel nome del Suo illustre Kearny la figura di chi ha contribuito con la mente e con braccio alla causa del proprio Risorgimento.[11]

Il Colonnello Capo Ufficio"
(L. Chiolini)

When General Kearny returned from Italy his cousin was at his residence in Paris and stayed with him for nearly three weeks. Phil. expressed to "Watts" the utmost admiration for the French army in its conduct at Solferino; but he seemed to feel that the Austrians might have won the battle or maintained their position had they held out with greater tenacity or had they been aware of the conditions "and dislocation of the allies".

Kearny's military education was now complete. He had prepared

[11] "General Kearny fought at Solferino; and his brilliant conduct was awarded by the Emperor with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The Italian Army exalts the name of the illustrious Kearny who contributed with mind and arm to its own Revivification."

himself thoroughly for a General's command; and even now across the waters was now rumbling the sound of intramural danger in his own his native land! No soldier in the Civil War came to combat better qualified to command vast armies on a great scale than Philip Kearny, Soldier of France.

For his conduct in the Campaign and particularly at Solferino, General Morris initiated the process for the Empire to recognize his services; and on this Document on February 17th, 1860, the Emperor Napoleon endorsed this phrase: "Cross Accorded; N.":

This Officer having fulfilled the course of instruction at Saumur obtained authorization for the Algerian Campaign of 1840. He was attached to the First Regiment, Chasseurs d'Afrique and especially to the Fifth and Sixth Squadron of which I held the command. He participated with me in the combat which carried the Oued Jur and the Bou-Roum; at the capture of Cherchill, of Medea and of Milianah; and in all the affairs that took place in connection with the possession of such places. In the last Campaign after having obtained permission of His Majesty, the Emperor, he was attached to my Staff during the marches; and was present at Magenta with General Cassaignolles; and at my side at the battle of Solferino and displayed military bravery of a high order and great coolness.

This Decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor,—for such it was,—represents the first Accord of such an honor to an American citizen for Military Service; really represents the second Accord; inasmuch as the Duc d'Orleans had already offered Phil. a like honor in the Algerian Campaign 20 years earlier!

Of the latter part of the Italian Campaign, Phil. wrote: "I remained until I saw the Mincio passed and Peschiera invested,"—which Phil. speaks of as his second siege while besieging Yorktown in the Civil War,—"and the whole Austrian Army demoralized and broken up."

In 1860, Phil. realized that Civil War in his own country was imminent. About this he bore no illusions and he bid his Loyal Friends to keep him advised of the progress of events. As one by one his southern friends took ship to the south, Kearny realized he would never see them again as friends and it weighed vastly on his spirit. Two years later he was to write his beloved Agnes that "Prince John" Magruder and Major Wheat, then fighting him on the Peninsula, were now parting at this very moment from Agnes and Phil. "on the stairway of their noble apartment in Paris."

The sound of the Secession of South Carolina,—Lincoln elected,—rumbled across the ocean, and he and Agnes heard it at 15 Avenue Matignon. No way out but Civil War! But then he knew the

temper of the French, English, of interested Continental Europe. The question of intervention would most certainly come up and he used every scintilla of his influence to form a public opinion among the controlling minds of the French Governmental Service—socially too—with whom he was in contact.

Edwin de Leon [12] was the Confidential Agent in Europe of the Confederacy. Kearny knew him and was well informed of the purposes he represented; de Leon wrote:

While the interregnum in the Diplomatic representation lasted, during the lagging on the stage of the reluctant veterans of President Buchanan's Administration before the new ones arrived to represent the new views and wishes of Lincoln's Administration, General Fremont who was then in Paris threw his weight on the northern side, and Major Kearny whose social position had given him influence in *certain circles* used all his influence for the North. But the great horde of Americans, resident abroad, possessed but little influence and at the commencement of the war it was rather their style to affect sympathy with the Southerners, as representing the more aristocratic side. "Kearny as the ideal representative of the North negatived that assumption in a marked way."

Looking back through the atmosphere—political, social and personal—discharged of the innumerable controlling incidents and events, public and private, accumulating through a decade which Time has often hidden or History has "interpreted", it is impossible to "reconstruct" the real, the actual, heart and mind,—the angry fierce and resentful heart and mind, of the loyal North,—and the great heart and mind of Philip Kearny at this crisis of our national life; and to again inhale the LOYAL Northern atmosphere, which, very rarefied, quickened the spiritual pulse of Philip Kearny,—of the North,—standing on the lofty heights of the Constitution. And so the views of contemporaries, *synthesized,* who breathed the same atmosphere, alone gives the history of Phil.'s spirit and the spirit of the North. What was this environment in which Phil. moved and had his being?

No sooner had the tocsin of alarm sounded across the Atlantic than Kearny's patriotism responded to the appeal. "He needed no Fiery Cross" to summon him to answer! His own ardent spirit answered the invocation of his menaced Fatherland as instantly "as the explosion of a gun follows the application of the match." He was now about to draw his sword not against the Mexicans, the enemy of the United States; nor the Indian, the opponent of civilization; nor the Austrians, the foe of liberal ideas; "but against traitors as

[12] In our New York Public Library, I find no copy of this book, several other necessary volumes and too often only morning editions of evening papers.

criminal as those who linked their fortunes to the Roman, the impious traitor Cataline;—against traitors who were unsheathing their murderous swords against the Constitution and the Laws—the integrity and existence of the National Union."

Phil.'s patriotism was all aflame; a patriotism which "ordinary minds can scarcely conceive; a patriotism which very few men have sufficient magnanimity to appreciate." His associates had heretofore been chosen from Southerners and their connections who were looked upon in Europe "as the finest, nay, the only type of American gentlemen. The majority of the ablest officers who broke their oaths had been his companions in arms". His style of life, his taste for art and display, his strong inclination for luxurious and elegant ease were more consistent with the habits of southern than northern life and manners of living. Self disappeared however, before the question of country! All these associations were to go by the board in the presence of the Final Cause. "What am I?" exclaimed Kearny "if no longer an American!"

Those who knew him at this time spoke through a representative voice: "Phil. loved his country, its grand present, its almost infinitely greater future. He saw the crumbling of foreign empires. He saw how much the world was to owe to the education, to the inspiration and to the genius of the American Republic, and then too, America was his country! To her he had sworn allegiance; for her he had lost his arm and had braved death on the battle field at the hands of the alien and the savage!" And so to save that nation, to do his part to save her existence, and "to put down villainy and insanity" which threatened her life, though *dissuaded by all his military friends in Paris* he hastened to give all his energy to the Cause of his Country.

Those who conversed with him at this time, and knew the thoughts of his heart,—those alone who are now speaking through these pages, —can alone know how "fierce and unalloyed was the patriotism which brought him home". "We parted in Paris in 1869" are the words in a letter from an officer who served in 1850 with the Sardinians in the Italian Campaign, "and I returned home and I well remember his last request to me to let him know the state of affairs in the United States. As soon as the secession of the Southern States appeared inevitable, I informed him to that effect and received for an answer that he would immediately return home to offer his services to the Administration."

Early in the Spring of 1861 on receiving the first reliable intelligence of his country's imminent peril Kearny broke up his luxurious establishment in Paris and took ship for the United States.

When Phil. returned from the Italian Wars in 1859, Agnes was with child,—had been for two months; she had whispered to Phil.

of the birth-to-be of "our boy", passionately longed for, in early May, 1859; and she brought forth "their" first born child at 11:30 in the evening of January 25, 1860 at their residence, 15 Avenue Matignon;—not indeed to be the Light of the World but indisputably the Light of Phil.'s World; and about his "first smile" Phil. wrote from the bloody fields of Seven Pines with passionate grief.

Before leaving Paris Phil. changed his will and joined Archibald Kennedy Kearny to John Watts Kearny, "his sons" as sole residuary legatees; and so to protect the possibility of the rights of heritage of Archibald Kennedy Kearny under his will being questioned by quibblers, Phil. determined to safe-guard the interests, property and personal, of his precious heir presumptive. And so he went before Mr. Henry W. Spencer, United States Consul in Paris and sought from Mr. Spencer a certificate witnessing to the birth and the legitimacy of Archie and accordingly Mr. Spencer prepared the following document:

Consulate of the United States
of America, Paris, France.

Know all Men by these Presents that it hath been satisfactorily proven to me, Henry W. Spencer, United States Consul for and in the City of Paris, that a male child was born on the twenty-fifth of January, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and sixty, at 11½ o'clock P.M., at No. 15 Avenue Matignon, the said child being named

Archibald Kennedy Kearny

and that the said child is the legitimate son of Philip Kearny, late officer of the United States Army, and Agnes, his wife, both citizens of the United States of America, now residing in the City of Paris.

All of which facts are recorded with the proofs thereof in this Consulate Register H, Page 146.

In testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this . . . day of . . . A.D. 186 . .

This consular certificate was not completed; but from previous and succeeding entries in Register H it must have been written between March 28th, 1861 and April 20th of that year; but since Phil. had sailed on April 5th undoubtedly the true date is on or about that day.

Phil. had done all in his power to protect Agnes and her son, his best, his very best beloved son. John Watts Kearny he had not seen in recent years; in fact very little at any time; and characteristically, —with or without cause of which he really knew nothing naturally,— John had sided violently with his mother; and a vague unwritten tradition, nonsense to John Watts Kearny's son,—but still a tradi-

tion,—has it that Phil.'s son by Diana threatened to go off to the Civil War and enlist with the southern army! Perhaps had he been with the South Carolinians at Williamsburg or with the Georgia Regiment at Seven Pines he would have been particularly selected by General Magruder, Phil.'s old friend and by General Johnston, "to take a 'bead' at your old man"!

Without loss of an hour as soon as Phil. arrived in New York he proceeded immediately to Washington to offer his services to the country. He found that opposition was developing and returned to New York and opened conferences with the State Military Authorities; but there he found also that his services were not acceptable!—AMAZING![13]

It was at this time that the following editorial appeared in the *Tribune*:

"Among the late arrivals we notice the name of that distinguished officer, Major Kearny, late of the Army. Major Kearny after an absence abroad for two or three years returns home to offer his services in the support of our Government and the Flag which he has so nobly defended. He is now at Albany urging upon the Government his claims to a high position in the 'Volunteer Force' of the State."

In this connection it will not be amiss to state what have been Major Kearny's services and "military experience"; and, after stating Phil.'s record in language which even to his most ardent admirers seems almost over-statement: "Few men have seen more active service; and still fewer of our countrymen if any of our soldiers have witnessed the *movements of such large and splendid armies; certainly none have participated in them.* His valuable experience should not be refused at this time when we are so sadly in want of experienced commanders *without a taint of treason.* Such is Major Kearny; his time, his fortune, his great experience are freely offered and should be accepted by his native state.

Phil.'s very record of service ought to have been sufficient to have obtained from him one of the four Major or Brigadier Generalships to which the State of New York was entitled, but Politics were in order! "What's-in-it-for-Us" was the Civil,—Service,—War cry in the State battle for military preferment. Up to this time Phil. had never claimed to be a citizen of any except the Empire State. He was a New Yorker, bred and born. Like his uncle, Major General Stephen Watts Kearny, he had been appointed to the United States Army from New York—California contra!— The majority of his interests lay in his native city, derived from maternal ancestors

[13] "No man, no woman has a right to wreck another's life". *Supra.*

who never had any connection with another state. Consequently on the advice of General Scott he had hastened back from the Capital of the Nation with this letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, which reveals conclusively, certainly with a high degree of presumption, the kind of opposition that was defeating him.

Headquarters of the Army of
The United States, Washington
May 14, 1861

To His Excellency, Governor Morgan
Dear Governor:

I beg leave to suggest Major Philip Kearny of *New York,* late distinguished officer of the Army for a high commission in the New York Volunteers. His long and valuable experience in actual and active military service seems to commend him as a useful and valuable Commander and disciplinarian.

He is among the bravest of the brave and of the highest spirit and bearing.

With high regards,

Winfield Scott.

It would scarcely be believed that the claims of such a man were ignored "in favor of individuals who had scarcely more to recommend them than the presumption with which they preferred their claim and the want of principle with which their applications were pressed, backed by ignorant politicians and worse." [14]

Kearny wrote: "General Scott's letter is certainly very strong and I presume it is the only testimony of this kind he has ever extended to any individual."

An illustration of the almost universal treatment accorded by the "Albany crowd" is found in General Newton Martin Curtis' story when he had raised,—and had been the initiator in raising,—in Northern New York in Phil.'s own bailiwick, the "finest body of men from New York State." When he brought his command to Albany, General Curtis told Governor Morgan when Curtis was told to take his Regiment away back to his own county because his "command" had come to Albany *without orders* or authorization from the Adjutant General: "Governor Morgan, I assure you that my Company will not return home; if not accepted by the State of New York I'll go with it to Washington."

[14] Extend these political practices *everywhere!* and mark these for identification when Phil.'s foes apply the words "Ebullitions of temper!" "Jealousy", when he denounces "Our fatal Generals" on the Peninsula.

General de Peyster wrote of Phil. at this time: "He had no confidence in politicians; but little respect for dignitaries; no love for anything but the Cause. Intriguers, cowards, martinets, small men essaying to crowd down great ones, he detested with implacable detestation. But to courage and upright manliness he lifted his hat with instinctive reverence. For the soldier, whether officer or private, who cherished a genuine pride and labored only for duty's sake to excel in every department of the service, he had the most genuine respect."

Time was passing; War was on! Kearny now no longer stood upon rank or rights. He proclaimed his willingness to lead a Regiment even to take a subordinate line command, in any regiment; and so it was that he accepted a Cavalry Command in a Regiment then being organized.

The First New York Cavalry,—so called Lincoln Cavalry—was organized immediately after President Lincoln issued his first call for Volunteers, April 15th, 1861, which brought together a "number of the first young men of the city, possessing wealth and high social position." Colonel Bayard Clark was its first Colonel. Colonel Clark resigned upon the refusal of General Scott to accept the Regiment; as Colonel Clark interpreted it, "because the Army wished to have the honor of crushing the rebellion through the Regulars" wrongly termed the West Point spirit. Scott was not a Westpointer. General Kearny was then tendered the Command; and he accepted conditionally; and immediately went to Washington to urge its incorporation into the Army; in this he was unsuccessful. He urged the continuance of its organization convinced that the services of such a splendid body would soon be needed; but just at this time while Kearny was acting as Colonel of the Lincoln Cavalry, New Jersey tendered him the command of her troops and he accepted!

The men appealed to Phil. to propose an officer capable of succeeding him and—semper fidelis—he suggested Andrew T. McReynolds, who had charged with him into the gates of Mexico! McReynolds came on from Michigan and was selected as the Colonel; and the First Cavalry, at a camp named by Colonel McReynolds for Phil. —"Camp Kearny",—lay alongside of "Kearny's First New Jersey Brigade" at Alexandria, 1861 to 1862; and a detachment from the Lincoln Horse joined to "Kearny's N. J. Brigade" under Philip Kearny; fought the first battle,—the only battle,—in the advance of McClellan's Army in pursuit of General Johnston after his evacuation of Centreville! And was principally responsible,—McReynolds and Kearny holding military hands,—for driving the enemy away from Washington.

After weeks of waiting at the door of the New York Executive,

jostled by political intriguers, Phil. turned away in perfect disgust, since he would not be able with one arm to serve as a private and accident placed a New Jersey friend in possession of the fact that Phil. was in America. The noble First New Jersey Brigade of three year troops were then gathering for the field from which so few of them returned,—1388 men formed the total roster. "It was evident at a glance that all such men needed was a leader who could apprehend their merit." Immediately this friend hastened to urge Phil.'s appointment to the command and it was a matter of much more difficulty than he had imagined. It took three months to accomplish it.

After the first battle of Bull Run when the Union troops ran away from the charging rebel bull Lincoln, who had by this time recognized Kearny as the Dragoon Officer whom he had assisted in Illinois, "determined" to pay no more attention to the suggestions of any one in Phil.'s regard but to rely upon his own sound judgment; and he was convinced of Major Kearny's fitness. So on the 25th of July 1861 Phil.'s commission was issued, dated to take effect from May 17th as Brigadier General, which placed Kearny "12th on the original list of officers of this grade;" and assigned him to command the First New Jersey Brigade in Franklin's Division of the Army of the Potomac. Within 24 hours after receiving notice of his appointment Kearny was with his troops near Alexandria!

Colonel McReynolds, one of the real noblemen of his era, could never erase Kearny from the tablet of his memory or from the gratitude of his heart; and by sheer accident within a short time he had an opportunity to serve. A committee of gentlemen from New Jersey of whom Governor Olden was one, was sent to Washington for the purpose of securing the appointment of General Kearny to command the New Jersey troops. "I was then in the Capital and was invited by these gentlemen to accompany them and state to the President what I knew of Major Kearny's military qualifications and I had the pleasure of hearing the President grant their request,"—while in the distance rumbled—and called to Kearny—the roar of rebel artillery: The Civil War, the logical sequence of the Mexican is on!

CHAPTER IX

THE CIVIL WAR; ALEXANDRIA

"KEARNY'S NEW JERSEY BRIGADE"

THE OCCUPATION OF MANASSAS

As PHIL. saw his great friends of the Old Army slink away for the South, leaving for the use of the North men whose lustre, Professional and Social, dimmed as they passed by, the real significance of his Arm lost in support of his uncle's conquest of Nuevo Mejico and Alta California, became plain as his nose. Stephen's Conquest was really Lee's Conquest,—Lee as a Sign,—and the history of Lee's conduct, military, political, and social, originating in the Mexican War, dawned as clear as the noon-day! The South combating for Slavery in the Territory of the Conquest; the North opposing. Congressional Repeal in 1854 of a "gentlemen's agreement",—really such in its higher significance,—the Missouri Compromise; and slavery extended over all the Territory for which Lee and the Kearnys had fought. Judicial Repeal of the Compromise in the Dred Scott Decision, 1856, by the Supreme Court of the United States; Southern Democracy's demand for Repeal by the Executive in Douglas' dogma of "Squatter-Sovereignty". Then the South's demand for the execution of long-dormant constitutional guarantees in the Yell for the Fugitive Slave Law,—strictly enforced. The startling growth of the Republican Party with its legend: So Far Shalt Thou Go and No Further,—Slavery in the Old States, really in the South only; no Slavery in the new States, carved from the Territory of the Conquest. The mighty Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858,—the savage clashings of two intellectual giants in the breeding time of great issues,—defining dangerously on a great public theatre, to a thrilled nation-wide audience, the political issues for the Presidential campaign of 1860: Political: no extension of slavery but protection where established, with its ultimate logical development into "all slave or no slave," or in Lincoln's famous paragraph: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be divided. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

And then Lincoln advances sublimely on moral grounds upon which all men everywhere have common footing: This is the real issue.

This is the issue that will continue in this country long after these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself are silent. It is the eternal issue between these two principles, Right and Wrong, throughout the world! Whether it comes from the mouth of a Sovereign who seeks to bestride the people of his nation, or from one race of men who seek to enslave another race of men, it is the same eternal principle. Then Lincoln elected on a platform, not with the moral but with the political issue built into it,—with the slightest adumbration of the moral. South Carolina immediately secedes, then a new issue: the Federal Union against separate sovereignties and Lincoln's inaugural words: "The destruction of our Federal Union hitherto only menaced is now formidably attempted." Then suddenly military power to preserve the Union, and the Civil War. And later on, as a means, but only as a means, to save the Union: The Abolition of slavery! Not Abolitionism,—not the "moral issue" of Lloyd Garrison and of Lincoln's debates,—offensive certainly to Kearny, never advocated by Lincoln, as the dogma of the Republican Party.[1]

Kearny's blood boiled with indignation! One night in *deep* depression, glancing, momentarily only, at his stump, his face now no longer radiant as Santa Anna saw it on the Mexican ramparts, but veiled with scorn for his companions in the Old Army, he thought aloud, "*That* was lost in vain in the Cause of Disunion,"—and with a curse for his Uncle and his Conquest he was joyously off for the War! Not for or against Slavery—a minor issue—but for the United, not the Confederate, States of America! For the Union of the Union Club to which he had pledged himself when they gave him that "Sword-of-Honor,"—the conditions under which he accepted it,—that he would not let it rust in its scabbard when the cause of the Union rang to unsheath it! "The Federal Union—it must be Preserved"! from Jackson's hands which had failed, he took the torch; and how he made the thing flame!

Before Kearny arrived at Alexandria, the First New Jersey Brigade had crossed the Long Bridge over the Potomac; and had been organized and its officers selected; and itself incorporated in its proper Division of the "Department of the Potomac". Indeed his brigade and a regiment of his division-to-be had won already, each of them, the first blue ribbon of the Army of the Potomac, arriving as the first organized soldiers at, and occupying the rebel city of Alexandria, Virginia. Brevet Major General de Trobriand, the noted Frenchman serving in the Army of the Potomac, tells the story:

[1] "My paramount object is to save the Union, not to save or destroy slavery": Lincoln to Horace Greeley.

On the other side of the Potomac the Confederacy was in motion. Her skirmishes were seen on the right bank of the Potomac ever in sight of the dome of the Capitol. At any moment they could possess themselves of Alexandria in front of Washington! It was determined to forestall them. On the 24th of May, 1861, Alexandria was occupied and put as quickly as possible in a state of defense by a brigade from New Jersey,—Kearny's First New Jersey Brigade,—"and *one regiment from Michigan* and a regiment of New York troops."

Then came the Battle of Bull Run,—the first Bull Run,—on July 21st and the brigade brought up to stay the rout passes through the panic-stricken troops flowing torrentially from the field; stands staunchly till all have fled; and withdraws in order to its encampment!

On August 4th at Dress Parade General Order No. 4 was read. This historic document formally formed the "First New Jersey Brigade"; and at the parade it was announced that "Brigadier General Philip Kearny had been appointed to the command on July 25th"; his commission to date from May 12th, 1861.

Later on the 25th of August, after Phil. had assumed command, the army was reorganized under the chief command of Major General George B. McClellan, and the First New Jersey Brigade was included in General W. B. Franklin's Division.

Kearny now did a characteristic thing. Before assuming command he went directly to the Theological Seminary near Alexandria; leased all the buildings and extensive grounds; including the Chapel, and the Bishop's House in which he set up his own Headquarters,—and the Students' Building as a Brigade Hospital, with Doctor Cox in command. Then he summoned his brigade! And the scene of the first contact was well nigh ridiculous—but it was Kearny and it was his *then* Brigade of which ultimately Stonewall Jackson said, "Give me a Division of such men as Kearny's Brigade and I will take Washington in a day." But let a member of the Brigade who was on the spot tell the story: Besides the scene was a sample of the processes in the formation of the citizen-army:

On August 7th the brigade moved to a new camp at Fairfax Seminary. It was on this march that the men made the acquaintance of its new commander, and the General first saw his "Pets". The men straggled along any way! Some on one side of the road; some on the other, singly or in squads; muskets carried as most convenient, some of them decorated with various delicacies, pears, sausages, cabbages and apples!

A peach orchard in full bearing surrounded the General's Headquarters and was a source of delight to the soldiers; which they

immediately occupied, pulling the fruit from the trees. It was then that General Kearny appeared on the piazza of the Bishop's House and saw a portion of the Brigade for the first time in peach trees! And it was the occasion of one of the most picturesque outbreaks from the General which the men ever recalled with delight. The men did not know who he was; for he was dressed very much like an old farmer with nothing about him that the men could see to indicate his rank and authority.

Seeing a young officer walking alone with his sheathed sword grasped by the point of the scabbard, General Kearny fairly glared at him and demanded, "Who the Hell are you"? The answer given in innocent deliberation: "I am Lieutenant ——— of the ——— regiment, and may I ask you who you are"? This was like oil on fire and the return answer in tones indicating almost desperate fury as if shot out of a gun, "I am General Kearny commanding this brigade of !!!!!". The lieutenant, not in the least disturbed, said: "General Kearny, I am glad to meet you, and I wish to introduce you to the commissioned officers of the First New Jersey Brigade!"

The General looked at the lieutenant as if his eyes would pierce him through! He said in a very loud tone: "Lieutenant, you and the commissioned officers go to your quarters and consider yourselves under arrest." The officers took this as insult; and called a meeting of all the commissioned officers. A note was sent to the General demanding an interview at once. This was granted and having proceeded in a body to Brigade Headquarters they were most courteously received by the General who acknowledged his error; and wishing to make amends, invited them all to dine with him. This they did, and before they were through a thorough understanding was established between them. Under such singular circumstances a life,—and death,—long devotion was established!

Reaching the camping ground the Brigade found material and formulae prepared for their instruction. Every kind of Literature covering the life of a Soldier; and no time was lost in instituting drills, always twice, sometimes three times a day. Then there was attendance at lectures given by noted soldiers; daily inspection of quarters; and the installation of sanitary devices; and enforcement of a very strict routine insuring cleanliness alike of person and living quarters, and "above all the silent teaching of the empty sleeve of the victor of many wars"!

Fairfax Seminary and its grounds in which Kearny had housed his Headquarters, his Brigade and its activities, was an Episcopal Institution of considerable reputation,[2] built, it was said, "with good

[2] Phillips Brooks and many other illustrious Levites received their education at the Seminary.

loyal New York funds which Kearny put to good usage." About and near it the Brigade was encamped on its extensive grounds.

Kearny's military home was an elegant mansion, unequalled for situation, formerly the residence of the Sessionist Bishop. Phil. paid for the Seminary and for all the accommodations Fifty Dollars per month, of course, out of his own purse. The main building was flanked by the Brigade Chapel which was in a separate building over the Professors' House.

Kearny had some difficulty,—in fact it took him nearly three weeks; although he immediately began using it,—in persuading Doctor Charles F. Tripler, Chief Medical Officer of the Army, to let him establish a "Brigade Hospital"; for the Army Regulations recognized only regimental and general hospitals. However, Brigade Surgeon Suckley organized a hospital for Kearny's Brigade at Alexandria; and Kearny supplied the funds "which were not provided by the general appropriations for attendants."

Kearny's Brigade was actually in advance of the outposts of the Army, "three miles south of the extremity of the rebel line." General Joseph E. Johnston—the rebel in chief command—had his Headquarters at Centreville; but his advance posts occupied positions from which not only the spires of the Capital but the dome of the Capitol were visible; and Arlington Heights was actually within cannon-shot of Joe's outposts. One of the positions held by the rebels was on Munson Hill, not more than six miles northwest of Alexandria; and Kearny was urged to withdraw from the position he had assumed as "too dangerous to be maintained."

Nevertheless Kearny and his Brigade didn't budge! And it was always said among his men "that his Brigade was made in the presence of the enemy;" and in a confidential letter which was used later on after Kearny was dead as a political document, Phil. wrote: "Do they forget that I on the heels of Bull Run faced the enemy with a Jersey Brigade in advance of all the others against McClellan's protest nearly forcing me back to the Seminary"! But at any rate it was Phil.'s idea which he maintained and the Brigade appreciated it; and in the Brigade's chronicles it was written "that while thus promoting the efficiency of the Brigade he kept them all alive to the fact that they were soon to fight! General McClellan had given orders to withdraw Kearny's outpost to a new line near Washington, but General Kearny expostulated successfully and kept his troops constantly on their watch. They were the vanguard of the Army! His object was to germinate military vigilance."

On September 29th the first important demonstration which had been made since Bull Run was made by Phil.'s Brigade in the nature of a reconnoissance in force, the troops consisting of the First

Brigade, Hexamer's Battery and a Company of Colonel Young's Kentucky Cavalry. The object of the movement was to ascertain the character of the enemy's works on Munson's Hill some distance from our line which the enemy was supposed to be strongly fortifying. It was eminently successful. "General Kearny obtained the precise information he wanted and information which proved to be of the greatest value, and a guide in future operations."

On October 15th a detachment of the First Regiment fell in with the enemy cavalry and after a brisk skirmish "in which they emptied a number of saddles" retired with the loss of three or four killed. For the rest: fill in the picture with this thing recurring frequently,—two other reconnoissances in force and innumerable skirmishes.

Pictures of Kearny—pictures of his Brigade—were taken by various persons during this period. How did the Brigade, how did "Phil." Kearny, really strike the crowd that were around him, private and Master Soldier! Perhaps the most alluring of both,—certainly the most penetrating,—was the scene drawn by "General Custer of the Massacre" whose first assignment in the Army after graduating from West Point was as aide to Philip Kearny; and a most singular association binds Phil. and Custer's story in the annals of America. For next to Custer's Massacre at the Little Big Horn, the Massacre at Fort Phil. Kearny,—far more savagely terrible in its details and in its Frontier conditions,—is the most dreadful in Indian warfare; not a man of Colonel Fetterman's cavalry command survived the field and all terribly "butchered and mutilated." [3] But let's hear Custer's story; it is a splendid character study and as we go on we can shade the picture which is too highly colored in certain features.

A MASTER SOLDIER LOOKS AT HIS PEER

While I was at Alexandria Seminary General Philip Kearny arrived and assumed command of the troops afterwards distinguished as the Jersey Brigade; and I was detailed as Kearny's aide de camp,—the first Staff Officer detailed to Kearny.

Phil. Kearny was a very peculiar officer. He had enjoyed rare and unusual opportunity for perfecting his knowledge and experience in all matters relating to the Military Profession. He served in Africa and made a charge of cavalry in Mexico characterized by its great boldness. Possessed of vast wealth, he spent several years abroad and won the marked commendation of the French military captains. He at once formed his Brigade and began devoting himself to the discipline and organization of that splendid body of men

[3] And Custer fell within eighty miles of Fort Phil. Kearny.

afterwards destined to become so famous as "Kearny's New Jersey Brigade".

Of the many officers of high rank with whom I have served, Kearny was the strictest disciplinarian. His severest discipline was usually visited upon the high officers, the colonels and field officers, rather than upon the enlisted man. Once aroused by some departure from the established regulations, and the unfortunate victim became the object and recipient of such a torrent of violent invective, such varied and expressive epithets, that the limit of language seemed for once to have been reached. Kearny was a man of violent passions, quick and determined impulses, haughty demeanor, largely the result of his military training in life. Brave as the Bravest of men can be! Possessed of unusually great activity, both mental and physical; patriotic as well as ambitious; impatient under delay, extremely sensitive under the claims of his command as well as his own; distrustful of all who differed with him, capable as a leader of men and possessed of that necessary attribute which endeared him to his followers: and despite his severity he presented a combination which is rarely encountered. Whether it was to attack a picket post or the strongest of the enemy's breast-works, Kearny was always to be found where the danger was greatest. "Brave in battle, imperious in command, no one could wear a more courtly manner than Kearny unless he willed to do otherwise!" And Custer's biographer in 1934 looks back upon Phil. and Custer at the Seminary:

Here was a man that might have stepped out of one of the military romances a youngster had devoured. Transfigured by the glamor of battle in far places, "Phil." Kearny must have been a demi-God to a romantic young lieutenant who quite possibly chose Kearny as his ideal of what a soldier should be.

General Gibbon,—one of the fine, very fine, men and possibly the most representative West Pointer—Military and "Social"—in the Civil War;—he turns up so often, always where difficult things are doing!—visited Phil. at the Bishop's House and recalled the visit seventy-three years later in his "Recollections of the Civil War." All these pictures brush into the canvas the immense prestige Kearny —unlike any other soldier—brought to the Civil War:

While lying in camp here I called on and saw for the first time Major General Philip Kearny, the one-armed hero of the Mexican War. He had his Headquarters in one of the rooms of the Theological Seminary on the walls of which were hung a number of pictures of the students, clergymen, etc. Those pictures, I remember, were the occasion of remark by General Kearny which sufficiently

demonstrated the incongruity between his theological ideas and those taught there before he took possession!

Kearny—Gibbon speaking—without being a handsome man was one calculated to attract attention anywhere. He was all soldier! But his soldierly bearing was not seen to perfection until mounted on his spirited, well-broken horse as he passed in review at the head of his troops, "and gracefully dropping his rein from his single hand, saluted with his sword." [4]

A sergeant of Phil.'s Brigade after several weeks' contact with him felt Phil.'s military pulse!

AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S BIOGRAPHY OF HIS BOSS

As regards General Kearny I will try to give you some idea of the traits of his character in connection with the command: First he is untiring in his efforts to promote the comforts and well-being of his men. For instance, I was standing the other day talking to Doctor Suckley, Brigade Surgeon, and Kearny's orderly rode up with a package. The Doctor opened it and remarked, taking out twenty-five dollars in gold: "This is *fifty* dollars he has sent me for use for luxuries for patients in the hosiptal under my charge". Second, his discipline is of the strictest kind though never anything like domineering or arrogance, etc. Third, when we came over the Long Bridge the officers cared little, and of course the men cared less, about doing things by system. Now no person would believe that they were the same body of troops! Perfect order about everything; men look neater; a complete revolution in everything appertaining to the Brigade. Fourth, the confidence in his military skill is unparalleled in the history of *this* country! He seems to have every little item of military education and of strategy necessary to be used in such a campaign as this at his finger ends, etc., etc. There is no fear of the result. Our final success is sure. Perhaps I may fall before it is attained but if I do, I wish all of my friends to know that I fell at my post of duty, trusting in Him who alone is able to save from sin! Far more important, Mr. Sergeant,—at the moment—to be saved from the enemy, under Phil. Kearny, commissioned by him,—perhaps!

And now General George Gordon Meade, Commander-in-Chief at Gettysburg, writes to his wife, on March 28th, 1862: I think I wrote you that on Tuesday we had a grand review for the benefit of Lord Lyons, the British Minister, and some English officers. I

[4] Sir William Russell, London *Times* correspondent, describes this very scene. See *infra*.

was quite satisfied with the appearance of our Pennsylvania ragamuffins and feel that they are fully equal to any others; though in some few instances, like Phil. Kearny's Brigade, who has spent a mint of money on the uniforms, they were in rather better order.

But let's stop staring at Phil. and his Jersey Boys in Blue; we now know him well enough,—also his Brigade,—by sight to recognize him again, certainly as Soldier; and let's walk into Kearny's Chapel where very unbecoming scenes are enacting,—also one of the most extraordinary minor political episodes, perhaps as singular as any as a Symbol, in the Civil War; an epitome of the fierce intramural "Civil War",[5] the Union or Human Slavery the paramount issue? A Civil war, the "North" against the "South", in the North! Which resulted in the wrecking of the building of the New York *Daily Tribune,* draft riots and the like, and a Personal Journalism between the *Herald* and the *Tribune,* James Gordon Bennett against Horace Greeley, which however unamusing at the time, now reads as a Hearty Laugh in the literature of the period,—also resulted in the pro-Southern outfit, selecting McClellan for the Presidency against his Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Lincoln.

In Phil.'s Brigade enlistment in the forces opposed to each other was evenly divided: but not so with Phil. "Snakes, rebels and abolitionists," Phil. equally loathed,—at least the press so reported after the Hutchinson episode!

The Hutchinsons, a family of noted singers, had won a nation-wide and fine reputation for their songs; had visited nearly all the large cities of the country, singing publicly before most fashionable audiences and privately in the great homes of the principal citizens of the cities they visited professionally.

Their entertainment was varied, but in New England, the home of Whittier, of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, whence they hailed, the feeling ran high in favor of Abolition, and catching color from home environment the drift of the character of their entertainment was strongly tinged with Abolition, and if one political thing more than another political thing,—politics in every form was loathful to him,—irked Phil. Kearny it was "Abolitionism,"—the professional paid agitators,—and singularly the brand sold under the Hutchinson New England trade mark. Knowing his strong anti-slavery predilections, the leader of the Hutchinson Singers had visited the Poet Whittier, and in their most sympathetic talk Whittier remarked of one of his Abolition verses, "I don't think there is any 'sing' in it"!

Whittier was wrong. Hutchinson set it to a fascinating musical

[5] Professor Myers of Princeton University gives a different version. Nowhere else has the Hutchinson rhyme been given.

movement—singularly catching—and the song soon jingled on the tongues of the Abolitionists,—and others—all over the country!

The Hutchinsons now came to Washington; sang before the President at the White House; visited Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton; and obtained from Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, a pass to sing "across the Potomac". It was at this juncture that the musicians ran afoul of General Kearny. The Chaplain of his Brigade who had met the Hutchinsons at the White House, invited them to sing in Phil.'s Chapel. Of course, Phil. knew nothing about it, and perhaps the Chaplain acted innocently. Again he might not have!

The entertainment was excellent; another one of the series of splendid recreational affairs arranged to "get rid of the military", as Kearny expressed it in his own case when he used to trail off to Washington and dine with old friends—and others—in the Capital.

Suddenly the "singless song" of Whittier resounded thrillingly through the Chapel! Equally suddenly sped like a bullet towards the stage the hiss of Doctor Oakley to whom it was a Union not an Abolitionist War. The lie was passed between the surgeon and Colonel Hatfield,—only men of Kearny's Brigade were in the Chapel. Doctor Oakley made a remark; also a move of the johnny-get-your-gun sort; and angrily left the hall. The meeting broke up in wild excitement!

As soon as General Kearny heard of the affair, he sent for a copy of the song; and when shown to him, he condemned the thing in language,—well, what's the use of talking about it; make up your own language, but make it strong! He immediately sent notice of the occurrence to General Franklin and telegraphed General McClellan. Such a thing was not to happen around him any longer! The reply came back immediately revoking the Hutchinson pass and ordering them out of the lines of the army in the future,—Stanton or anybody else notwithstanding! Doctor Oakley whom Kearny greatly loved,—who knew how to know Kearny; sometimes a difficult task!—whose account we have been following principally, later wrote of this occasion its concluding chapter: "General Kearny very properly placed me and Colonel Hatfield under arrest, but I was released the next day!"

The incident created a furor in the Press. New England teemed with indignation. Philip Kearny was an Abolitionist highwayman, and was caricatured "selling slaves short on the Black Market" and as an "Enemy of Human Freedom." On the other hand the *Sentinel of Freedom* carried Phil.'s picture with Washington's and Webster's and the motto, "Liberty and Union Now and Forever, One and Inseparable"—a part of Webster's famous peroration. The Hutchinsons composed a poem holding Kearny up as driving slaves on his

plantation in the South!—of course, non-existent,—until the singers reached a town in New Jersey where they left the Hall in a hurry! McClellan, and Franklin too, were equally the targets of the Abolitionists. The song—one verse—sung only once in New Jersey, probably never sung again anywhere, was this:

"Let us fight for fun of fighting,
Without thought of ever righting
Human Wrong.
Let us bask in Wealth and Fashion,
While the Black Man stills our Passion
With his Song."

And then a long drawn out "Kearny" interspersed with "McClellan," sometimes "Franklin". It was great fun; it is questionable whether Phil. ever saw anything about it although it filled the newspapers. He was certain they would never appear again in his place!

Years later the leader of the Hutchinson family wrote a book,—a very, very long book,—on the Singers. Phil. was dead, dead in battle. Abolition had been achieved but not of the Hutchinson brand; Lincoln's brand, a means to an end to save the Union; and he wrote most flattering words of Philip Kearny.

On February 22nd, 1862, occurred an event—the death of his idolized little boy "Archie", so longed for, now just two years old, to whose death-bed he was recalled from the front. It cast "a deep gloom over this otherwise iron man." It was even said by one or another of a small circle of friends that it appeared as if Phil. did not greatly care to live "after the death of lovely little Archie". Phil.'s cousin, Doctor Robert Watts, the attending physician, says that when Phil. arrived at Bellegrove [6] from the front and rushed upstairs, his affliction had taken such possession of him that "he acted like a crazy man". Phil. seized the Doctor with his "powerful single right hand" and actually shook him in the violence of his emotion. "You must save him!" he cried. "You will save him!" he added with despairing entreaty. Then sternly as if the issues of life and death were as much in Bob's hands as the movements of Kearny's troops in Phil.'s hand: "You shall save him"!

So deep and poignant,—so piercing,—went the dagger that stabbed Kearny's heart that immediately, involuntarily, the thought arises, true or false, that a secret significance may hide in the shadow of his oft-repeated expression, "I exposed, or was exposed, fearfully in

[6] A long search fails to reveal that Phil. again, or before visited Bellegrove or remained overnight anywhere else save in Washington. Old soldiers told Mr. Kearny that occasionally they saw Mrs. Kearny on the Peninsula.

the battle"! But: Hush! How dare anyone attempt to sound the depths of the ocean of Phil.'s sorrow "with the measuring rod of a merely literary criticism"! Even his letters must be read in mental silence.

But now the scene changes. Phil.'s battle days are approaching and an act about to be played which will serve as Precedent and Sign. In Kearny's military career the occupation by him of Manassas bulks large; it was always a Witness against McClellan. It was always a Lost Cause of the Army of the Potomac! It was also illustrative of the profound defect in McClellan's military and moral character; repeated at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill and irrevocably at Malvern Hill. It wrecked the Peninsula Campaign and Pope's campaign at Second Bull Run; and in very truth postponed Appomattox for three years.

But before proceeding to the fray, let's read a little in the pages of George Boker,—some of whose stanzas are classical American literature; particularly his Dirge to a Soldier; Philip Kearny,—but this time he is privately laughing at George McClellan! He summarizes in poetry what Phil. thought in prose, and the Nation was beginning to think in newspapers and everywhere else where any thinking man thinks aloud! This was privately printed in January 1862 and is delicious:

TARDY GEORGE

What are you waiting for, George, I pray,
To scour your cross belts with fresh pipe clay?
To burnish your buttons, to brighten your guns,
Or wait you for May-day and warm Spring suns?
Are you blowing your fingers because they are cold?
Or catching your breath ere you take ahold?
Is the mud knee deep in valley and gorge?
What are you waiting for, Tardy George?

Are you waiting for your hand to turn?
Your heart soften, your bowels to yearn?
A little more southward towards 'our southern friends'
As at home and abroad they work their ends?
'Our southern friends' whom you hold so dear,
That you do no harm and give no fear,
As you tenderly take them by the gorge,
What are you waiting for, Tardy George?

On the 6th of March, 1862, rumors were rife in Kearny's far-advanced position that the rebels were making a movement of some

kind which as events proved was revolutionary, the evacuation of Manassas! And on reports from negroes and natives, General Kearny with characteristic promptness moved his camp early on March 7th to Burke's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, about fourteen miles distant. Scouts were sent out and very soon reported that the enemy's trains were moving continuously. The Brigade arrived at Burke's about ten o'clock on the morning of March 8th, after a long and wearisome march through a very dark night; and General Kearny ordered a further advance about daylight, upon the arrival of the Fourth Regiment of his Brigade at that hour, which had acted as guard for Phil.'s baggage train.

The Brigade moved towards Fairfax Station about four miles further up the railroad, which being occupied, Phil. ordered a further advance;—a most dangerous thing it has been said unless a soldier knows his military business, to push a small column far in advance of the main body—and the Third Regiment reached Sangster's Station approaching Manassas on the ninth.

Here the first resistance to our advance from the enemy was offered. A detachment of the First New York Cavalry, twenty men under Lieutenant Hidden, was with the Third Regiment. Colonel Taylor ordered Lieutenant Hidden forward to reconnoitre the ground and instructed him to charge the rebels if Lieutenant Hidden found the enemy's pickets were not greatly superior to his own force. These instructions were followed out, and the enemy was scattered by a brilliant cavalry charge, losing thirteen men as prisoners including Lieutenant Stewart, a West Point graduate who had recently joined the Confederates.

In this brilliant charge the noble Hidden was killed while gallantly leading his men, and on this occasion Phil. wrote a letter to Lieutenant Hidden's mother of rare beauty; let's read it later.

Next day, March 10th, Lieutenant Colonel McAllister of the First Brigade received orders to send a small detachment in advance; and Lieutenant Tantum was detached for this duty. Kearny is moving forward with extreme caution; his position is perilous! Tantum with fourteen men of Company B, First Brigade, marched to Centerville and reported at once to the captain of his regiment, Captain Van Sickell, that he had occupied the place at 10:30 in the morning.

Thus Kearny and his First New Jersey Brigade of Volunteers—far in advance of any portion of the Army—had the honor of being the first to occupy the battlefield of the first Bull Run as they were the last to leave the field of that battle!

Meanwhile an event of the utmost importance occurred which caused McClellan to change—revolutionized—his plans! On the 9th

at sunrise[7] Kearny sends back a courier with notice to Headquarters that the enemy was evacuating Manassas! This startling message reached the White House while McClellan and the President were in conference. The Urbana,—really the Peninsula campaign—determined on—was put in operation through that conference. Then Lincoln and McClellan read Kearny's despatches. This revolutionary news, wholly unexpected, destroyed the *raison d'être* of the Peninsula Plan! Made Abe's and Phil.'s Overland Plan imperative! McClellan acts accordingly! How came about this sudden and—as it proved—panic-stricken evacuation by General Johnston?

The Lincoln Horse, Phil.'s former command, Colonel McReynolds, Phil.'s designee to the colonelcy, now commanding, who saw eye to eye with Kearny, had for some time, under Kearny's orders, covered the "entire country" from near the Occoquam River to the line of the Little River Turnpike, "acting with boldness and address and evincing an alacrity to attack" which led to General Johnston's closing his decision to abandon the rebel stronghold, now in his possession eight months; and suddenly and precipitously and "in panic" to retreat to the Rappahannock! Kearny as we know immediately pursues; engages the rebels; defeats them at Sangster's Station and occupies Manassas and Centerville. This opened up the golden opportunity for McClellan to follow Kearny through the gates of Manassas now opened by Kearny,—as at Mexico City,—to pursue Johnston and to compel Johnston to fight as Kearny had compelled him to fight at Sangster's Station—and as in two months' time Generals Hooker and Kearny will compel the same retreating Johnston to fight at Williamsburg, and where McClellan will again fail to follow through. Then when the army had reached and beaten Johnston to proceed with its force of 150,000 men against the entire rebel army of less than a third of that number, to the capture of the Confederate capital. But imagine "Tardy George" doing any such thing! Yet the marvelous thing is that Kearny's military action in occupying Manassas tempted McClellan to do so. And we will soon find him ordering his whole army forward in pursuit; and incidentally suppressing Kearny's report of Kearny's fight at Sangster's Station and Kearny's occupation of Manassas which wrought so momentous a change in McClellan's plan. "Dirty work!"

Kearny, too, felt and wrote that this cavalry action at Sangster's Station, illustrated in the brilliant charge and sacrifice of Lieutenant Hidden, a restoration of the cavalry arm of the army to its ancient

[7] Col. Simpson's report to General Kearny, March 16th, who examined at that hour the natives from Manassas, and Kearny's report in his *own hand* dated Sangster's Station *2 P.M.* See "Kearny in Africa" by de Peyster.

great glory which Kearny's Dragoons at Fort Leavenworth had enjoyed, and "which so far in the Civil War had been so deficient".

Lieutenant Hidden's cavalry charge was written of by Phil. as "unparalleled for brilliancy and broke and annihilated the enemy, capturing a rebel West Pointer just matriculated." Kearny was greatly grieved at young Lieutenant Hidden's death and his grief was not assuaged by considerations of its military significance. Phil. felt too,—and bitterly,—McClellan's hiding from the national gaze, by the suppression of Kearny's report, the charge and sublime death of Lieutenant Hidden; and cries aloud that a grave wrong had been done the noble dead and to Mrs. Hidden and so he wrote her the following letter:

Headquarters, New Jersey Brigade,
Camp Seminary, March 29th, 1861.

Dear Madam: A sad duty makes me intrude on the hallowed nature of your sorrow. Whilst you lament the son; as commander and present where he proved a hero, I ask to sympathize with you in his glory. As far as citizen-soldier he belonged to his country, I have done him justice in my report of the engagement. His brilliant victory and daring courage have been made history! But here, Madam, my hopes of consolation for you end. With whatever fortitude you may alleviate your sorrow, for you as mother there can be no diminishing, by his public glory, the anguish of the parent. As for the comrades in arms of that son, in my own name and for them all, I beg to assure you of our sympathies.

P. KEARNY, Brigadier General.[8]

"But something too much of this!" McClellan—the nation at last rejoicing!—now orders the entire army to advance in pursuit. Kearny meets McClellan proceeding towards Centreville from which Kearny is advancing after occupying it, which he had done without any orders from anybody. Then McClellan marches his men back to their former encampments to ship his troops to the Peninsula! McClellan described his forward movement as a practice march!

Probably no act of McClellan's conduct of the war worked against Kearny's military common sense,—against his Common Sense,—as McClellan's adoption of his Peninsula Purpose, after Kearny—as Kearny held—had by his appearance "of military activity over a wide area made it appear as if the whole Federal army was upon the rebels", and had caused a "panic-stricken" abandonment by the Con-

[8] This letter and the painting of Hidden's charge, is in the possession of the New York Historical Society.



The First New York and First New Jersey Regiments—Kearny's former and present commands—"evincing an alacrity to attack by their activities over a wide terrain decided General Johnston to close his decision to abandon Manassas". Kearny pursues, defeats the rebels at Sangster's Station, and occupies Manassas and Centreville. "The Cavalry Charge led by the noble Hidden—the central figure—was unparalleled for brilliancy"! Kearny. McClellan orders Kearny to retreat,—Hidden's life sacrificed in vain!—Original painting in the New York Historical Society.



federates of their strongly fortified camp at Manassas,—Kearny's letters.[9]

Kearny's plan was Lincoln's;—to attack the rebels; force a battle with overwhelming numbers; beat the enemy and enter Richmond from the north, and in the meanwhile and by the same military movement, protect Washington from assault; and Kearny's *contemporaneous* judgment as to the feasibility of his plan was supported by the actual conditions now revealed by the records of the Confederacy and later by the authoritative judgments of Military Historians.[10]

As respects the Confederates, we know now that during the winter General Johnston had declared to President Jefferson Davis that his position was so insecure that it must be abandoned before an advance by McClellan. Davis then summoned Johnston to Richmond in February 1862, and at this conference Johnston told Davis that his lines at Centreville were untenable should the enemy advance; *but no purpose to evacuate Manassas* was revealed.

Johnston wrote Davis again setting forth his anxiety about the untenableness of his lines should McClellan attack. Then *just* at the time Kearny was reporting to Cortlandt Parker, his lawyer and confidant, that Kearny was making his reconnoissances as if "the advance of the whole army," Johnston writes to Jefferson Davis,—February 22d, February 23d and February 25th,—that the enemy were concentrating in his front,—obviously Kearny's strategy had become effective,—and "pushing his reconnoissances very closely and actively and that his position might be turned whenever the enemy may choose to advance."

To this President Davis replied that General Johnston should disencumber himself of anything that would interfere with a rapid movement when and if a retrograde movement became necessary. "The government was soon afterwards surprised by learning that General Johnston had commenced a hasty retreat without giving notice of his intention!"

Davis later wrote of the retreat—himself uninformed of Kearny's movements, for Kearny's reports about his movements were suppressed; not in the official records when Davis wrote;—and Davis' first sentence shows how, *thereby,* history has been perverted:

The retreat was *without molestation* or even *demonstration* from the enemy; but was conducted with such precipitation as to involve a heavy loss of supplies; some valuable artillery was abandoned; a large depot of provisions was burned; and blankets, shoes and saddles

[9] Kearny's unpublished letters alone are in this book except the few that are in this chapter.

[10] The effort was made to soft-pedal Kearny's professional knowledge by emphasizing his "recklessness". Hence the need to interpret Kearny as General Bullard has written as "Military Scientist" as well as Battle Soldier.

committed to the flames. To which Davis could have added the "Reminiscences of Captain Peck" who stayed behind to destroy the precious property so much needed by the Confederates: On March 8th the order was issued to evacuate; and Company C was ordered to burn all the commissaries at Manassas Junction; then at Haymarket; and then we burned all supplies at Thoroughfare Gap. At this point a great many hogs were driven and there was a large saw mill which had cost $2,000 and was being used as a packing house. The citizens told me that six hundred thousand pounds of bacon were stored in the building! We were ordered to burn this also, which we did; and the lard ran out in the creek. It chilled and formed a dam across Broad River! There was an acre lot almost covered with barrels of flour at the point we had been getting our supplies from; and as it was feared the Yankees would get this also, we were ordered to knock the barrels to pieces and run over the flour with our cavalry horses and destroy it.

In the Congressional Investigation this testimony was given by a native: I should judge that the troops left there in great haste. Several hundred barrels of flour that they attempted to destroy by burning laid there in a pile. But perhaps the finest piece of evidence of the panic-haste of the retreat was the finding by Phil.'s Brigade of the private letters and private orders of the rebel officers; but see Kearny's letters.

Kearny wrote, and he well knew despite Allen Pinkerton's grotesque reports to McClellan of the relative numbers of the Federal and rebel forces, that it would not be "common sense" that Johnston's forces exceeded McClellan's as reported by "Mr. Allen". Kearny was actually placing the enemy at thirty thousand; while McClellan added up his figures to make sometimes two hundred thousand;—a proceeding which we will follow with interest at Williamsburg, Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill!

But Jefferson Davis tells the true story of the overwhelming odds in the Union's favor! Three months later Lee stood opposite Kearny, three and one-half miles from Richmond, June 25th, 1862, with a difference in McClellan's favor of only fifteen thousand men; although McClellan then as now was reporting Lee's forces as double his own! But read Davis's figures based on official reports, Confederate and Federal: The entire Federal force in January 1862 was 191,840; in March 1862, 193,142 men; "The Confederate entire force, including Jackson's in the Valley of the Shenandoah and General Huger's troops at Aquia did not exceed 47,500 men"!

It has often been said that the true reason of the sudden and precipitate withdrawal,—or of the withdrawal,—was that the Confederates were informed of the intention of McClellan to proceed by

way of the Peninsula; but this was not so. President Davis states so explicitly:

McClellan in his reports assumes that the evacuation of the lines of Bull Run was in consequence of his projected move upon the Peninsula; but this was not the fact. . . . We were unable to hold so long a line against the forces of McClellan at or near Centreville.

The final judgment of History, alike Lay and Learned, ex post facto, of course, concurs in Phil.'s *contemporaneous* judgment,—the only judgment of any real pragmatic value.

Professor Michie of West Point, of great reputation, writes in McClellan's biography: Had McClellan yielded to the strongly expressed desire of President Lincoln and hurled his army against the enemy's left flank, we now know that victory would have been certain and decisive; and whatever the result might have been in the field of battle, he would have strengthened the Administration at a most opportune time.[11]

General Sir Frederick Maurice: At any time the forces of McClellan, vastly superior to Johnston's, could have driven Johnston from the lines of Manassas. . . .

McClellan had this to say; listen with wide open ears: The movement from Fairfax Court House was very sudden. The enemy left wagons, some cannon, clothing, ammunition, personal baggage, etc. Here, as so often, Time was against us. Had it favored the decisive battle might have been fought in 1862 just where we suffered such a physical reverse in 1861. Had McClellan's contemporaneous judgment been identic with Kearny's that decisive battle would have been fought in the month of March 1862!

Lieutenant Colonel Freemantle, Cold Stream Guards, serving with

[11] McClellan's political motive soon strongly developed thus appears as first influencing his military conduct. The plans of the Democratic Party were most ably seconded by the newspapers in McClellan's interest. Within a few weeks of the arrival of the new Commander in Chief, the troops began to regard him as something almost more than human! They were taught by their papers to speak of him as "Young Napoleon",—"Little Mac"; and the most extraordinary stories were gravely published as to his plans and military movements! By this same means and others, only those papers which professed fealty to the Democratic Party found circulation among the Troops. The New York *Herald*, Philadelphia *Enquirer* in the Eastern area, the Chicago *Times* and Cincinnati *Enquirer* in the western, deluged the camps. Such papers as the New York *Tribune* and *Times*, the Chicago *Journal* and *Tribune*, could with difficulty be bought; for the news agent would not bring them into camp! It was by such means that McClellan's representatives built up a reputation for their idol and the feeling in his favor. "The Democratic Organization from day to day favored his delay so as to insure defeat and his elevation to the Presidency." See "Campaign in the Yorktown Peninsula" by Frank Milner, special correspondent of the *Morning Star* with the American Army in the United States; London, 1864.

the Confederates, chronicles that "General Kirby Smith told me that McClellan could have destroyed the Southern army with the greatest ease during the first winter without much risk".

Pollard in his Lost Cause cried aloud with joy that McClellan with 193,142 men fit for duty against 30,000 Confederates at Manassas and in and around Centreville did not attack; for "a blow at that time might have proved fatal to the Southern Confederacy."

The Suppression of Kearny's report—which he so laments justly and denounces—which gives Phil. his *cue* to McClellan's later identic conduct, now revealed to be at least motivated in McClellan's unwillingness to reveal a revolution in his plans based upon a volunteer officer's military sagacity and practice,—has thrown the Historian off the track of historical truth: For it is undoubtedly *historically* true that on March 9th McClellan had adopted the Peninsula—or Urbana—Plan; and steps taken by the Administration to accomplish it. Then came Kearny's despatches,—including his despatches "at sunrise and again three miles from Bull Run at two thirty March 9th" written by himself personally, received while President Lincoln and McClellan were *actually in conference* in execution of the Peninsula Plan,—with the unexpected startling good news of the evacuation. McClellan *immediately* left Lincoln high and dry; hurrying away towards the sound of Kearny's voice,[12] and McClellan decides to abandon his Peninsula plan and orders a general advance of his entire army to follow Kearny through to Richmond,—thus lending his own judgment to the validity of Lincoln's and Kearny's judgment. But now for the earlier part of the story.

General McClellan convened a Council of War at his own Headquarters on March 8th,—while Kearny was advancing against Johnston—consisting of Generals Blenker, Casey, Heintzelman, Keyes, McCall, Porter, Sumner, Naglee, *Fitzjohn* Porter, Franklin and General Barnard,[13] Chief of Engineers, to determine upon a plan of action. By a vote of eight to four McClellan's plan was adopted with Urbana as base of operations. *That* day the President took steps to execute it in the organization of a corps under General Banks. "This order definitely committed the Administration to McClellan's plan and the abandonment of the Overland Route which had been practically decided upon". The next day "while the President and

[12] Turn back to this page when August 29th, 1862, McClellan and Kearny are in identic positions; but Kearny calling with the "Voice of his guns" only! McClellan doesn't budge for a whole week!

[13] With men whose fame as soldiers became worldwide, McClellan counseled with these Lieutenants from the standpoint of experience whose military fate will be chronicled later on. Always excluding the most competent General Barnard, —the brave Nagle and Sumner.

McClellan and the Secretary of War were in conference news was received that the enemy had abandoned their lines in front of the Army of the Potomac";—so far General Michie, he is speaking with great caution out of original documents.

McClellan then hastened away to direct the army. When McClellan left, his plan, Urbana, was the accepted plan. This movement of the rebels was a *complete, unconditional, surprise* to General McClellan; and he immediately issued as we know now an order for a general movement of the army to Centreville and Manassas. Upon this state of affairs Michie observes: "The new development seems to have shifted McClellan to the Overland Plan." And of that the secular militarist may entertain no rational doubt whatsoever. Certainly that judgment had been formed by the whole nation which so interpreted McClellan's movement, and it is most prettily illustrated in the Attorney General's diary in whose office Clarence Stedman "of Seven Pines" was an associate; who comes to Mr. Bates in high flush of spirits and begs the Attorney General to let him have a couple of days off to go across the Potomac to report the battle for the New York *World*. Bates tells him he don't know McClellan; "There will be no battle," says Bates. The poet disputes him,—Stedman was a great friend of McClellan's *at this time*. The next day Stedman turns up, avoids Mr. Bates. Bates, however, pursues him and enters in his diary the extreme mortification revealed by Mr. Stedman through the verification of Bates's prophecy,—there was no article for the *World!*

Then after a brief one day march towards Centreville McClellan, where he found Kearny in possession, orders the whole army to return to its former encampment,—this on March 12th; and in justification of his action announces that the movement had been made to give his troops "experience on the march and in bivouacking operations",—the first experience of that kind of military business—or alas! of reconnoitering even—during eight months! The fact is, he felt Johnston might have crossed the Rappahannock and that seemed to him a long distance away! Undoubtedly McClellan had determined to adopt the Overland Route; and so General Michie thinks,—his biographer ought to know.

The exact time when the order to advance was *received,* becomes important; it was 16 hours after Kearny's first despatch and eight hours after Kearny's despatch from Sangster's Station; probably twelve hours after Phil.'s report was read at the White House. General Gibbon tells the time in his Personal Recollections: "I spent the 8th of March in Washington and returned to camp on the 9th; that night at 10:30 orders were received to march the next day. No one got under way that night; and early the next morning, the 10th,

we started. After marching two days our part of the army was a few miles from Centreville, and then came back. I rode forward on the 11th. The position of Centreville was a strong one. Near Manassas Station I met General McClellan and his staff viewing the abandoned works."

The New Jersey papers alone reported and vaunted—and their facts were undisputed—that Kearny had by his restless movements over a wide area caused the *panic-stricken* withdrawal of the rebels; and lamented McClellan's failure to advance with Kearny through Manassas to the Rappahannock and engage the enemy. The Newark *Daily Advertiser* also knows of the Suppression of Kearny's report! The world knew nothing of the Brigade's proceedings through official sources; and New Jersey was alone in ferreting it out.

NEWARK *DAILY ADVERTISER*
(Editorial March 14th, 1862)

It is impossible to permit the palpable injustice to our New Jersey troops to pass unrebuked, and the studied silence must be exposed. Although the New Jersey troops were first to ascertain the evacuation of Centreville and subsequently of Manassas and to enter and hoist the flag on each, the fact was sought to be concealed and the movement has been attempted to be wrested from them and given to others. A letter from our Washington correspondent gives the inescapable facts.

Kearny advanced to Centreville and *sent the first news* of the retreat of the rebels. After taking possession of Centreville, Kearny ordered General Taylor's gallant men to seize the rebel stronghold. The capture preceded the approach to these places by General McClellan and a detachment of cavalry by some three hours, and was in advance by three or four hours of any other troops.[14]

A few minutes after the occupation General Kearny dashed in and drew up in front of our lines, and as he lifted his cap under the Stars and Stripes, he received a glorious welcome.

On March 12th appeared another editorial entitled,

THE EVACUATION OF MANASSAS

and its appraisement of this affair as a serious blow to the Confederacy was founded upon the almost universal opinion that at last McClellan's great forward movement had—or ought to have been—begun:

[14] Of course McClellan's presence and the presence of his Cavalry were based on Kearny's announcement.

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

The serious blow to the rebel cause, the evacuation of the stronghold of the Confederates at Manassas Junction is fully confirmed. What a blow to the Confederate hopes by the converging columns of our grand army! It is a mortal blow to the Confederacy. The facts about the evacuation of this most important stronghold are as follows:...On Monday at Noon, the 10th, a detachment of the First New Jersey Brigade entered Centreville; they were followed by a detachment of cavalry which had been too late to reach the place the evening before; and on Monday at 9 o'clock in the morning we had entered the works at Manassas Junction and the Brigade hoisted a regimental flag over the fortifications. An immense amount of stores and other property were found, among them eighty wagons and one hundred tents. General Kearny was with our troops all day. Several handsome flags were captured; and General Kearny gave the men free access to everything left behind; every man was on the lookout for a relic. General Kearny was the first to send in news that the place had been occupied. "Certainly it is to be hoped that the advance will be pressed."

But the living picture of McClellan's mental movements after learning of Kearny's battle at Sangster's Station now revealed in his true proportions, is helpful in understanding these military abstractions, and the Prince de Joinville of McClellan's staff wields a live quill; and a very funny one in its opening sentence:

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE ON THE EVACUATION

Everything was so long quiet at Washington that it was only casually that the idea of entering on a campaign presented itself! Things were in this condition when on the evening of *March 9th* a friend tapping me on the shoulder said "you don't know the news? The enemy has evacuated Manassas and the army sets out tomorrow." Next day a mass of artillery and wagons and cavalry blocked up the streets of Washington, moving towards the bridges over the Potomac.

McClellan had planned a movement by water, but evacuation unmasked his plans and now: Should he go by land to Richmond? For the Army of the Potomac this evacuation was *unfortunate.* The movement was unmasked before it was made. The transport vessels were not collected; and a part of them ice-bound in the Hudson. In that situation should McClellan persevere in executing as rapidly as possible the movement by water towards the Virginia Peninsula or *should he march to Richmond by land?* Such was the grave decision which the young General of the Army of the Potomac, laid up sick in a miserable chamber of a deserted house at Fairfax Court House, had to make within twenty-four hours! Of course—to footnote the

Prince's story—no one reading further on through May, June, July and August when McClellan's character will be more fully revealed, can doubt the answer that McClellan would give to this question: But on March 9th at 10:30 P.M., he had vacillated to the overland route; he was now vacillating down the Peninsula!

Kearny's sense of justice was outraged into denunciation of Franklin and McClellan in suppressing his report, which revealed, of course, the reason of General Johnston's panic-stricken evacuation, amazing equally to President Davis and Commander-in-Chief McClellan; revealing also Kearny's part in telling General McClellan and the President the first news of the rebel movement; and the consequent determination on McClellan's part to abandon his river campaign and to proceed overland by the direct route. Of course, it is very obvious that such a report revealing the ineptitude of General McClellan and the Military sagacity and practice of a volunteer officer of the Old Army [15] whom he had deliberately excluded from his counsels and his Council, was a thing to be suppressed if McClellan wanted the glory; or if McClellan wanted to justify his retrograde movement under the pretense,—how ridiculous it seems at this length of time;—of making a practice march to teach a whole army how to go to bed at night, or, as he said, to bivouac!

Of course, Kearny may have been mistaken in regard to the suppression of his report; he may have been; he was not. It is no answer today that sometimes within the period before the compilation of the official reports, years afterwards,—the report bearing every evidence that it was not Kearny's original report but McClellan's copy,—was compiled into the record by its West Point Editor. But *now and today,* March, April, May, June, 1862, well to Kearny's death and long afterwards, the report was suppressed. Cortlandt Parker and Major General John Watts de Peyster, men of *extraordinary* resourceful means of fathoming secrets, searched exhaustively for years and failed to find it! And, moreover, these men knew by first-hand evidence that at McClellan's headquarters Kearny's report was known, for it had been the subject of discussion,—with very unfavorable commentary.

And so this was the beginning of Kearny's insight,—Kearny's first look-in upon,—McClellan's mind and heart which became very much more piercing, ever so much clearer when the same card was turned by these military gamblers at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Oak Ridge, Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill. Let's watch the development of this interesting—tragic—mental by-play.

Cortlandt Parker, certainly one of three of New Jersey's greatest lawyers of his Age,—perhaps the greatest contemporary at the

[15] "The Regulars must win the war"—Scott.

American Bar, and to cap the climax President of the American Bar Association,—in his "Address" before the New Jersey Historical Society wrote, "It was not long before the lynx eye of General Kearny saw the truth as to the commanding general and he expressed it not insubordinately but confidentially with many cautions, and general hopes that he might be mistaken.

"The fall of 1861 had been wasted. Then came the action of Kearny and the evacuation of Manassas and the failure of McClellan to attack Johnston. Then General McClellan suppressed Kearny's report as if not entirely pleased with the occurrence." And General de Peyster who was writing General Kearny's biography and searching for the report from 1863 to 1869—indeed till 1885—writes: "The writer applied to the War Department through influential friends and all the replies agreed as to there being no such report to be found."

General McClellan's "Own Report" is silent! But in his "Own Story" written years later, McClellan, without actually naming Kearny, appropriates Kearny's Battle as having driven the enemy out of Manassas! Nor is there any reference anywhere to General Kearny's own especial report which is not to be found; "nor of those of his subordinates," writes General de Peyster, "of which copies, however, are annexed to his chapter of Kearny's biography." An officer of the United States Army, holding a Major General's command, at the time remarked that he had heard the Kearny report discussed unfavorably.

On March 8th—the eve of McClellan's failure to attack the panic-stricken rebels—President Lincoln sent for McClellan and after talking of another matter, said that there was "an ugly matter" to which he must refer. He said that it had been represented to him that McClellan's plan of campaign was conceived with the purpose and intent of removing its defenders from Washington; and thus giving over to the enemy the capital and the government by leaving them defenseless. The President concluded his remarks that it did not look to him much like treason!

McClellan was very indignant and demanded a retraction of the offensive expression! McClellan would allow no one to couple the word treason with his name: "I will permit," said McClellan, "no doubt to be thrown on my intentions!" The next day we find McClellan in conference with Lincoln on his campaign and in *apparent* pursuit of the rebels!

The Washington correspondent of the London *Times,* Sir William H. Russell, was at this time in the West. Looking at a neighbor's paper, to his amazement he read the bold headlines, "Grand advancement upon Richmond by the Army of the Potomac,—McClellan

marches on Richmond—Capture of Manassas,—Retreat of the Rebel Army." Such the headlines for which Sir William had been waiting for eight months! "At 8 o'clock in the evening I started for Washington which I reached to find all the world laughing at the wooden guns on Munson's Hill and the pump which had been taken as a monster piece of ordnance." On the Confederate side the laughter was hardly suppressed, and from the War Department in Richmond comes this record in a Journal, "General Johnston has been keeping McClellan and his 210,000 men at bay for a long time with about 40,000 men. After the abandonment of his works it was a long time before the enemy knew he had retrograded; but approached very cautiously and found that they had been cowed by his Quaker guns,—logs of wood in position and so painted as to resemble cannon. Lord! how the Yankee Press will quiz McClellan!"

Just at the very time Kearny was negotiating a place in history for his Brigade an event happened which sealed the kinship between Kearny and his men. It was dramatic, characteristic.

On March 3d, 1862, General McClellan relieved General Kearny from the command of the First New Jersey Brigade, and assigned him to the command of Sumner's Division. Kearny declined to take the honor of advancement with its opportunity of larger service fitted for his military talents, and preferred to remain with his New Jersey troops. Accordingly on March 14th McClellan sent a despatch to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, that he had given Sumner's Division to General Richardson, "General Kearny preferred to command his old Brigade"!—Semper Fidelis!

Kearny had gone to McClellan's camp to decline the offer and his men knew about it; and upon his return, "General Kearny rode into camp and mindful of Kearny's loyalty and devotion, his soldiers greeted their commander with repeated cheers. It was seen that Kearny was much moved by this manifestation of their mutual love and loyalty, and he could only say, 'Thank you, boys', and turning his horse 'Moscow', rode away in a gallop."

The Brigade arrived at Yorktown on April 22d and disembarked on the 30th. Then its Historian tells us: Just at this time the Brigade which was in good spirits was greatly depressed by the transfer of General Kearny to the command of the Third Division of the Third Corps under General Heintzelman. In the preceding March when it became known that the contemplated transfer of General Kearny to another and more important command had been nullified by his declining promotion unless he was allowed to take his "pets" with him, which had been refused by General McClellan and General Franklin, the Legislature of New Jersey passed the following resolution: "Resolved that New Jersey highly appreciated

the characteristic fidelity of General Philip Kearny in declining the proffered promotion rather than separating himself from the Brigade entrusted to him!"

The transfer of General Kearny—continues the historian—from his Jersey Brigade to a Division in Heintzelman's corps was a matter of great concern to the people of New Jersey, which was evidenced by the resolution passed by the Legislature on May 28th, 1862:

"Resolved that to the New Jersey Volunteers belongs the praise of checking the retreat of the Federal forces retreating from Bull Run in 1861, and greatly aiding in the preventing of the National Capital's capture; but also for advancing unsupported on the rebel stronghold of Manassas and compelling its precipitate abandonment; and that General Kearny deserves the warm official thanks of the Nation for his boldness in making the advance and the brilliant strategy he employed in its execution:

"Resolved that having already testified our high appreciation of his self-sacrifice and fidelity to the North which led General Kearny to decline promotion rather than leave the Brigade, we now express to those in authority the propriety of confiding all the New Jersey troops under the command of General Kearny, whose devotion to his soldiers, care of their comfort and discipline and brilliant qualities of an officer entitle the Nation to his services in a higher position than the one he now occupies; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Secretary of War."

Kearny's whole idea, urged upon the Legislature of New Jersey, was state patriotism, state pride in state troops. He repeatedly advocated the placement of all New Jersey troops in a single corps rather than allowing them to be melded, unseen and unnoticed, in a vast national mass which was the whole object of McClellan in his organization of the army.[16]

And now for some of Kearny's letters during this period,—interesting as literature, and historical; also revealing Kearny's judgment as Soldier upon the actors and scenes in the then great theatre of a national drama.

Headquarters N. J. Brigade
Fairfax Courthouse
March 12, 1862.

Dearest Love:

Yesterday I was the first to enter the late stronghold of the enemy at Manassas Junction. Our cavalry had made a reconaissance in the plain nearby; but without going to the forts. My third regi-

[16] See Kearny's Letters, *infra.*

ment planted their flag; and I went to Centreville. I had advanced by the R.R. when I met General McClellan and all his Staff and some two thousand horses, approaching with skirmishers as if we were secessionists! They had done the same thing in advancing to Fairfax Court which I had done two and one-half hours previously. But they are a dirty set, all, all! The chance commander of the Division has the pettiness to suppress my reports instead of giving them to be printed!

The curious fact is that the enemy was induced to retire by my bold manœuver covering the country for a breadth of many miles, as if the advance of the entire army. Very elegant for me! but dirty to find that it only meets with envy and jealousy.

I dined with the Prince de Joinville on Monday. The next day, very leisurely, I got up at ten, breakfasted at my room, and went to the Ferry to get to camp.

Late in the day orders came to take forty-eight hours rations; and to be prepared to remain two days at Burke's Station. It was three o'clock. The troops looked elegantly; and although the march was awful, owing to the wonderful badness of the road, they kept up their spirits.

It was four o'clock daybreak when I arrived at Burke's. I slept an hour; mounted a fresh horse; and galloped about until noon with Howard and others studying the situation. I then was galloping about, except for a nap of two hours, with other fresh horses until nine o'clock at night. The next day I ascertained by negroes that the enemy was preparing to leave.

I immediately pushed on with parties moving in every direction, all of which resulted in my driving them back everywhere. I kept applying for orders which were not sent me; but still I kept on. For McClellan's whole movement had been to circumvent and get about my enterprise.

The oddest part is that I had not had time to pack up; not even my own dress which I had worn to Washington to serve as a model, my French Hussar jacket; and this with my own brown cloak has been my only costume, much to the astonishment of the fussy looking new generals whom I have met since I returned to America.

General McClellan met me as if much pleased; but General Franklin seemed put out with envy thinking I had done so much.

To think dearest you distress yourself about Mrs. Street. Do not be angered by her; she has her good points; but much deprivation and disappointment has made her less disinterested. If she is not agreeable let her leave.[17]

Your account was so touching of our lost loved precious boy!

[17] See *infra*.

Oh dearest Agnes except as a protection to you how little do I care to live any longer! It is true that in times of danger I do not think of it, one way or the other; danger has been simply a habit to me. But when I drop my professional duties and turn my thoughts to you and home, oh how sadly I am oppressed.

Our dearest boy whom God gave us; but took away; his first smile, his last look. God knows how I suffer; and you angel much more.

With a thousand kisses.

April 14, 1862.

Dearest Love:

I am going to Fortress Monroe by the cars.

I did expect that this war would be pretty well finished by the 1st of May.

One cheering thing has been the interest taken in me by our pure noble President; a good man and an able one; and one that will come forth pure in the pages of history.

I never told you how odd it was that at Manassas I found in the mass of forgotten documents letters by Ewell and others of my former best friends; the same traits of character that marked them formerly gives still their individuality.

With a kiss to the babies and thousands for yourself, I am with best love, Phil.

P.S. Have the open carriage fixed up if you like; but I prefer your using the Rockaway as more quiet and sedate and less observed. A kiss

Phil.

April 16, 1862.

Dear Watts:

Indeed I have been decidedly opposed to the river plan as uncovering Washington without a single advantage. Besides McClellan is too slow to manœuver out of a "scrape".

Aboard "Elm City".

Dearest Love:

So you may well imagine that I have bitter contempt for General McClellan who from jealousy and envy and small feeling, keeps his best officers in subordinate positions, where aught that they do must redound to the glory of his inferior superiors.[18]

[18] How McClellan was appointed to command at all was a mystery! Yet Kearny's letter which we shall read at Williamsburg gives a suggested key: "His two-penny little success with enormous preponderance of means coming about the time of Bull Run got him to Washington. He then set in motion intrigues against General Scott who had been kind to him."

Still I am so assured of my personal weight that I am quite content to know that I have the most brilliant, Brigade of troops in the army and so would be my Division the moment I got one. Franklin's refusing to part with my Brigade was as unhandsome and ungenerous as his refusing to publish my reports about Manassas.

We are still cooped up aboard the Steamer! I fear the approaching bad weather will decimate our army if not break it up. Near me on shore is an old nigger, now ninety years old, who as a child remembers to have held the guns of the first siege of Yorktown for the British. How strange.

Don't say mean things to Susy, and kiss both babies; all my best love and a kind kiss yours

Phil.

P.S. We are lying in a cove ten miles from Old Point and the same from Yorktown. We hear the guns occasionally. So odd; it is my third siege. Vera Cruz, Peschira in Italy and Yorktown—a kiss

Phil.

Headquarters New Jersey Brigade
May 1st, 1862

Dearest Love,

Last night I received an order appointing me again to command a Division. It is principally a western one, and is part of Heintzelman's Corps d'Armée. The men are reliable "battle" men, but not much disciplined. But I have always been friendly with him, much my senior in service.

The other two Division generals are very distinguished and intimate friends; Porter and Hooker, are very superior gentlemen. The corps d'armée will be most conspicuous if I made the other Division commander; all of the Mexican war times. I immediately assume my place, and become one of the highest officers in command of Divisions in the army.

How lovely the homestead must look! dearest love. Oh that this cruel war had never broken out, and that our happy number had not been diminished by that angel lent to us for awhile. Dearest Love, war may distract my attention by its uneasy care, and in supplying the want of experience of the volunteers, but when in the stillness of night or beside the camp fire I revert in memory to the existence of one who was my pride, my love, my future, my hopes for reputation when no more, to illustrate what I had been, it is the most bitter suffering I can endure; he was not only my love, but my pride as man. God ever protect you. Kiss the children.

Yours most affectionately, sincerely, tenderly

Phil.

During the short flaming hour in which Kearny played the Civil War game, a noted foreign "First-nighter" wrote his observations from the front seat in the National Theatre. Count Adam, Captain Gurowski, Polish Nobleman and Revolutionary Officer in intimate touch socially with the leading spirits in the Capital, with no axe to grind; and instinct with sympathy for the North, now makes this commentary:

McClellan acts as if he had taken an oath to some hidden and veiled Deity or combination, by all means not to ascertain anything about the condition of the enemy. Any Engineer, if not an American old woman, would have pierced the veil by a strong reconnoissance on Centreville. And I hear Generals, West Pointers, justifying their colossal offense against common sense and against the rudiments of military tactics! Oh, noble, but awfully dealt with, American people!

We shall hear from Gurowski later on; it's mighty interesting watching through his composite eyes, informed by the argus vision of Washington Society, Military, Political and Social, Philip Kearny, at first symbol of heroic valor; then as Time tells the Truth: Phil. Kearny, Tactician and Strategist; and finally Tactician, Strategist and Battle Soldier all in one;—and the only Soldier to command the Armies of the Republic! Kearny and he never met.

Kearny ordered to embark for the Peninsula gives up his lease on the Seminary, but ten days elapse,—orders given are revoked; but at length Phil. and his Brigade are on board the "Elm City" and arrive off Yorktown.

Eight months have builded a crowd of peach-orchard Foundlings into the Corps d'élite of the Army and Phil. has done all he could "to win the war"! Possibly the War would have ended had McClellan FOLLOWED KEARNY THROUGH AT MANASSAS! But McClellan never will. "He is not that kind of a General!" And as a sort of syllabus of Kearny's Brigade, and Kearny's Division with which we henceforth are to fight,—except on one historic occasion—let's read General Wainwright's analysis of the one and General de Trobriand's description of the other supplementing General Meade's description of the Brigade already in the record.

General Wainwright: I am much inclined to think that Kearny's Brigade is the best in the whole Army! Also that New Jersey has in all respects fitted out her troops better than any other State! Then General de Trobriand:

On the Peninsula, Kearny commanded a Division which shone out amongst all the others by its bravery and its discipline; its dash and its obstinancy in defense. The soul of Kearny was in it and animated it even to the end. After it had lost its Chief, his memory always dwelt in its ranks as a living presence!

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG

The First Great Battle in the East

KEARNY AND HOOKER ALONE FIGHT THE REBEL ARMY

General Kearny and his Brigade arrived off Yorktown April 17th, 1862, exactly one month after "Kearny's Division," *then* the Third Division, 3rd Corps, Army of the Potomac, had embarked at Alexandria—as the first troops;—but Phil.'s Brigade did not disembark until the 30th of April.

The rains, torrential at times, were commonly considerable; few days of clear skies; then the sun metaphorised into boiling pots the Peninsula Swamps of Virginia. "York River fever" appears among the Jersey boys, now exactly a month without their Seminary Brigade Hospital; and Phil.'s letters are again big with prophecies of the havoc fever will play in this "Campaign of Rivers" in the marshes of Virginia.

On board the "Elm City", whose "immensity" amazed the European correspondents, which began its service as a Troop Ship in conveying to the Peninsula Kearny's Third Division, Phil. wrote Cortlandt Parker protesting against McClellan's futility in sitting down to a siege,—"My Third siege", Phil. wrote,—instead of proceeding against the inferior rebel forces whose numbers "would soon be augmented." He felt that at least an assault on the place, if only to try its strength, should be attempted before a formal siege,—"necessarily a respite to the enemy",—was resorted to; and Phil.'s experience of the Quaker Guns at Manassas was a precedent for his judgment. But a veteran of four wars who had fought with armies twice as large as the combined armies now around him was excluded from McClellan's councils. Within four months the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, recorded in his Journal that "President Lincoln today said that there was not a single reason why McClellan should have delayed a single day at Yorktown"; and General Michie, writing authoritatively but not contemporaneously, from West Point, concurs in Phil.'s judgment on the spot that it was "incumbent on him to have made a determined effort at assault before deciding on a siege".

Robert C. Henry, lauded by Lee's greatest Biographer, gives the typical southern viewpoint in his "Story of the Confederacy", that General Magruder, then opposing McClellan with his 13,000 men, could not have given any "real resistance"; McClellan with 90,000 men could have "pushed right through him". This opinion is enforced by General Early's reports—himself on the Peninsula—of the relative numbers of McClellan and Magruder at Yorktown where the Confederate tells us that McClellan with 85,000 men "ready for duty" against Magruder's 20,000,[1]—and later at Williamsburg on May 5th with 111,000 men again 53,000,—could have "pushed through towards Richmond." Yet, as General Early records, McClellan telegraphs Washington before Williamsburg! "It seems clear that I shall have the entire force of the enemy on my hands"; and speaks of "the superior force of the enemy"! Alexandria again!

Then on May 1st came a message which in very truth revolutionized Phil.'s Biography. On April 30th, Colonel H. C. Williams, McClellan's Assistant Adjutant General, had written on behalf of the Commander in Chief, the following historic document, numbered Special Order No. 129, from Camp Washington, Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac: . . . "Brigadier General Philip Kearny is assigned to command the Third Division, Third Corps, of the Army in place of C. C. Hamilton, relieved." Phil. immediately accepted the assignment; and on May 1st, 1862, by General Order No. 1,—significantly and loyally labelled "Camp Winfield Scott,"—proclaimed from the Headquarters of the Third Division, Third Corps, of the Army of the Potomac: "Pursuant to instructions from General Heintzelman I hereby assume command of this Division composed of the Brigades of General Jameson, General Berry and General Birney and of the Batteries of Colonels Beam and Randolph, P. Kearny, General Commanding."

Dr. Marks, the noble chaplain of the 63d Pennsylvania Regiment,—some saintly pen should write his glorious Biography!—reminiscences on the inappropriateness of McClellan's usurping a nomenclature properly belonging to Hooker and Kearny: "Yorktown had especial interest to us for in its immediate vicinity are found memorials of most illustrious events of our Revolutionary War. The Divisions of Generals Kearny and Hooker were encamped on the very grounds where spread the tents of Washington and Lafayette".

McClellan in his "Own Story" lets us in on his opinion at this time of Kearny's capacity as a soldier, written after McClellan and the Nation thoroughly knew Kearny's "own story" of McClellan

[1] Magruder states in his report and this is conclusive that the number of his troops were 11,000.

and his ability after Kearny's death. This McClellan opinion is extremely interesting in view of the military fate of Generals McDowell, Franklin, Porter, Heintzelman and company and of nearly all McClellan's "brainy men" compared with the fame Kearny was soon to win with "Kearny's Brigade" and "Kearny's Division", as well as in view of the London *Times'* estimate, at the time of Phil.'s death, of his peculiar fitness to head the cavalry forces of McClellan's Army: "Philip Kearny" McClellan records, "received a Brigade. But, though he stood high as a remarkably daring man and good cavalry captain in the Mexican War, I had not sufficient confidence in his brains to give him one of the First Divisions. I have since sometimes thought that I would have done well had I given him command of the cavalry"! Perhaps McClellan regretted his omission even more intensely when Jeb Stuart and his cavalry soon went all around McClellan's army of 115,000 men, cut his communications, obtained important dispatches and bore them to Richmond for President Davis's perusal. Perhaps McClellan's opinion was again brought into relief—but then McClellan didn't care!—when Stuart did precisely the same thing four months later and destroyed the stores of the whole army on the Plains of Manassas!

The pro-Southern—pro-McClellan—*Herald* for a reason Kearny explains in his letters—the *Herald* in bitter war with the loyal *Tribune;*—both now sheltered under Ogden Reid's eagle wing,—makes no mention of this important news of Kearny's appointment. McClellan as at Manassas again fails Phil. And so "Tardy was George," that it was only after the Battle of Williamsburg that the *Daily Tribune* carried the news: "Camp near Yorktown, May 3d, 1862. General Hamilton departed for Washingtonday today having been superseded by General Philip Kearny in command of his Division".

The very day Kearny was appointed to command, the rumor that he was prisoner of war in Richmond spread through the South, which had McClellan published, as was always customary, the exceedingly important news of Phil.'s elevation, could not possibly have happened.

But soon the slimy beast was treed in the person of a clerk in the office of Mr. Randolph, Confederate Secretary of War; and four days later was blown to bits by Kearny's bloody assault on the Confederate redoubts at Williamsburg, driving the Clerk's rebel allies from the field! In his Diary for April 30th the Clerk made this entry; and its manufacture out of the whole cloth becomes very plain when we know that the author had lived in Missouri; had written some famous western stories in which a Kearny had figured

and so had confounded Major General Stephen Watts Kearny with his Civil War nephew:

"April 30, 1862. General Kearny has been brought here, having been taken prisoner on his way to Washington from Missouri. Secretary Randolph manifested surprise at his capture and says he is no enemy, being, I believe, Southern born. I believe it is the purpose of the Governor to release him and this may be a blunder. I fear about as much for ill-timed Southern magnanimity as for Northern malignity".

Kearny now has his Division; it is up to General McClellan, but far more likely up to his old friend, "Prince John" General Magruder to let Phil. "prove his mettle in the fiery flames of battle"; and indeed Magruder and General Joseph Eggleston Johnston were about to oblige him, to the utter amazement of McClellan's Intelligence Service under the eagle eye of "Mr. Allen" (Pinkerton!)

McClellan left all "reconnoitering"—he interpreted the term broadly—to Mr. "Allen," and so was so utterly ignorant of the plan of the rebels that he writes complacently on the very eve of the evacuation of Yorktown a note which will serve as precedent for an identic note written the day before General Lee,—again wholly unknown to McClellan or his man Allen,—began the first of the "Six" Days' Battles which within two months drove McClellan and his 105,000 men from the Peninsula: "The silence makes me suspect a sortie. I don't like quietness; it seems unnatural"! Yes, indeed, the silence is unnatural; and the silence presages a sortie; but alas! not in McClellan's direction, but towards Williamsburg, Richmond and the Chickahominy. For on the very next day Baron Johnston of Manassas stages an exact replica of that scene! But here Hooker and Kearny make superhuman efforts to reach his retreating figure—as Kearny "knew" could have been done at Manassas,—and succeeded! And possibly the war would have ended, probably the Peninsula campaign, if, after the Battle of Williamsburg, McClellan had not "laid siege to Richmond"; had instead pursued and annihilated the beaten foe. But see Phil.'s Letters. They tell the story as no one else possibly could!

The enemy evacuated Yorktown on the night of the 3d of May, and the next morning very early the Federals threw some shells into the city without any enemy response. Professor Lowe made an ascension in his "Balloon",—the Zeppelin of the siege, which accompanies the Engineer throughout his Peninsula journeys!—and found that the place had been evacuated; all the Federals found when they entered were some negroes and some citizens unafraid. *Le Constitutionel* of Paris reported from its correspondent in the city "that

the fortifications had been much exaggerated and all McClellan found were a few citizens and some little negrillions." [2]

General Heintzelman who had ascended with Professor Lowe, immediately directed General Kearny to enter the city; and General Jameson at the head of his brigade was the first to reach Yorktown,—Kearny's Brigade first at Alexandria and Manassas; Kearny's Division first at Yorktown!

Then the *Tribune* on May 6th carries this news: we are moving forward in pursuit! "Yorktown, May 4, 1862. Generals Porter, Hooker and Kearny moved on today to the late rebel works and beyond them."

Immediately upon the discovery of the evacuation, the cavalry, under General Stoneman, is ordered in pursuit; followed by the "gentlemanly Hooker," as Kearny called him, a companion of Mexico and, despite Kearny's platonic strictures on the day following Williamsburg in a moment certainly of obscured vision, which never represented Phil.'s later real judgment, a Battle Soldier. He and Kearny, the only fighting General Officers in the Peninsula Campaign!

On the morning of the 5th at 7 o'clock General Hooker in a fighting mood following the cavalry which the preceding day had engaged the enemy in a skirmish, reached the rear guard of the retreating rebels before Fort Magruder. This fort commanded the road to Williamsburg and Richmond; which, with a line of redoubts extending to right and left, General Magruder had erected during several months in purely "*hypothetical* anticipation" of what was now happening before his very eyes: a general engagement; instead of as at first intended, a mere *rear guard action* to cover the rebel retreat.

Hooker's contact had developed by 10 A.M. into the first great battle of the "Army of the East". Hooker did exactly the thing Kearny wanted to do—could have done—against the retreating rebels at Manassas.

The roads over which Hooker had passed—over which Kearny's Division was now starting to pass to save Hooker's Division—were savagely horrible; and the most vivid picture was drawn by Captain Dickert of Kershaw's Brigade who was now fighting Hooker:

"The country around Yorktown was boggy and swampy; and the continued rains had made the woods and fields perfect marshes; not a dry foot of land to pitch our tents; and scarcely a place to stand. One of the worst marches our brigade ever made was the

[2] This account, hitherto unpublished, was given in the *Journal des Débats*, Paris, for whom de Joinville was a correspondent. The account was also given in the Confederate Propaganda periodical in London, the London Index.

night we evacuated our lines before Yorktown. At dark we began our march through long ponds and deep pools of water which reached up to the knees. Through the mud and water we floundered and fell. The roads sloppy and deep rutted were impassable."

Brush into this water color the torrential rains of the following days and the picture is complete,—an impassable morass. On May 5th at 7 A.M. the battle began under circumstances unfavorable to McClellan. The two roads leading to Williamsburg from Yorktown were crowded with troops. Upon the road to the left were the Divisions of Kearny and Hooker belonging to Heintzelman's corps but they were separated from each other by an enormous multitude of wagons loaded down with baggage and for the most part fast in the mud about which Captain Dickert has told us. Upon the road to the right two other Divisions were moving forward with still greater difficulty. Such was the condition of the ground that the caissons sank over their axles in the mud.

The medley of men and baggage thrown pell mell into a narrow and flooded road had fallen into wild disorder. No one knew the country. The maps were so defective that they were useless. Little was known about the fortified battlefield on which the army was about to be engaged. Yet the army had slept around about for four weeks and the battlefield had been seen and reconnoitered the day before by the cavalry which had taken part in General Stoneman's skirmish with the enemy.

Hooker's Division, which led the column on the *left* hand road and had received the day before a *general* order to advance upon Williamsburg, came out on the morning of the 5th upon the very scene of General Stoneman's cavalry fight, *without the least knowledge of what it was to meet.*

Received as soon as it appeared with a steady fire from the hostile works it deployed resolutely in the abatis,—formed by cutting down dense growths of old field pines and trimming and sharpening the limbs so as to impede the progress of the Federals,—and Hooker audaciously went into action! His Division of about 9,000 men at the most came to the front little by little and *alone,* whilst the defense was carried on by from 15 to 20 thousand men strongly entrenched. Yet within two miles and *with the guns roaring in their ears,* were 30,000 soldiers under supposedly competent commanders who let him fight alone until General Kearny's arrival. The odds were too great!

Nevertheless, the great Hooker held his own for a long time. But, of course, he had to give way and fell back; leaving in the woods and in those terrible abatis some 2,000 of his men killed and wounded, with several of his guns which he could not bring off.

The enemy followed Hooker relentlessly as he fell back; his men were without cartridges; and Kearny's letters picture their "natural" panic-fear in a way which is appalling in its realism! And at 2:45 a competent eye-witness observes that Hooker's Division—probably the Army—would have been captured or beaten "within ten minutes"! unless succour arrived for Hooker's heroic troops.

In the meantime General Sumner, Phil.'s old friend to whom Phil. had made his "first report" at Fort Leavenworth and had taken back Stephen's 200 Dragoons at Socorro,—had "acceded to General Hooker's urgent request for support"; and leaving undisturbed the 30,000 troops within a mile or two of the battlefield, under his personal command, ordered General Kearny, nine miles in the rear, to come forward over the "impassable" terrain, through the blinding rain, to Hooker's support. No man, then or since, has offered an explanation, satisfactory or unsatisfactory, for this order!

Kearny springs to the saddle; marches literally through the Divisions of three West Point corps commanders, instructed in the regular curriculum how to manage wagons over impassable terrain and to reach battlefields in a hurry; proceeds at the rate of two and a half to three miles an hour; actually has to turn his own guns against laggard captains of other Divisions arresting two for blocking the execution of his orders "to enter battle under fire"—"I will tell you what Fire *feels* like unless you set the torch to your God damn cowardly wagons—like their Escort", were his exact words, as he *Acted;*—then reaches a fork of the road to the left leading to the battlefield where no troops obstructed the road! They had all marched away on the road to the right toward Sumner and his boys' summer Camp in the swamps of Virginia!

Kearny orders a halt. Then "Forward march!" Haversacks and equipment were cast aside and piled up; and then double-quick for the rest of the three miles to the field. "We have the honor of saving an army!" he called to his Michigan troops; and the cheers that greeted his arrival were heard by Sumner's idlers a mile to the right above the roar of the battle.

Another rest for five minutes. Hooker's troops pass off the field. Then Kearny deploys his troops for battle "as on parade". Now the extraordinary thing! Heintzelman withdraws a part of Kearny's troops as a reserve! And Kearny enters under fire with only 1,900 men of his Division against 20,000 rebels! Then let the Prince de Joinville of McClellan's Staff enter the battle.

"The Division of General Kearny,—the last to leave Yorktown and the first to be called to support Hooker,—having passed the crowded road and marching upon the guns at the pas de cours, re-established the battle. The fight had rolled from the edges of the

plain to the forest. The Federals fought not less firmly encouraged by their chiefs Hooker and Kearny. Kearny in especial who lost an arm in Mexico, fought with the French at the Mouzaia, and at Solferino and Magenta, displayed the finest courage!

"Kearny immediately with Berry's Brigade led his men to the assault and soon the enemy was checked and a counter-offensive against the abatis and the entrenchments was ordered forward.

"Two of Kearny's aides had fallen around him and left alone he had electrified his men by his intrepidity"!

By dusk, Kearny's troops were in possession of the field. The enemy was soon in retreat; and Kearny slept on the field convinced that on the morrow Johnston was to be followed and destroyed. He would have followed through that night had not Hancock's skirmish on the right at 4:30 o'clock deceived both him and Hooker!

During all this time—Ripley!—the part of the Army massed on the road to the right remained passive! A single Division only had come up and the generals in command could not resolve to throw it into the engagement without seeing its supports!

Yet the sound of Hooker's—then Kearny's—musketry, the roar of their guns, were in their ears! Hooker's guns had been heard first in front; then on the side; and they were receding still! The balls and the shells began to whistle and shatter the trees. It was now about noon and after five hours of battle Sumner resolved to act. On the extreme right a brigade under General Hancock passed over an old rickety bridge over a creek which the enemy had not secured and came within the range of the troops on the left of Fort Magruder, and in a position to debouch upon the Confederate flank at the Williamsburg works. These troops on the right, ready for a flank movement, were in position about 12 o'clock, but made no attempt upon the enemy's flank except desultory shooting until nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By this time Kearny had already occupied the enemy's entrenchments, driven them towards Williamsburg, and a retreat had been ordered by the Confederate commanders.

But after remaining in their position for so long a time Hancock's batteries were felt by the Confederate Left under General Early; and General Early sought and received permission from General D. H. Hill to advance through a wood to silence them! Reaching its farther side his forces passed over a fence and heroically advanced to the guns of Hancock's little force over a wide open field.

General Early was soon wounded and the command fell upon the gallant Col. McCrae.

The rebel fighting in the attempt to seize Hancock's battery and drive off the Federal forces was desperate and carried forward

by Virginia and South Carolina regiments with a fury and success which "elicited the applause of the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the Federal troops of General Hancock's brigade."

Success nearly crowned the Southern effort; but Kearny's assault on the works against which Hooker had been striving through the long day of eight hours, had convinced Longstreet and Johnston that it was high time to withdraw from the contest originally intended only as a rear guard action to protect the wagon train. This retrograde movement was being delayed by the "unnecessary aggressiveness of General Early", and Colonel McCrae "received peremptory orders to retire towards Fort Magruder and to pass with the rest of the army to Williamsburg"; and so an opportunity to destroy Hancock's unsupported effort was lost.

At this moment Hancock's Brigade opened a deadly fire upon the rebel troops bravely retreating over the unprotected field extending one-half mile to the woods from which they had sprung to the attack; "and the fatalities in retiring over this open space were frightful."

But the Federals—38 regiments of leaderless troops eager to follow and kill—"made no attempt to charge"; and soon Colonel McCrae's forces reached the wood and their original position to the left of Fort Magruder. Kearny bewails bitterly in a letter that Hancock failed to follow up the retreating rebels. His letters show that Hancock's failure to do so falsified the military record! Gave Hooker and Kearny a false idea of Hancock's movements. Both felt that it would have been far better for Hancock to have withdrawn than to have made "a defensive battle".

At the moment when the battle was nearly over; certainly when the enemy had been driven from the field on the left; McClellan arrived from Yorktown! The apparent success of Hancock as viewed by him,—who had not the slightest idea that McCrae had been ordered to retire,—had been decisive. It was dusk; the night was coming on and the rain falling in torrents; and the firing continued for a time after McClellan's arrival. He had been all day at Yorktown,—despite the repeated cries for help from General Hooker,—embarking General Franklin's Division up the York River towards West Point to intercept the enemy's retreat. He saw only Hancock's "victory" and congratulated him upon his success; "and," writes General de Trobriand, then on the field, "without taking into consideration the long unsupported fight of Hooker and Kearny with two Divisions against 25,000 men,—Kearny entering the battle with only 1,900,—McClellan telegraphed from the field to Mr. Lincoln that Hancock had by 'a real bayonet charge' saved the day"!

Such the general account of the Battle of Williamsburg and a skeleton of Kearny's part in it. But from McClellan's Headquarters,

—from another member of his staff, comes a military critic's view of the battle,—also an eye witness—the Comte de Paris: "The situation was becoming serious! But the critical moment was selected by fortune for a sudden change! Stimulated less by Sumner's pressing orders than by the sound of cannon which called him to the field, Kearny comes at last to Hooker's assistance. Pushing his Division along the road which is encumbered by wagons he has turned to the left and after making his men, fatigued by a long march, throw off their knapsacks he deployed them with as much precision as if on a drill ground! Of a character difficult to manage, of a sharp and satirical turn of mind, this admirable soldier became a different man as soon as he found himself in the presence of the enemy! His calmness, his piercing glance, his clear voice, his orders always precise,—*'toujours précis'*,—inspired the confidence of all those who served under him. Deploying two brigades in line of battle and holding the third in reserve he allows Hooker's soldiers to pass between intervals of his battalion and takes up the battle in the wood in their place. He arrives in time to rescue one of the two batteries abandoned a moment before, which the enemy was about to seize. The latter, after a stubborn resistance, is driven back by Kearny as far as the abatis; but the enemy maintains himself a long time on that difficult ground, being supported by the fire from his own works at Fort Magruder. A final effort on the part of Kearny's Division wrests at last a portion of the abatis from the Confederates at the very time that the darkness of the evening is beginning to spread over the long contested battlefield."

Such the first great battle of the Civil War in the East upon which the eyes of the nation were fastened. In the West Grant & Co.,—ever the recipients of the *highest praise* from General Kearny,—were building their fame upon solid achievement; but the national gaze was unwilling to travel across the continent to the Mississippi; and the eyes of the East were focused through the reading glasses of the *Herald, Tribune, World* and *Post* upon the battlefield at Williamsburg.

Immediately after the battle at 10 o'clock in the evening of the 5th, McClellan wired Lincoln his famous,—Kearny thought his infamous,—dispatch: "Headquarters of the Army, Williamsburg, May 5th, 10 P.M. Hancock has taken two redoubts; repulsed Early's brigade by a real bayonet charge; I fear Hooker has *lost considerably*"!

Then on the 6th after Kearny had fully informed Colonel Sweitzer of McClellan's Staff,—who awakened Kearny at 2 A.M. sleeping on the field of battle to receive *that* oral report,—McClellan still ignores Hooker's and Kearny's Divisions! What motives inspired McClellan to continue his practices of suppression from Manassas through

Yorktown, through Williamsburg? This was Kearny's—the Nation's—question? The man McClellan is becoming suspect! Hooker too is suffering; he is scarcely mentioned: though fighting with a Division of 9,000 men against 25,000 Confederates and McClellan's whole army looking on whistling "Home Sweet Home" within twenty minutes' brisk walk of Hooker's position! Then Kearny fighting 20,000 men with 1,900, checking the Hound of War,—biting the heels of Hooker's fleeing forces,—driving them back to their entrenchments; out of their entrenchments and off for Richmond through Williamsburg without stopping and probably saving Hancock from disaster. Then the American army entering Williamsburg in the person of General Jameson of Kearny's Division on the early morning of the 6th after the same Division in the person of identically the same officer had first at midnight occupied Fort Magruder. No wonder Kearny begins to speculate as to McClellan's motives; and *how* he does it! Until finally when McClellan two months later lands up at Harrison's Landing after being beaten back by an inferior force from Kearny's position,—the nearest ever achieved to Richmond, three miles and a half,—Kearny has reached his decision and it is *not* "military imbecility",—it is in the alternative expressed to McClellan's face on two occasions: "Cowardice or treason!" But by that time Lincoln's entire cabinet had reached the same conclusion!

To Johnnies-on-the-spot McClellan's allocation of sole credit of victory to Hancock was neither just nor unjust; it was just a deliberate falsehood,—a much stronger word was used by many correspondents in the newspapers writing from the field of battle. It was not even caricature; caricature requiring a nucleus of truth in the picture to lend it reality. And the Army knew as Colonel Sweitzer of McClellan's staff told Kearny and repeated to many of his friends and as McClellan confidentially told others,—see Phil.'s letters,—that "Kearny had saved the Army."

Kearny rails bitterly—and justly against McClellan's repeated suppression of the Truth!—In Roman Jurisprudence *suppressio Veri,* was one form of lying under oath and was punished accordingly!—Not railing against McClellan *per se,*—in itself—but as sure to tend to the demoralization of his Division—a result proved true as Kearny wrote at Seven Pines. Then as to "Self", to quote Phil.: Robbing him of his "most precious right" as Professional Soldier,[3] "to military renown"! Phil.'s flaming sword had been unsheathed victoriously from what Lee called when he picked up Kearny's scabbard from his dead body at Chantilly, a scabbard designed for a "disabled

[3] This was President Taft's expression when Kearny's body was reinterred in the National Cemetery.

man", while McClellan, Commander-in-Chief, and four Corps and ten Division Commanders kept sheathed their sabres and listened complacently to Hooker's and Kearny's battle while the whole army and the cause of the Union was in danger! No hypothesis short of malicious suppression for a purpose as at Manassas explains McClellan's action,—read Kearny's letters.

Kearny in writing scientific military data under privilege to Cortlandt Parker,—Patriot,—and in pouring out his burning soul to Agnes, felt that he, Philip Kearny, everywhere lauded as arch type of the Volunteer—of the citizen—Soldier *as well as* a Soldier of the Old Army on the Frontier and in Mexico, was both championing the Union, the North and the Army, Justice, Truth and His and Hooker's Divisions; *and a careful study* of the now available documents tends to the judgment that suspicion—soon grown Opinion, then Conviction—was "natural" and logical; and that the "secret to all this" as Phil. wrote to Parker,—after trying the key to many locks,—fit McClellan's *disloyal heart and mind;* and at length,—but let's read Phil.'s letters on the subject; they were by no means love letters!

But was Kearny right in his assumption, *if so be,* of his Paramount Rôle on this Theatre of War? The Southern Press knew the truth and said so in the *Richmond Enquirer,*—its weekly edition, Vol. LVIX for May 20th, 1862.[4] "The eyes of the North are opening to the real character of McClellan's 'magnificent victory at Williamsburg' and the facts are gradually coming to light. Some of the newspapers have very wrongly attributed the Union victory at Williamsburg to Hancock's troops. This is a great mistake. Hancock's conduct was as General McClellan observes in his dispatches, brilliant and 'superb'; but compared to the bulk of the hard fighting of the day, it was a mere dash of a few moments! The hard fighting was done by the Divisions of General Philip Kearny and General Hooker. They began to fight at 7 o'clock in the morning. Their loss as shown by the official reports is over 2,000 killed and wounded; to be exact, 2,073. General Kearny's Division was first to enter Williamsburg. His Division alone lost 472 men killed and wounded. In Hancock's whole Division there were not over 30 men killed and wounded and most of them were only wounded. Here is a confession among the troops named of a loss of 2,103 men killed and wounded."

The *Tribune's* account of the battle published May 10th, dated Williamsburg May 7th, illustrates not only General Kearny's con-

[4] The entire research of the southern papers is due to a little letter addressed to General Kearny's most lovely great-granddaughter, Richmond, Virginia, asking for a little fragment of information.

trolling part but vividly portrays the scene,—makes the battle a living reality.

But the *Tribune,* too, introduces a theme running through Philip's letters—McClellan's Political tactics: Defeat would have "driven a political party out of power"!

KEARNY AT WILLIAMSBURG

The second line of rebel defenses above Yorktown consisted in thirteen formidable Earth forts within sure artillery touch with each other. One of them Fort Magruder was of great strength. Most of these forts were in front of the Divisions of Kearny and Hooker which formed the extreme left. There was no infantry whatever beyond this corps. Full two-thirds of the Southern army engaged in this important battle was therefore massed against Heintzelman's Corps composed of Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions.

Soon the fight became serious. The great preponderance of the Rebels with their carefully cultivated contempt for the courage of the Northern men impelled themselves upon our regiments with audacity and the characteristic rage of their civilization. The steadiness and pluck of the Northerners was what was expected of disciplined American troops. Our musketry was terribly destructive.

It however began to exhaust the cartridge boxes! Soon the equilibrium of the fight was lost; and the result to General Heintzelman's experienced eye when he arrived on the field at 1:45 wore a doubtful look.

He instantly sent to Kearny for reinforcements; then hurried an orderly to General Sumner to represent to him the instant necessity for his reinforcing him with more troops or by a diversion to be made by an attack on his part of the enemy's lines.

To Kearny in his rear full eight miles off he sent staff officer after staff officer to hurry him to extraordinary efforts to come up!

It was now that Death passed fastest through our ranks; and men fell to earth in heaps! A Massachusetts regiment, in order to set the example of resistance to the retreating regiments fleeing from the field fixed bayonets on their empty musket barrels and standing still awaited the coming avalanche. Ten minutes more and we would have been ruined,—8,000 men against 25,000! Ten minutes more would have saved the Rebellion; and caused the recognition of the revolted states. Ten minutes more would have crushed military reputations; and driven a political party out of power.

And just at this moment Brigadier General Berry of Kearny's

Division, directed by General Kearny to reinforce Hooker at any cost, wading through the mud and rain at such speed that the brigade actually overtook and passed three other brigades, came in sight. General Heintzelman shouted aloud the name of Kearny from sheer gratitude; ran to the nearest band and ordered it to meet Kearny's regiments with "Yankee Doodle", and to give them marching time into the field of fire with the "Star Spangled Banner". A wild "hurrah" went up from the Army! With a yell that was electric the three regiments of Kearny's Division, Berry's Brigade, went to the front; formed a line nearly half a mile long; and commenced firing such a volley that no troops on earth could have stood before them!

At the double quick Kearny's troops dashed with the bayonet at the Rebel array; and sent them flying from the field into their earthworks and drove them out behind, and then invited the Rebels to retake them which was attempted four times unsuccessfully.

The equilibrium of the battle was now restored and it was 4 o'clock and Generals Jameson and Birney of Kearny's Division exhorted by Kearny came up with their brigades covered with mud and steaming with the rain. They went to the front and soon the tide of the fight turned backwards. The timely arrival of Kearny's command saved the day!

We were ready for the renewal of the fight early the next morning. But in the mists of the rainy night the Confederates stole out of their entrenchments and retreated towards and through Williamsburg.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock the next morning General Jameson of Kearny's Division was in possession of Williamsburg; only half an hour before the rear guard of the Confederates had passed out of the town.[5] Such the picture in the *Tribune* which formed the popular conception of that bloody field!

General Sumner had failed to respond to Heintzelman's appeal. None others had volunteered their assistance to Kearny and Hooker although within sound of the guns and a short little walk! Yet Sumner, under McClellan in chief command, had the nerve to report: "General Hooker became engaged; he had some fighting; and I ordered Kearny to support him and he participated in the fight". Sumner hides the bushel under the light.

General Early, who was fighting Hancock, wrote his reminiscences of the battle and he recalled, writing out of his contemporaneous report, that when the order to retreat to Williamsburg was received

[5] If the bulk of the 38 idle regiments had pursued Johnston at this hour into Williamsburg following Kearny's Division, Johnston never could have escaped.

the regiments had advanced to a point of comparative shelter; but when they retired they suffered severely from the enemy's guns for they had to retire over a bare field. . . . "Had one of the brigades which had come up from the position from which mine had advanced been ordered up in support, Hancock's whole force would have been captured as the route for retreat was over a narrow mill dam". General Early also refers to McClellan's despatch in which McClellan said that: "Feigning to retreat slowly Hancock awaited their onset and then turned upon them with the bayonet routing and dispersing the whole force." Of this report Early recalls that it was "entirely devoid of truth. My regiments were not repulsed but retired under orders and there was no charge by the enemy with or without bayonets". General Longstreet, Phil.'s antagonist, tells the same story: "The conduct of General Hancock was given heroic proportions by his Chief who characterized him as 'Superb' to relieve by his picturesque figure of speech the disaster on his left". Of course that is the real truth; Kearny plainly shows it in his letters.

On the day of the battle the Prince de Joinville, while on his way to urge McClellan to leave Yorktown, met his nephew, also on McClellan's staff, the Duke de Chartres. "Everything", said the Duke, "is going to the Devil! There is nobody capable of commanding; and as you know McClellan is at Yorktown and several aides have not been able to induce him to come." De Trobbriand concludes the chapter:[6] "When McClellan finally decided to leave Yorktown at the urgent solicitation of Governor Sprague and the Prince de Joinville, he reached the battlefield *when everything was over.* One need not be very much surprised that *knowing nothing himself* of what had happened, but in a great hurry to give an account of the battle, he had sent a despatch at 10 o'clock in the evening the errors of *which bordered on the ridiculous*". He then quotes McClellan's despatch; and advances, laughingly, toward Hancock's redoubts: " 'He repulsed Early's Brigade by a real bayonet charge.' 'He took a colonel and 180 prisoners; killing at least 200 and as many lieutenant colonels and many soldiers.' As to Hooker, he hardly mentions him, all he says is 'I do not know exactly what our loss is; but I fear Hooker has lost considerable on our left'. That is all. Not a word about Kearny. And yet Hooker's Division had fought

[6] Since the issue is now joined between Kearny and McClellan,—later between Lincoln in the White House, represented by Kearny holding identic military and political opinions on the field;—at least Mr. Lloyd Lewis, who has written one of the great books on the Civil War has so written this author,—foreign observers and two of these on McClellan's Staff and all actually on the field are selected to interpret the issues now and later; and to furnish a view of Kearny as soldier.

for six hours with a desperation shown by a loss of about 1,700 men; Kearny's Division 300. Was the General-in-Chief ignorant of this? *Or were those accessories invisible to him on account of the brilliant achievement of the capture of two unoccupied redoubts and of a real charge with the bayonet?"*

It is plain that Hooker and Kearny fought the battle in the presence of 30,000 idle troops;[7] that Kearny saved Hooker; and so the army; and Kearny makes no bones about two things: The outrage of a commander, whether Heintzelman who *claimed* supreme command on the field, or Sumner who *exercised* it, or McClellan fighting from the Rear seat at Yorktown, allowing the great Hooker with 9,000 men to fight the whole Confederate army; and next makes no bones about telling his Lawyer,—and so Lincoln as we shall see,—and his beloved Agnes the exact truth.

But perhaps these are mere experts who are talking,—professional soldiers. Did the unknown soldier see the affair in the same way through his stupid eyes?

Two Chaplains, Gerrish and Hutchinson, one in the Northern, one in the Southern army, wrote one of the fascinating books on the war, "The Blue and the Gray" and of Kearny's part at Williamsburg; this Synthetic Person writes: "Hooker's troops exhausted their ammunition and would undoubtedly have been driven from the field. But at 4 o'clock in the afternoon[8] the Division of General Kearny came up on the double quick; relieved Hooker's men; *re-established the battle* and held their position". Doctor Cudworth, chaplain of the First Massachusetts, chronicles that Kearny came up on the double quick, puffing and reeking with moisture and spattered all over with mud as were his brigadiers, Generals Berry and Birney. "They were welcomed *with tears of joy* which ran down over more than one anxious and battle-stained cheek as they splashed eagerly along." They went upon the field as a strong man rejoiceth to run a race! With irresistible impetus they advanced; pouring volley after volley; throwing away knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets, crowding up into the *very faces of the rebels* who now stubbornly contested the ground inch by inch.

"Faster and faster flew the deadly missiles as the rebels withered and melted away under the scorching volleys of General Kearny's Division. At last they broke up and fell back towards Williamsburg,

[7] Hooker's famous paragraph "that History would not believe" that this was a fact is quoted in Horace Greeley's History of the War,—which History doesn't believe as popularly interpreted! It is "unbelievable"!

[8] Kearny and Berry's Brigade arrived at 2:45. The balance of Kearny's troops at intervals before 4 P.M.

leaving their dead and wounded in our hands and the hard fought field in our possession." [9]

Then McClellan offers his "Apologia" a week after the battle. The New Jersey papers had complained bitterly. Apparently "the goods," it drew forth from Phil. who knew news when he saw it, the word "imposter"; for as Phil. details in question and answer form in his letters to Parker the full text of his oral report—2 A.M., May 6th—of the battle to Colonel Sweitzer, McClellan's aide, Kearny now knows,—and no one but Colonel Sweitzer and McClellan could know that Kearny knows,—that McClellan told simply an untruth when he wrote of his ignorance of Kearny's and Hooker's battle in his telegram to Stanton on the *6th of May from Williamsburg* following his telegram at 10 o'clock of the night before. Besides Kearny viewed the retraction as futile, now as then "Old news was No news," at least that's the way Phil. saw it. McClellan's Apologia reads like this:

"Without waiting further for official reports which have not yet reached me, I wish to bear testimony to the splendid conduct of Hooker's and Kearny's Divisions under command of General Heintzelman in the battle of Williamsburg. Their bearing was worthy of veterans. Hooker's Division for hours gallantly withstood the attack of greatly superior numbers with very heavy loss.

"Kearny arrived in time to restore the fortunes of the day; and came most gallantly into action.

"If I had the full information I now have in regard to the troops above named when I first telegraphed they would have been specially mentioned and commended. I spoke only of what I knew at the time and shall rejoice to do full justice to all engaged. Geo. B. McClellan, Major General Commanding."

Besides on the night of the battle at 9:30 Heintzelman writes Sumner from *Sumner's headquarters* where McClellan one-half hour later wrote his despatch: "We have been hard pressed all day and nothing but the opportune arrival of General Kearny's Division saved us from defeat." Then Heintzelman *reports fully* to General McClellan on May 7th, enclosing all the Divisional and Brigade reports. Yet McClellan writes four days later about awaiting "fuller reports"!—something wrong with this picture, General McClellan!—but see Kearny's letters. They are not only good sometimes classic

[9] Campaigns of a Non-combatant: "Hancock's charge was a myth. McClellan reported it as he reported everything. His system of laudation was nothing more than a part and parcel of his system of *self-deception*. General Hancock's first laurels were gained at Williamsburg; his celebrated 'charge' was altogether fictitious; the musket, not the bayonet, gave us the victory."

literature; they are what is infinitely more important: History and interesting "soliloquies"; so thought Cortlandt Parker.

But how did Phil.'s light shine in the eyes of his enemies: across the field of battle. Did it blind them to his courage?

Fortunately Colonel Estvan of the Prussian Army was now serving in the Confederate Army and saw Phil. play his flaming act. No wonder the delightful Miss Ewell—,"Becky" Ewell,—the sister of Phil.'s old friend of the Mexican charge at whose house near Williamsburg Phil. stayed while at Williamsburg, told Phil. that "his old friends had told her all about him"! Colonel Estvan looks across the field and sees that Hooker's position became every minute more critical and desperate; felt Hooker's daring had imprudently led him into an engagement which he might have avoided but that he was too high spirited and too much excited; and when he found out the mistake he had made, that he had to deal not only with Howell Cobb's Brigade but *with a whole corps d'Armée,* that he "sent to General McClellan for support"! Then Estvan sees something ahead in the distance which alike delights and concerns him! He looks furtively over his shoulder towards Williamsburg and the road leading to the Chickahominy! The Prussian sees a *soldier* in the offing whose reputation on foreign fields was known to him! "General McClellan acceded to Hooker's urgent appeal and immediately ordered up General Philip Kearny to Hooker's aid. He could not have sent a better man! Kearny was of that chivalrous character so often to be met with in the French Army. He had lost an arm in the Mexican War and he afterwards joined the French Army as volunteer aide-de-camp in the Italian Campaign, greatly distinguishing himself at both Solferino and Magenta. He brought up his men at the double quick to support Hooker although the execrable state of the roads retarded him; but he eventually reached the hard pressed Division of General Hooker. It was a fine sight to see Kearny lead on his troops eager for the fight as they were! He seemed to be ubiquitous, now leading on his troops, now ordering up a battery; in another moment charging at the head of his men. His striking manly form was present where the fighting was thickest, setting a noble example to his soldiers. The opposing troops were soon intermingled in a regular mêlée, and both sides fought desperately. The struggle which had commenced at the verge of a wood was gradually drawn into the forest itself and here under the cracking branches of venerable trees, amidst the roar of artillery, many desperate hand-to-hand encounters took place such as have seldom been witnessed in other wars. There was something so wild and terrible in the aspect of that day's strife, all those who have survived it must look back upon it with a shudder."

The French military historian, General Grasset, writes doubtless

from the reports he had gathered from those who had personally seen Kearny in the fray. But he wrote history,—military history for the education of the youths of the French Army; Truth was his motto as Teacher. *"Le feu est terrible.* Hooker who marches at the head is brought back with great losses; *les soldats de Kearny tiennent de longues heures.* . . . Night falls! There is the red flare from the cannon fire producing images in outline of men on the field. On this background stands out in sharp relief the white horse of General Kearny, pacing in front of the troops. The proud silhouette of General Kearny appears like the genius of wars—*La fiere silhouette de General apparait comme le genie de la guerre!* One asks one's self how existence can be carried on in this living hell hole! . . . This splendid soldier's hour has not yet come! The brilliant Kearny, the volunteer in Africa and of Italy; the rich officer who has paid his debt to our country, is destined to fall one day in *trying to repair the faults of his general."*

Heintzelman now "views" the scene; Kearny is emphatic in his letters that Heintzelman was not "with me at the front"!

"I cannot find words to express my admiration of the gallantry of Kearny and Hooker. General Jameson of Kearny's Division was *the first officer at Williamsburg.* I cannot close my report without commending anew Generals Kearny and Hooker for their unreserved exertions and conspicuous gallantry; General Kearny lost two members of his staff killed".

And so on the faith of Heintzelman's report we must add to "First" in Mexico and First at Alexandria, Manassas and Yorktown; and Fort Magruder: "First at Williamsburg".

In Kearny's Division fought the ancestor of a well known New Yorker; Governor Roosevelt's counsel in "Jimmie" Walker's removal proceedings from the mayoralty; and in Kearny's report his gallant conduct is mentioned: "The colonel of the 37th New York reports the conduct of all his officers worthy of mention and as worthy of special notice Sargeant Martin Conboy of Company B, 37th New York."

Professor Michie in his Biography of McClellan,—we have already had a little talk from this West Point professor at Yorktown,—speaks as learned military man of Kearny's part at Williamsburg:

"Kearny's regiment began to gain ground and ultimately forced the enemy from their advanced position in the captured batteries. The vigorous resistance offered by the troops of Generals Hooker's and Kearny's Divisions that were actually engaged is best illustrated by their losses. In Kearny's Division the aggregate loss of 416 was distributed among five regiments, 219 in Berry's and 117 in Birney's. Official reports of the Confederate losses against Kearny and

Hooker were 1,050 which shows the desperate character of the contest on this part of the field against the slight skirmishing of Hancock in the late afternoon.[10] The attention of the Confederates was wholly occupied in the battle going on on their right.

The London *Times* on May 24th wrote a true story: It is not the flattery of compliment to say that Kearny saved the army! It is the truth which the soldiers and officers on the left surely know.

Throughout Phil.'s letters, soon to be read, and for the editing of which,—the understanding of them,—the salient features of the subjects of their narrative are now being thrown on the screen, the refrain is constant that there is a clique running this war on the Peninsula. It is useless to bring forward a cloud of witnesses—after the fatal field of the Plains of Manassas, General Schurz and General Gibbon, ideal Volunteer and West Pointer, will hold the stage on this interesting subject. But now at this very time the pressure upon Lincoln's ear is so strong that it loosens his tongue and he writes McClellan a confidential letter which shows how strongly scandalous the conduct of the clique has grown:

LINCOLN ON McCLELLAN'S CLIQUE

White House, May 9, 1862. My dear Sir. I wish to say a word or two to you quietly. I ordered the Army Corps organization on the unanimous opinions of every military man. Your struggle against it is resented in quarters which cannot be entirely ignored. It is looked upon as merely an effort to pamper one or two pets; and to persecute and disgrace their supposed rivals. I am told constantly you have no communications with the three highest officers with you; that you consult with nobody but Generals Porter and Franklin.

Do the commanders of corps disobey your orders in anything? When you relieved General Hamilton [11] of his command the other day, you thereby lost the confidence of at least one of your best friends in the Senate. And let me say that both Senators and Representatives speak of me in their places as they please without question and that officers of the Army must cease addressing insulting letters to them for taking no greater liberties with them.

But to return: Are you strong enough,—are you strong enough even with my help,—to set your foot upon the necks of Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes? Yours truly, A. Lincoln.

[10] This language is literally, unknown to Professor Michie, a sentence from one of Kearny's letters!

[11] Kearny succeeded Hamilton.

When McClellan was fighting in Mexico his two diary entries were read into the record for use just as this moment; one about his amibitions, one about "the cursed volunteers"! Throughout this period the newspapers published unsigned letters which told of the attitude of the Commander-in-Chief and of the West Pointers generally to the volunteer. In the New York *Times* of August 8th the Editor wrote that the West Pointers are a class apart; to mix with them is about as hard for the American common soldier as for the private of the regular army to rise beyond a sargeant. Of course, Phil. was a part of the Old Army, commanded entirely in Mexico in its chief posts by non-West Pointers,—and the Army of the Potomac was called a "West Point Army." At that time—in Mexico—no such antagonism was felt. Never was between the general officers fighting in the Peninsula who belonged to that Old Army as most all of them did. But the fact as stated by Lincoln and the *Times* was a half truth that around McClellan had gathered a clique,—*accidentally* West Pointers,—who to the world *falsely represented* that institution—and hurt it.[12]

Kearny's military dogma practiced in action in Mexico, at Manassas, Yorktown and Williamsburg, counseled "Following Through" with overwhelming numbers engaging in battle and destroying Johnston's army. But McClellan, professed Tactician and Strategist, remains for days at Williamsburg and follows leisurely up the Peninsula to White House Landing. Franklin, whose embarkation to destroy General Johnston by a flank movement, was McClellan's justification for remaining out of a fight, has a love skirmish with a portion of Johnston's army at West Point; and Johnston escapes![13]

[12] Little data critical of West Point appeared in the American press; but abroad the practical defects of its educational system,—no one breathed a word against its superb engineering education,—were analyzed for self-instruction. *Le Moniteur,* November 22nd, 1862, found that the undergraduate was taught an implacable discipline; eiquette was carried *"au outrance";* the aristocratic, not the democratic, spirit was inculcated; all of which, capable of being taught gradually over several years to chosen characters in their early teens, was wholly unsuited for the instruction of 700,000 older raw citizen recruits and volunteers, instinct with the spirit of democracy. And when the captain became Major General and the Cadet a Colonel "with the vast disproportion between his education and his experience" due to the necessity of obtaining officers, not for an army of 200,000 men but for millions, "the West Point education practically became a source of weakness." The South, it was pointed out, being "aristocratic," more easily accepted the "Martinetcy"; yet this comment in the *Dispatch* May 9th points to a like feeling: "West Point is an admirable school; but human nature and the management of volunteers is not taught there."

[13] In this engagement, Kearny's old brigade made the principal attack,—the Division and the Brigade in the first and second battles on the Peninsula. See *infra.*

Gurowski says McClellan and his clique professed to be great tacticians and strategists and despised the Battle Soldier symbolized —to him—supremely in Phil. Kearny,—who incidentally was symbol of neither; but of Soldier; that is, alike fighter and strategist, and able to "fight his strategy" as few men ever did, which of course McClellan was incapable of. Let's watch the battle of Williamsburg and the campaign in the light of the evolution of an idea: McClellan, Symbol of Tactician against Phil. Kearny, Symbol of "Soldier"; and first for a Confederate opinion: of "Following Through" at Williamsburg, and beating Johnston and capturing Richmond.

"I can make this one criticism of General McClellan that he did not have a flying column mobilized and ready to advance promptly and overtake Johnston's retreating army." He might easily have added that had Kearny not been called to come from the rear but had embarked instead of Franklin on the White House expedition Johnston's army might well have been thrown into the Chickahominy.

The Comte de Paris after commenting on the opportunity to throw the Divisions left at Yorktown, two of which McClellan upon leaving for the front had not embarked, to attack the enemy in retreat from Williamsburg tells us: "Notwithstanding the presence of General McClellan this opportunity was lost, in consequence of delays not yet accounted for. Now as at Annandale three months later Franklin though embarked was still at Yorktown on the evening of the battle and had heard the low thunder of Hooker's guns in that conflict," and Major General John Watts de Peyster writes in Phil.'s biography that victory if followed up would have given us the rebel Capital. "Richmond was thrown into confusion." Later we shall read the History of Richmond's psychology from present consternation to supreme confidence.

The Confederate Commander-in-Chief in defending himself on May 19th against the charge that he was beaten shows McClellan's opportunity: Had the enemy beaten us on the 5th as he claims, we should have pursued from Williamsburg on the following morning. Our troops engaged leaving Williamsburg on the following morning marched but twelve miles; and the army in its march to the cross-roads averaged less than ten miles a day. Our flank would have been turned *at West Point if pursued.*

But all this tactical business, this fighting business and everything else was subordinated in Kearny's "Strategy" to the primary object, the Nation and the Union. It was also to Phil. Kearny a disastrous sacrifice of human life to exercise his great military skill and then have McClellan fill the great hospitals at Williamsburg College with wrecked human sacrifices. To end the war now and to crush the Rebellion would have made away with the scenes that pierced the

bottoms of his being and which found him in the hospitals not putting his hand on dying men's foreheads, but in *practically* aiding the wounded from his own pocketbook and he was boundlessly liberal in this direction. But what he saw was not pleasant and he cursed the day that McClellan's inaction prophesied many repetitions of the scene. "I cannot forget," declared a spectator, "my first observations of the hospitals! Such sights I never before witnessed and pray I may never do so again!" Hurried from the battlefield and thrown together in the most reckless manner the sufferers were just as they had fallen. Neither washed nor dressed with the blood of their ghastly wounds drying upon them; without refreshments or consolation they presented a picture of woe rarely equalled. Here were the stiff bodies of those who had died in the night. "In one room I counted half a dozen such." The floors and cots were red with blood. Many of the sufferers were speechless. "Some of the wounded were exactly the same as I had seen them on the battlefield." One poor fellow whose skull was crushed had slipped from his cot out on the floor and was dying in dreadful agony. The clothes of all were wet from the drenching storm of Monday and their plight was entirely beyond relation. Not to have followed and destroyed Johnston when it was plainly in McClellan's power,—well Phil. thought it was just murder.

Tales of atrocious treachery and cruelty fanning the flame of hatred —some said it was a military device to train the soldiers to take or give no quarter, that reports of treachery were spread through the soldiers,—appeared not infrequently in private letter and diary; sometimes stories of uncertain origin appeared in the papers; very rarely in Official Reports. Yet Heintzelman at Williamsburg reports "two authentic instances" of what he called "dastardly conduct"; against which Phil.'s friend, General Pickett, counterclaimed at the Battle of Seven Pines,—in both cases the treacherous use of the White Flag.

But the real warfare was as Colonel Estvan described it, stand-up combat between men fighting for a Cause and the best illustration of this conduct was given in Colonel Poe's report to Philip Kearny; it was magnificent; it certainly caught the heroic Poe's imagination; it must have been a fight between representative soldiers, North and South: "I ought perhaps to speak of Private Allen, a new recruit, never having had a musket until the day before. He was found dead beside a dead foe, each transfixed by the other's bayonet"!

Miscellaneous episodes,—some very interesting,—found their way into the written records. Major Elderkin—of Fort Gibson—saw *Kerney* while Elderkin was taking the wounded off the field ride to the Zouaves whose colonel was taken prisoner and saying, "Where is your colonel, boys?"—"We don't know", was the answer.—Then Phil.

said: "Follow me" and "he led them on to a gallant charge"; and the Major adds, "Constantly *Kerney* exposed himself in this way."

Years later when General de Peyster was writing his Biography of Philip Kearny, he wrote to General Hooker who turned up at de Peyster's splendid place at Tivoli on the Hudson. Hooker told de Peyster one thing he shouldn't *let it get out of his biography,* "The remarkable fact which you ought not to forget in your narrative of that fight. Kearny's Division was the last to leave Yorktown and was the first to come to my assistance and to arrive at the field."

In the confidence of his privileged letters to Agnes Phil. tells her lots of "tales"!—again to quote Parker "Soliloquies"—which must be interpreted accordingly. Among other things he tells her of his exposing himself in battle—with a purpose—and of the enemy deliberately firing at him. Later on at Seven Pines the wounded in the hospital, prisoners of war, tell the same story. On the field of Williamsburg it was said by an onlooker that the rebel soldiers watched Phil. with intense interest and were directed by their officers to take a bead on that "one-armed devil", as they dubbed him; but failing to get him, a whole regiment, the Fifth Carolina, deliberately aimed at him; but his "life was apparently charmed" and his work went on uninterruptedly.[14]

On May 30th, 1862, "E. W. L." wrote from near the battlefield, "Do you know that some rebels taken prisoners said they and others were ordered to fire and in every way try to kill that general with one arm doing so much mischief"!

Phil. was naturally very anxious,—so was Hooker,—to see what possible psychology moved around in Sumner's brain in his extraordinary conduct during the battle. So Kearny characteristically rides over to Sumner's Headquarters, and doubtless after passing a few words with his old friend about his first assignment at Fort Leavenworth as escort for Pottawattomie Indians has a talk with "Old Sumner", and then comes back to Hooker's Headquarters with one of the most extraordinary stories ever told. Kearny told Hooker that he had just seen Sumner and that to his astonishment,—needless to say to Hooker's astonishment plus!—that the Battle of Williamsburg was not understood; that McClellan had understood it as an affair of the heads of columns while Hooker claimed that the attack was made upon General Hooker!

"It was on the contrary", said Sumner, "a real pitched battle in which I was in command. The attack on Hooker was a mere feint. The intention was to break through our center; but I frustrated the design and had my men drawn up in five lines. Seeing the dispositions I had made they did not dare attack!" And so Sumner lost a

[14] Incidents of the Civil War by Frazer Kirklin.

couple of hundred men and Hooker and Kearny lost 2300! Such the feint upon General Hooker! Hooker on this occasion actually said: "Why, that makes me feel faint!"

One episode occurred just as Kearny went into the fray,—and in view of the fact that Hooker had been beaten and Heintzelman for six hours was lost in the shuffle, certainly for two hours and a half, the scene is amusing.[15]

When Phil. came up, General Heintzelman approached him, "Hadn't you better let Hooker go in and help you? You are a stranger to your command?" Kearny laughed outright in his face! And the event proved the laugh! "General Heintzelman, on every occasion I can make men follow me to hell"! And right after the battle Phil. wrote Agnes that he knew that his men now realized that he knew "his business." They had no doubt of his courage.

Of all the despatches McClellan wrote during the campaign;—of all the letters and documents—these following four of Williamsburg origin which will be repeated in other forms throughout the campaign are the most singular: "I count on a life and death struggle. If I am not reinforced will have to fight double my number strongly entrenched." Again: "I find no fighting men left on the Peninsula; all such are in the ranks of the opposing foe. The whole body of the Confederate officers have no Union feeling." How was this known! We will read this again after Col. Key's talk with Howell Cobb. At the very moment when the enemy was abandoning his positions at Williamsburg on the night of the 5th and just at the very time that Kearny's Division in the person of General Jamison was entering Fort Magruder and Williamsburg, McClellan wrote: "I have Joe Johnston in front of me with a large force much greater than mine and very strongly entrenched. I will at least try to hold them in check here. The total of my force is without any doubt inferior to that of the rebels who still fight well. But I will do all that I can with the troops at my disposal." One Hundred Twelve Thousand three hundred and ninety-three men against fifty-three thousand. And then: "Are you satisfied with my bloodless victory? When I came up I was satisfied I could save the Army!"[16]

Can you blame Kearny for the wildest kind of imaginations about

[15] Heintzelman was at Sumner's Headquarters for four hours after the beginning of the battle, leaving there at eleven o'clock, when he left for Hooker's position a mile and a half distant. He did not arrive till one-thirty. No man knows what he was doing in the interim. A look at his letters in the Congressional Library throws no light on the subject.

[16] The vicious circle of news falsely founded, found its way into Congressional action. Congress thanked McClellan profoundly "for important results with little loss of human life." And hence the bunk which becomes history founded on apparently authoritative documentation.

such a tactician, such a strategist, such a soldier? And Kearny's imagination quickened by the Celt and the Gaul that was in him checked and double-checked by the shrewd planning, cautious judgment of his Scotch and English forebears reached a conclusion,—but see his letters!

The Battle is now behind us. Kearny is at a loss to thank his Division. His Maine and Michigan troops both were equally willing to serve but the Maine boys had been withheld by their corps commander. So he makes a point of rectifying any false inferences on the part of the homefolks. Kearny's theory which he fought for in the New Jersey Legislature through Parker was—as we know—against melding New Jersey troops in the mass of troops from other states; state pride, state patriotism, in some sense "states right," was his formula.[17] He immediately gets off this letter to Governor Washburn: As Commanding General of this Division of which two of the generals commanding brigades, Generals Jameson and Berry, as well as two regiments, the Third Maine, Colonel Staples, and the Fourth, Colonel Walker, form a part, I take this opportunity of calling to your notice their meritorious conduct in the late fight and to *display* the fact that although these regiments were not sufferers in the late engagement having been detached by General Heintzelman to guard the left flank, by their steady and imposing attitude, they contributed to the success of those more immediately engaged. "And I assure you, Sir, that with such material commanded by such sterling officers nothing but success can crown our efforts when the occasion arises,"—a prophecy perfectly proven!

After Williamsburg McClellan strolls up the Peninsula; reaches White House—Mrs. Lee's home—where he establishes Headquarters and a base of operations against the capital of the Confederacy. So slow had been his stroll at the rate of two miles a day for twenty-two days that the wits in the Army, dubbed him the "Virginia Creeper"! At Williamsburg Phil. stopped for two days at the lovely residence of Miss Ewell as her guest which he speaks of in his letters. This charming "little old lady" referred to was undoubtedly Ewell's sister Rebecca. "Lizzie" was his niece, then in her early twenties. By a process of exclusion everyone may be eliminated except Miss Rebecca, an older sister. Dick Ewell,—the General, "old Baldy"—was 45[18] at the time, and his sister, Rebecca, was 54. Colonel Benjamin Ewell, his older brother, was President of William

[17] When finally Lincoln's Cabinet were convinced of the danger of McClellan's employing the army for a coup d'état as he actually planned,—see *infra*,—the object of "his clique" in opposing Kearny's decentralization of State Troops became plain.

[18] Ewell's troops, familiarly, and always affectionately, so called him.

and Mary College. He had two residences, one in Williamsburg, the official residence of the President of the College, which he rarely occupied, and the other was three miles out of the town, and this is undoubtedly the place where General Kearny stayed.[19] Glad he did, for the Ewell house in the country was charming,—all Ewell!

After the battle Johnston without stopping passes through Williamsburg; skirmishes with Franklin at West Point and when McClellan reaches White House, is safely beyond Fair Oaks Station, a point beyond which McClellan's Army never reaches. He reaches it on August 25th, by its occupation by Generals Hooker and Kearny after the battle of Oak Ridge.[20]

South of McClellan's position at "White House",—the old Custis place, where General Washington had spent his early married life, occupied by Mrs. General Lee who remained within the Federal lines for a month—lay the Chickahominy River. By May 30th McClellan had thrown Keyes' and Heintzelman's Corps across the river, to its southern bank, facing the main body of the rebel army; thus inviting attack and defeat of his left wing by the combined rebel Force, should the Chickahominy, swollen by the terrible rains, prevent his right wing from joining his left.

It needed none of Kearny's letters,—it was a matter of common sense,—that the two corps on the south side were in imminent danger. The Voice of military Historians is so loud against this "strategy", —soon to be so nearly fatal at Seven Pines,—that a voluntary officer of distinction, but with no pretense to being "Military Rabbi," will express it. General Martin Curtis of New York and St. Lawrence County: "That this situation violated an important military maxim as well as the plainest principles of common sense was well known to McClellan".

As the 1st of June approached,—the army in this perilous position —reports from the front, one particularly on May 21st, in the "uncensored" foreign papers "felt the feel" of an approaching battle; "It is easy to see by the despatches that a great battle before Richmond is at hand. People ask themselves if the Confederates will defend Richmond,"—so the Washington correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* told its readers on June 8th: and on the 29th of May the same question is asked in the same paper: "Will the Confederates defend

[19] A private letter by Dr. Percy Hamlin to this author. His wife is a niece in her generation of General Ewell.

[20] The *Herald* ascribed to Phil.'s brigade the principal part, and describes its first battle,—at West Point: "The New Jersey Regiment received orders to charge the battery and at it they went with loud cheers that made the very forest ring! Before the Jersey boys got through the woods the rebels turned tail and ran." Brick House Point, not West Point across the stream, is the right name of the battlefield. *Richmond Dispatch* May 14th; *Herald* May 7th.

Richmond against an attack which seems imminent;" so strong was this foreign opinion which went forward without censorship that on May 27th it was reported in that paper that Richmond had been taken; "But the rumor has not yet been confirmed!" Grant will confirm it in three years!

Then suddenly about noon of the 31st of May firing heavier and more sustained than that which the troops on the north bank of the Chickahominy had been so long accustomed to hear, "Rouses us all. General Kearny who had just stopped to make a call on General Sedgwick remounted his horse and galloped off in great haste to his own command";—so wrote General Sedgwick's son, John, to a friend.

But before getting mixed up in this awful battle where Phil. again rescues others whom Johnston was sure he could drive into the Chickahominy, let's read some of Phil's flaming letters about the scenes through which he had passed from Yorktown to Seven Pines; for at those Seven Pines near Fair Oaks Station the battle is to be waged.

CHAPTER XI

KEARNY'S LETTERS AND THEIR LITERATURE

KEARNY'S letters now published for the first time,—at one time their publication violently demanded in the newspapers throughout America,—were written by him to his wife, Agnes Maxwell Kearny, as "Dearest Love" and to Cortlandt Parker as "Dear Parker"; and became the subject of a vast newspaper literature during the Fall of 1862, for two of these letters were published after his death and became successful levers alike to pry McClellan out of his job as Generalissimo, and as campaign documents at the time of the call for McClellan's nomination as Presidential candidate by the Pro-Southerners headed by the "Tammany" Chieftain, Fernando Wood. In short, Phil. had prophesied rightly, "a game of Politics not war," as Phil. dubbed McClellan's *Military* campaign.

An unreal picture—even a distorted one—of Phil.'s thinking, of his psychology, may be drawn without keeping steadily in mind that these letters were *highly* privileged, being addressed to his eminently-to-be-trusted counselor—*facile princeps* Leader of the New Jersey, perhaps of the American Bar; a great Personal and Traditional Family Friend of the Kearnys through five generations and connected by marriage; and were addressed not so much to Parker personally or to Parker "Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law" but to Parker, Patriot and Statesman, a power in Republican politics and whose pure spirit was spending itself in making available for the Nation,—for the Preservation of Webster's Union,—all of New Jersey's men and material best suited as a means to that high end; and who was convinced that the military data and the military judgments on the commanding officers in the Peninsula, and on the campaign and its conduct, derived from a soldier whom he considered par excellence the most experienced, and ablest soldier available to the Nation, Philip Kearny, would guide infallibly his judgment. And so he solicited from that competent soldier his expressions of opinion under a triple seal of privilege,—friendship, fellow patriotism and finally one sanctioned and guaranteed by law, Attorney and Client. And these letters to Parker,—these letters to Agnes, his wife,—must ever be read in the light of the Selfless Spirit of Phil.'s military reports,—as in Mexico he was "attending" his battles!

At the time of the Civil War Cortlandt was a leading, perhaps un-

officially the leading Republican of New Jersey; a founder of the Party in that state. He was also a staunch supporter of Abraham Lincoln, to Parker symbol of the Union, not of Freedom or Slavery. Parker—like Kearny illustrated in the Hutchinson episode—was for the Union First, Foremost and in all things! Parker too was very active,—and now he crosses Phil.'s military path,—in the organization of the New Jersey Militia; determined to place in command the ablest officers and to "equip the men most perfectly." Characteristically in this as in all things, Personal, Social, Family and Professional, Parker Achieved,—he always "Followed Through."

Many times Parker as patriot, probably oftentimes as Phil.'s legal advocate,—the facts are not known,—saw the President and was very instrumental in bringing to the President's attention the very best views, the facts, on the subjects so close to the heart of these three great Patriots,—and above all the facts concerning the Army of the Potomac and its soldiers. It was during the third of these interviews that Mr. Lincoln's reputed difficulty in remembering some faces got the better of him. Mr. Parker great in height and distinguished in person and of commanding countenance, remonstrated with the President for failing to remember him, adding, "You must remember me next time"! "I guess," said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile and a hand on Cortlandt's shoulder, "I can do that for you, Mr. Parker. You favor Mr. Charles A. Dana of the *Tribune;* only your head is a little more naked"! In 1884 Mr. Parker became President of the American Bar Association.

Such was the man to whom Kearny—Patriot—turned to state the military case for the salvation of the Union; to cast out of the Temple of the Union, the Money-Changer, the Incompetent, the Traitor, the Suspect and the Coward. To put men in Military Being; apt instruments to fulfill Lincoln's and Parker's lofty purpose.

The letters delighted Parker and since they were not strictly Professional, he showed them to mutual friends. All agreed they were great letters! Their charm was, they thought aloud! "Soliloquies," Cortlandt called them. And then "Pet" Halstead, Phil.'s neighbor at Bellegrove, who had on a number of occasions seen President Lincoln urging Kearny's fitness to command the New Jersey Brigade, later to the highest command in the Army, to whom Phil. had written, as he "knew" privileged letters on the military situation in the Peninsula, drawing vivid pictures of McClellan's unfitness to command, at length showed his Kearny letters around with the result that the news spread that the outstanding soldier on the Peninsula had denounced General McClellan as incompetent and,—all kinds of things! Finally the news reached Washington and a copy of one,—so Gideon Welles recorded in his Journal,—was handed around to

Lincoln and members of Lincoln's Cabinet. Charges of Abolitionist propaganda, of forgery, were made. Even the usually reticent Commodore Lawrence Kearny was appealed to successfully and was drawn into the correspondents' columns of the papers. It was at this point that the following editorial appeared in the New York *Herald,* copied throughout the country:

HERALD, SEPTEMBER 18, 1862.
GENERAL McCLELLAN AND GENERAL KEARNY

A statement is going the rounds of the papers alleging that General Kearny just before his death wrote a letter to "Pet" Halstead of Newark in which he denounced General McClellan. This statement was *Forged* by the Radical Abolitionists under the impression that because Kearny was dead it could not be contradicted! We have however the authority of Commodore Kearny, a cousin of General Kearny, for stating that no such letter was ever written! This is not the first time that the radical Abolitionists have attempted to give their cowardly lies currency by foisting them upon honorable men, etc.

Then came the Commodore's letter to the *Herald:* One of the New York newspapers states that a letter written by General Kearny to N. V. Halstead had been made public. If there be such a letter it is due to McClellan and Kearny that it be produced; and in part due to myself after having said what I did in your paper of the 12th. Mr. Halstead admitted to a friend of mine that what I said was correct; begging at the same time I would write no more about it. I demand the original letter!

For the next three weeks the letter—or its ghost—reappeared in editorial and news column. At length it was published; and outside of the comments on the other soldiers in the Peninsula, its special reference to McClellan as it appeared in the *Boston Transcript* on October 12th reads like this, "As for McClellan, he is burnt out. Never once on the battle-field, you have nothing to hope from him as leader of a column! How do they expect Pope to beat, with a very inferior force, the veterans of Ewell and Jackson? But these are episodes. We deceive ourselves! There was a people of old!—It was the warrior Spartan, with his Helot of the fields. The South have realized it. There was an ambitious people of recent time, and a conscription pandered to her invasion! At this moment the South exemplifies them both. 'Peace, peace, but there is no peace'. No, no, not even with a disrupted Union. Let the North cast away that delusion. . . . General McClellan has introduced into the Army an insane and unnecessary despotism. McClellan is dangerous, from the

want of digesting his plans. He positively has no talents. Get me with my 'fighting division' with Pope." [1]

Then the *World* went fanatic! If we believe Clarence Stedman, formerly of its staff, then in Mr. Bates', the Attorney General's Office, the *World* had sold its Northern birthright for a pot of Southern gold or the like; and besides was advocating McClellan for the Presidency. At least was drifting in that direction; and so it editorialized:

GENERAL KEARNY'S LETTER

Mr. Halstead of Newark and the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, both professed friends of the late gallant General "Phil." Kearny, have conspired together to injure his memory, as no enemy could have done,—*with safety!* A living martyr once uttered the prayer—"Save me from my friends." A dead hero might have besought from the men who are unworthy of him a like charity. Last August General Kearny on some day, perhaps when depressed in spirits, and perchance when unduly inflamed with an ardent and generous ambition, wrote a free, dashing letter scattering wholesale and broadcast criticism and abuse of his fellow generals, as he might easily do in a splenetic mood, as any man might easily do—but none except in the intimacy of a confidential friendship, and never with the expectation that the random slashings of his pen would see light and sometimes filling the interspaces with such self-praise and appreciation as a man may sometimes permit himself to be emptied of in a letter to a female friend and pet. When a man writes for all eyes to see and makes common to the public his opinion of men or affairs, he guards his pen, is scrupulous to be just and above all is most careful of fairness to his rivals and compeers. A letter so written under General Kearny's *undoubted* signature would have had its just and appropriate weight as the opinion of "Philip sober". These false friends of the brave dead general have belied his memory by parading, as if they were his well-weighed judgment, the loose careless utterances of "Philip drunk" with ambition or pressed with labors and care.

The sole purpose in the publication of this letter was to damage General McClellan! There are attacks that disdain no tools; even dead men's bones are sometimes used to batter the skull of a living enemy. But there is hardly another of all our foremost generals who led our armies in the battles of the Peninsula who is not visited with an equal loose-tongue detraction. Even "fighting Joe Hooker" gets a sneer and all the praise is Pope's.

[1] McClellan's Peninsula failure resulted in his being directed to join Pope in August, then falling back from central Virginia towards Washington.

Is anybody fool enough to suppose that in a calm moment such were Phil Kearny's opinion? It is a shame that such a letter was ever permitted to leave the possession of the person to whom it was sent, and a sad pity that Kearny did not know into what a willow basket of leakiness he was pouring the lees of his fine spirit. For the unthinking multitude will judge the brave and accomplished Kearny to have been eaten up with a morbid jealousy of his brother officers, whom in truth for all the days of the year save this one he honored, praised and loved and who will be the first to forgive and the last to misunderstand his moment's passion and spleen. The careless reader will be too prone to imagine that this scrawl to a superserviceable friend indicates an ambition which was wholly personal, whereas none better than they knew how at all other times and in every other form of expression Kearny's ambition was for his country's service and his country's good, and had but the slightest shade of that other sort which is the last deformity of a noble mind.[2]

Then on the 20th the *World* feels more hopeful about the thing; and again an editorial with the same caption.

WORLD EDITORIAL

The fact announced in a telegraphic dispatch from Washington yesterday that letters are in existence from General Kearny written subsequent to his famous communication to "Pet" Halstead eulogizing the very officers whom he caricatured and abused in that most unaccountable epistle does not at all astonish us. That letter bears all the evidences of having been written in a splenetic and irritated mood and would never have been written had it not been for the radicals in Congress.

In the meantime all the papers had taken up the thing throughout the country. The Herald had this on the 25th of October in an editorial, showing the direction in which Kearny's epistolary gun was

[2] Mr. Louis Bamburger, public-spirited citizen of Newark, New Jersey, deeply interested in its history,—also great merchant,—bought many of Kearny's letters now included in this volume and presented them to the New Jersey Historical Society. The author was told that it was intended to publish them, but that upon reading them, some of their expressions appeared to be so strong,—or what not,—that it was decided not to. Interpreting the word "strong" as itself needing interpretation, and meaning in the judgment of the author that Kearny might have used phrases commonly called in the vulgate of our day "hot air" the author interested himself in searching the letters and became convinced that History had completely vindicated Kearny's judgment. An exhaustive study through several years brought together the documents now supporting this book. The author must acknowledge most sincere thanks to the New Jersey Historical Society for allowing him to use some of these letters.

pointed in the hands of aliens to Kearny's purpose. Its fire was taking effect; McClellan was soon to find his job gone!

Mr. Halstead of Newark must indeed be animated with feeling of dire hatred to General McClellan else he would scarcely have published the letter which General Kearny—"Brave Phil." as his comrades called him—indited to the above named individual some hot day at Harrison's landing after retreat from an advanced position near Richmond and after hard and murderous fighting.

Kearny chafing at this disaster, sore in mind and body, in a splenetic moment, wrote an amazing reviewal of the campaign and his fellow commanders to "Pet" Halstead. And the said "Pet", now that General Kearny is in his grave and that the nation at large has testified to its grief for the loss of a Hero, comes out with Kearny's letter for the sole purpose of injuring McClellan . . . a gross breach of confidence. We note omissions are made. Let these be rectified; let the whole of the letter be published.

Then a second letter was published from "General Kearny"; and while the whole of the Pro-Northern press—particularly the *Tribune,* —felt exactly as Kearny did in his letters and waged editorial battles with the Pro-Southern press, some of the papers shifted their point of attack which was illustrated by an editorial in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia for October 22d, 1862.

McClellan is now removed from command of the Army of the Potomac; his purpose is unmasked. "Pet" Halstead's purpose is achieved; Cortlandt Parker's wish also! The *Tribune* reprints Kearny's letter with a "halo"! In the headlines of November 11th we read that Fernando Wood, McClellan's old friend, who had interviewed him on the Peninsula about his political ambitions advocates McClellan for the Presidency. And just before McClellan's removal Kearny's name appears in blatant headlines in the *Herald,* in the Prince de Joinville's History of the Peninsula Campaign, published in most of the American papers, giving volume to Kearny's silenced voice: "KEARNY'S INTREPIDITY AT WILLIAMSBURG"! In the meantime the *Herald* had this editorial on November 17th: "Pet" Halstead in his determined hostility to General McClellan has seen fit to publish another letter of General Kearny's reflecting in a bitter and satirical mood upon the former commanders of the Army of the Potomac. We were inclined to let the matter drop. It really seems that the odium of this publication of Kearny's letters does not rest alone with Halstead. We are informed that the gentlemen who were the legal advisers of General Kearny are about to publish an explanatory letter which will clear the General of these unseemly publications and cast the disgrace upon the proper parties.

Then in another editorial it was said that the editor had been informed by gentlemen who had been allowed to peruse them that "Mr. A. O. Keasby, United States District Attorney of New Jersey, and his partner, Cortlandt Parker," have in their possession a large number of letters of the late lamented Kearny which criticize the blunders of the Peninsula campaign with a severity equal to any that have hitherto been published, and that Mr. Parker and Mr. Keasby have made no secret of these letters, and so "it is presumed that in due time they will be given to the light."

Cortlandt Parker—thus challenged—writes to the *Herald* on November 18th. This letter of Parker's in its last paragraph uses the expressions which now sanction the publication of these famous letters; "Should the government desire to know General Kearny's sentiments as expressed in these letters to me, his family would doubtless consent to its perusing them. Everything yields to public necessity. But to give them to the public press would be in my judgment for many years to come utterly inadmissible. I am, Sir, Cortlandt Parker."

The last paragraph is obviously a reference to the current rumor—a fact—that General Kearny had charged McClellan with Treason. Two of McClellan's aides had just been arrested for causes about which the Press was demanding explanation.

Three-quarters of a century have passed. The persons and events, to quote Parker substantially, then stirring public excitement, have passed into History. The government, in the person of the then Attorney General, Mr. Bates, alone has examined them. None have been published and the Kearny Family then rightly withholding consent, now yields to the call of History, upon whose pages the fascinating "Soliloquies", written under the flare of the cannon, very congenial to Kearny's "intellectual senses",—clarifying his judgments; making his Judgment not Passion but Reality,—do shed light. But outside of all this "Light Business" they are good literature! They exhibit a Man and not an *Engineer* at work nor an Automaton. But before reading them, Parker's great "brief" in which he throws the high lights and low on the scenes portrayed in Kearny's pictures, must be read. It is also a masterful delineation of Phil.'s character and habits of mind:

A GREAT LAWYER'S BRIEF FOR PHILIP KEARNY

It is true that I, not my partner, Mr. Keasby, have in my possession a large number of letters from General Kearny. But I beg leave to say that it is not "to be presumed" that I will at any time give them to the public. Nobody who knows me will ever so presume!

Newspaper publicity was a thing from which no man shrank so sensitively as General Kearny. He would not even abide that his written sentiments upon abstract subjects should be coupled with his name. I abstracted from his letters and suffered to be published some views of his which I thought very admirable upon the employment of Negroes in aid of our armies. He immediately but most courteously intimated his disapproval. "Do you know", in his language, "that I was quite startled, quiet citizen soldier as I am, to find that I, Kearny, had been writing a letter! Still I know you are the best judge; and my only thought in this war is success of our Union."

What horror would be his at a friend uttering an inaudible soliloquy about his fellow officers.

Mr. Parker goes on to say he had published a letter urging Kearny's promotion to high command and comparing him with McClellan, and then: It fell under Kearny's eye. Kearny wrote, "Is it not injudicious for any of my New Jersey friends to allow their partiality to bring my name before the public by comparison with any other, especially with one who has occupied before the country such a lofty position?" This letter bears date August 16, 1862; and of it Parker says: It must have been written about the same time with the letter just published and shows what violence has been done General Kearny's character by publishing his "Soliloquy" respecting brother officers and especially General McClellan.

These letters show one phase of Kearny's character, doubtless. They exhibit his confidingness, his impulsiveness; his warm impetuous temperament when aroused by a sense of injury or smarting under the pain of defeat. As I have already said, these letters are soliloquies. Were he called upon to give expression to his calm views respecting the officers of whom he spoke, he would have used no such language or would have added much to qualify it. Although I will not deny that his letter is impregnated with his cooler opinions in some particulars.

General Kearny was the most generous of men! His impetuosity led him sometimes to do injustice; of this he was profoundly conscious; and grandly did he always make amend.

In cool moments he was nobly just and full of eulogies upon his professional rivals. Nor was he unduly conceited. He knew himself a great soldier! He chafed sometimes under the sense that his reputation was too much that of being only intrepid.

Victor in every conflict; with the fruits of each victory destroyed or unreaped by the failure of others, he was sometimes perhaps too indignant that people should acknowledge his skill, and that men less

experienced and less successful in strategy and tactics than himself should be recognized.

Was he to blame for soliloquizing carelessly and failing in such a letter to speak so as to do justice to the merits of others?

Then Parker concludes his brief with the paragraph drawn from it as a preface to its introduction.

The New York *Times* after a two months' period of skirmishing again enters the battle. Very interested in politics, it is very happy at Parker's explanation and editorialized on "The Kearny letter": "Cortland Parker states the impropriety of publishing the letter" and then an editorial in the Philadelphia *Enquirer* is appended:

PUBLICATION OF KEARNY'S LETTER

This letter of Cortlandt Parker's disavowing all responsibility for the posthumous publication of General Kearny's letter is interesting.

We have no doubt that the gentleman, Mr. Halstead, believed that a popular belief in General McClellan's military infallibility seemed to be betraying the country into serious and fatal disaster, and that it was his duty to bring the declaration of one who had so fully established his own military reputation as had General Kearny, to bear against and correct that widespread public error. . . . The letters could only be uttered to the most confidential friends; and even then only under the excitement of the events to which they owed their birth.

An editorial in the *World* along similar lines was reprinted in Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis!

McClellan has now been removed from command; is assigned to duty at Trenton; is put forward immediately as Presidential candidate. Called before his hotel in Trenton he makes a nice little speech, "Your,—New Jersey's,—gallant soldiers, of these I have to speak and also I have to speak of the ever-faithful and ever-true Taylor, Commanding officer of Kearny's New Jersey Brigade, and of the dashing intrepid Kearny, men who have given their lives for the maintenance of their government." Splendid politics! McClellan is to be New Jersey's Governor! A year away and he will be openly a Presidential candidate; and so the *World* rejoices on November 14th in an editorial:

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S SPEECH

General McClellan's speech, brief as it was, shows the brave soldier; while the persistency with which Halstead and his accomplices

pelt the living commander, not with the mud of their own imaginings, but with the bones of the dead soldier, throws no tinge of anger or injustice upon McClellan's manly soul. He remembers, with New Jersey, all that was noble and lasting in that history. He forgets with New Jersey and with the Nation all that was transient and petulant in the passions of the "intrepid and dashing Kearny."

McClellan was never restored to command. He resigned his office as Major General the day after his disastrous defeat at the polls carrying only three states running against his present and then Commander-in-Chief in 1864 on a platform demanding peace and denouncing the war as failure.

Some of these letters which are now published deal with subjects which run through the campaign; but as we go on into other battles, other scenes, we can recur to them to see their relevancy.

But before reading these letters, let Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton University edit them summarily on two of their subjects, Politics and Loyalty, in his great Biography of McClellan recently published.

After stating that McClellan now—on and after June 27th—made a "series of fatal mistakes", Dr. Myers had this to say of two letters written by McClellan on the Peninsula; one to Lincoln; one to Fernando Wood, Democratic Political boss of New York, the then Charles F. Murphy, or "Dick" Croker, who was advocating the secession of *New York City* from State and Nation.

Of the Lincoln letter outlining a political program, we are told, "It was looked upon by the enemies of McClellan as a platform for the Presidential Nomination". And of the letter to Fernando Wood: "McClellan read it to his friend, W. F. Smith, telling Smith that Wood had urged him to come out as Presidential Candidate while at Harrison's Landing. McClellan told Smith that he had decided to accept the suggestion and had written the letter."

Then Myers continues: "Smith told McClellan that the letter looked like Treason and would be the ruin of all of us". McClellan destroyed the letter.

Finally an illuminating statement, as editorial comment, from a future Chief Justice,—Chase,—of the United States, then Secretary of the Treasury, recorded in the diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, September 1st, 1862, the day of Phil.'s death, "Secretary of the Treasury Chase called on me with a document signed by himself in which he pronounced McClellan a 'Traitor'; and said Stanton, Secretary of War, would sign it. . . . Chase said he thought, his deliberate judgment, that McClellan ought to be shot." [3]

[3] This day Phil. was selected to command McClellan's and Pope's Armies!

And with these distinguished editors for Kearny and Kearny's letters,—for such they turn out to be,—let's read them:[4]

May 1, 1862

Dearest Love,

There are some delightful officers in my command. There is a charming Col. Poe, and a Colonel Terry, and a Col. D——, and still another, a fine old direct dog, the counterpart of Philip, a Col. Hays; all seem fine fellows. I worked like a dog to leave my Brigade in fine order.

A kind kiss and love to the children; and ever remembering my lost dear cherished boy.

Before Yorktown, May 3, 1862

My dear Parker,

You see by the above heading that I am in the "Trenches" before Yorktown having been assigned, by order of General McClellan to replace General Hamilton who has committed himself in some shape or other.

I could hardly with propriety, have refused the command, to enter "under fire". Personally too, I found that I was gradually being smothered under the improvident increase of "titular" (engineers etc.) generals; most inexperienced men, daily jumped to make Brigadiers. For myself, the 13th on the List of 222 Brigadiers Generals, I had by restraining myself to a Brigade, forfeited almost entirely my due military weight. The moment I emerged from the precincts of the Brigade, I became one of the highest Division Commanders in the Army.

I regretted exceedingly leaving my N. J. Brigade. As a general of Division I would have more consideration, did New Jersey choose to unite her two brigades, than I could wield in my previous place. To effect this depends alone on the governor and Delegation. I have failed them in this, that while the only General in the army to have preached and sustained a State esprit-de-corps, as the moral lever of the volunteers system, and its only AEGIS to prevent them from becoming tools in the hands of some successful future leader, to subvert the civil authority;[5] yet this is a course that caused me to be hated by the regular officers, with selfish views, who regard the soldiers as the mere machines of their profession; and unpopular with Washington authorities who desire centralization and patronage. I was the impartial commander who did his duty in a straightforward

[4] A chapter is devoted later to the judgments of Lincoln's Cabinet,—each one of them,—concurring with added emphasis in each one of Phil.'s judgments.

[5] A prophecy as we have remarked fulfilled September, 1862. See *infra*.

way, neither exempting the influential or the politicians, and so failing those who look to such quarters for success.

The beginning of the following letter is mutilated. Plainly Phil. is approaching the field of battle:

Hooker's Division that had commenced the fight would have been panic-stricken as at Manassas. Never did I see groveling fear more depicted than on the faces of the entire masses that skulking in the woods had ceased to fight on all the pleas that cowardice can suggest! A cold drizzling rain had benumbed us all day, as toilfully we plodded through masses of baggage and other obstructions in the deep single narrow defile of the Yorktown and Williamsburg road. The action for us commenced at three I believe; and the sudden darkness of a stormy night came on just as by hard effort, and heading charge after charge, I drove the last enemy out of some fearful abatis, and rifle pits. The next day our advancing pickets found the enemy had abandoned the forts, and well they did; for we would have driven them out, in short order. As an accident of war our men remained supperless, breakfastless, and dinnerless and with neither cloak nor blanket, and the blazing fire the only protection from the discomforts of their wet clothes. I was no better off. I had taken off an ample India rubber cape which had kept me dry during the day just as the first balls rattled over our heads, that I might be readily distinguished, as a commanding officer, and general.

Our loss was severe, but nothing unusual. It was the fourth day I had commanded. You cannot imagine, dearest Love, what a delightful change this has been from my over-high army rank and my commanding a Brigade! I had by hard efforts disciplined a most sluggish meaningless set of officers and men. The men responded by becoming elegant staunch soldiers; the small officers appreciated it; but it was ever an uphill work with the higher field officers! The men have become devoted to me; for in the last fight they must have found out that I know my business; and trust the reckless officer of Mexico, they have ever tried to make me out, to keep me in the background.

Williamsburg
May 8th, 1862

This is the third day in this lovely old town. I have been, strange to say, staying with an old lady, a Miss Ewell, a sister of General Ewell, my old comrade in the army, now a secessionist officer. A field chaplain of the rebel army is also here under a flag, and had interesting news from my friends.

How malignantly McClellan follows me. Oh, now that it is over, I must tell you about this:

With only five regiments,—only half arrived,—after a long march over impassable roads I had to stem the enemy's victorious two Divisions that had beaten Hooker's Division and taken most all his artillery and completely demoralized them. Not a single one of my small regiments but lost more than all Hancock's stronger regiments, much larger than my force, lost altogether. Yet McClellan perfectly and entirely ignored all this good battle, and gives all credit to Hancock's little rush of half an hour during our long fight, a bit over an hour after I came into action. It was quite damaging, for it seemed like a repulse, and as abandoning us. McClellan was not there; all the staff blundered. Instead of sending troops within four miles, and clear of the defile to help Hooker, they sent for me entirely in the rear, to trickle through to my place too hampered up with wagons to allow more than a single man to pass. Still it all counts well for my first fight; for I went into the worst fire; constantly exposed; a clear mark for the enemy; exposed as being the only one mounted; and I was in the advance to hundreds of marksmen who coolly fired in my face.

Sumner sent me orders to come up from the rear; stupidly for he had more troops. Heintzelman took away three brigades and merely told me to act down the road! But enough of such army shop. It is nothing in my thoughts which are all of you.

Camp—near Bottom's Bridge,
May 9, 1862.

Dear Parker,

I have been delayed by want of a courier from sending you my letter, so I add a line in the same strain of bitter indignation for one's dearest right: his military fame so purposely trampled on.

You speak of publication of my Report. As to the army it would be encouraging to them; as a proof of how unflinchingly, we paid the price for re-asserting Victory, when a "Sister Division" was lost. As to them a victory over 20,000 by five Regiments, was actually a discouragement! The better for our future success, the more published.

My report is in itself modest or moderate. I scarcely allude to myself; and yet no General in the War has ever so put himself in the front. Constantly leading my men, as each Regiment or Detachment was needed for the difficult assault on the abatis, I was almost continuously within pistol shot of the enemy's sharp-shooters, the sole mounted officer, exposed, marked and uncovered. So much for the man; Self. It was magnanimous in the highest degree toward

all other troops, and commanders. It does not mention, as was the fact, that Hooker's entire Division, paralyzed and craven, were hopelessly herded like frightened sheep perfectly discouraged along the road; and so I knew that nothing short of personal influence at the head of my column could have led them on free of catching that panic which is so apt to spread.[6]

As to my Brigadier Generals, and so to Generals Berry and Birney, I have been generous in the extreme. I have two aides still living to bear me out in all I assert. As to Heintzelman, worthy as stupid, when applied to by my aide Captain Moore (living) for special instructions as to how to act more particularly toward the enemy, (I sent Moore to him as I was coming close into fire) he replied that the enemy was here, there and everywhere; yet he was on foot quite in the rear! As to his music, I heard nothing but our bands, as we marched into fire. Indeed Hooker's men were too panic stricken to play a note; the bearing of my own was brilliant.[7] As to Hooker; his face begrimed with mud, most unheroic in appearance, I was very careful as I passed him to say,—to which, I have witnesses:—"General Hooker whilst I reserve my command, as your Senior, I should be happy to know the state of your affairs, and where you want most instant relief".

I then put Berry's first troop into line, and gave him his directions; and we all opened a violent fire, for no time was to be lost; and owing to Hooker's people occupying the ground, and in trembling packs, I had to come in by a flank movement, very hazardous, instead of by "Front into Line". I then most rapidly arranged Poe's Regiment principally as a support column to companies, deployed two forward, and took two to support the remnant of Hooker's,—silent seven,—guns. These I had to charge with in person over the dead on the road, driving back, before they realized how few we were, the principal body of the enemy forcing them to give up the pieces.

These things are successful because they are bluffs. The enemy presume you to be the advance of heavy columns: and you yourself in fact come in contact with only the foremost pursuers. But no one will succeed in it unless he has disproportionate rank, full faith in what he means, and know that he will do it, and does not count chances for his own sacred person. It was not useless recklessness; it saved the day.

But read the recital of my interview with McClellan's most confidential service—aide-de-camp Col. Sweitzer sent to me expressly

[6] At Bull Run the rout was due not to the undoubted prowess of the rebels, but to the terror of a leaderless, abandoned army.

[7] The only band on the field was "Major" Elderkin's of Fort Gibson whom Kearny told to "hurry on".

for particulars between one and two o'clock that night of the battle: "Sweitzer," I said, "we are soldiers; what I say to you is for the practical enlightenment of General McClellan. These haphazard attacks must not be gotten into; Hooker has been beaten because he did not know his mind; I have full evidence by the field over which he fought; that he wanted to take the enemy's works but did not even think that he could do it. As to Heintzelman he is an old fool; and caution General McClellan, that he commands a corps, yet never to trust him without minute written instructions. But this is not the point of attack. We have possession of the field; but if the works are to be taken by force, this is not the place for it. I believe it to be in the flank and I guarantee to hold this place with any two of my Regiments against the whole Southern army". Col. Sweitzer then told me that I had saved Hooker and thus saved the army. This has since been repeated by him to others and that Hancock had a handsome affair. So now you have minute military history.

Yet in face of all this is the official Telegram; a LIE, even in its own particulars! For Hancock fought for a moment when being driven back, turned, and poured in a destructive fire, still he had to abandon over one hundred men, so much for the Victory. General McClellan covers over his want of pluck and courage in not pursuing the panic-stricken enemy; beating him; and getting to Richmond rapidly and safely; it would have saved blood. I always in Fall and Winter maintained that even to take Manassas would not cost the blood we are sure to spill at Yorktown.

As for myself, I do not recognize in myself the same individual as formerly. With the first shot fired over us, my nature may prevail; but at present I feel discouraged, determined to resign at the first opportunity; and my soldiers I know must feel the same. It is overheard—; it is the subject of their bitter railing! Their byword in camp is "Hancock"; "Hancock this" and "Hancock that"; and my men look sulky. Believe me McClellan is a dirty, sneaking traitor. Many of his acts look like complicity with the enemy. He has now allowed them to escape once at Manassas and now again at Williamsburg! They could not have crossed the Chickahominy if pursued. It has always occurred to me that he was in secret negotiations with the South, for their votes as President; or to adopt some new Constitution for the Country.[8] Because McClellan's mathematical talents have never fitted him to comprehend nor appreciate things nor men; he is the very one to commit a terrible blunder. He was a fair young soldier, of no great mark, in Mexico. His friend G. W.

[8] The Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Watson, was convinced of this very thing. See chapter Politics Not War. Colonel Key of McClellan's Staff confirms it. See *infra*.

Smith got him employment in New York;[9] and he was Superintendent of a railroad in Chicago. This war breaks out. He was a Pennsylvanian, General Scott was kind to him. His twopenny little successes, almost bloodless, with enormous preponderance of means, coming about the time of Bull's Run, got him to Washington. He set in motion intrigues against General Scott, a real man of military genius; and gifts of handling men.

The country yielded to his unconstitutional powers. He has wielded the same in a small way; then the President who was weak and distracted, unduly stood by him, and when by degrees he is at length understood at Washington, the politicians keep him in command; knowing that even with this war closed successfully that there is already enough to damn him with the Country; which would not be the case with any other military successor. Is it not fearful, that in this great crisis, all is done, with such small men of small motives?

Kearny, failing in his effort at "State rights for State troops," wrote to the Governors of the several States to stir up State patriotism:

Headquarters, Third Division,
Third Corps, Army of the Potomac
May 10, 1862

To Austin Blair

Dear Governor Blair:—Michigan:—

It gives me great pleasure to address you to bring to your immediate notice the noble and brave manner with which the troops of your State conducted themselves in the Battle of Williamsburg on the 5th instant. The Second under Colonel Poe and the Fifth under Colonel Terry behaved in the most handsome manner. I have the honor to transmit herewith the report of the colonels of those regiments together with that of their general, General Berry. I also send you a list of the killed and wounded.

Colonel Poe served more immediately under my command and the gallantry and soldierly qualities he displayed rendered him particularly conspicuous. Colonel Terry's regiment took a rifle pit of much strength after a severe contest and held possession until after the close of the action.

Truly yours,
Philip Kearny

(This is one of the few letters in which General Kearny spells out the word Philip)

[9] Smith Commanded-in-Chief the Rebels at Seven Pines.

THIS LETTER IS A FRAGMENT

. . . ever constantly far in advance in the plain in the midst of the heavy abatis.

Yet General McClellan vaunts the one, and assumes to ignore the other! An engagement where a similar loss in the army of the Allies, constituted the great battle of the Alma; where very few (5) weak regiments suffered more (some 400 killed and wounded), than the 12000 men of a French Division, and won for its general in 1859 world-wide fame as the victor of Montebello.[10]

But when General McClellan passes over, as if in ignorance, an engagement of such great proportions, it proves, beyond the blackness of this deed, which breaks down by its injustice, the spirit of the entire soldiery, that it has been the result of the malignant design of covering up from the scrutiny of the American public, a weakness of his own, a flaw in his generalship, which he well knows, and if once made patent to our people would bring him down from his accidental superiority lower than he would ever have dreamt of when exercising retribution towards McDowell for the disaster at Bull's Run.

(Kearny to Parker)

May 15, 1862

Dear Sir:

I am sorry to find that very far from our military chiefs being so immaculate as well as their subordinates and that one could rely on their straightforward conduct and truthfulness; and that one might disregard political influence as extraneous and unnecessary, I have been so grossly outraged (and I say so representing my Division) by the intrigue of the General commanding this Army that I now apply to you and my friends for protection against imposture.

General McClellan is the first commander in history who has denied access to, or has been so unprincipled, as to ignore those under him, who not only had fought a good fight but even saved his Army, himself, and his reputation. Here primarily is the point. From a want of frankness, and a reliance on his natural superiority, he fails to admit the service of my Division, lest he duly condemn himself for a want of generalship which gave rise to this dangerous crisis. So it is that a great and successful battle, where the unprecedented number of 2000 men have fallen, is passed over by him in silence; while the day after this fearful fight, he forestalls the glory of the victors by vamping up, in a deceitful official Telegram, a mere flurry

[10] Kearny fought in that campaign.

of a skirmish, where General Hancock (a charming officer and gentleman), with preponderating numbers, drives, and for an instant only, a petty few of the enemy; and with a pittance of a loss, which bespeaks the littleness of the transaction.

This move of Hancock's was based on information that the enemy had abandoned their minor defenses opposed to our right, to concentrate their forces on our left, a skirmish which was gotten up at 4:30 P.M., expressly to relieve from pressure the severe fight of the 3rd Corps waged by Hooker's Division from 7 A.M., until my Division, at near 3 P.M., entered under fire, and took the place of his exhausted remnants, demoralized by fatigue, abandonment and want of cartridges. The fight (Hancock's) that lasted from about 4:30 o'clock for some twenty minutes and which then ceased was most distinctly without results; it was not followed up by an advance; and left me, used to the fields of battle in Europe, as in Mexico, with the full belief that an attempted succor had been given up! And that I must alone look to myself for my own means of succor. For I well knew that besides the repeated messengers that had been dispatched to the right by General Hooker and Heintzelman that all there must be aware of our severe fight as well as from our cannon and musketry which still rolled with the full tide of battle! This fight of Hancock's, from about 4:30 P. M., was the only one that took place within three miles of our position after my arrival at 2:45 P. M.

There is a secret in this matter; and although patriotism on the eve of an expected battle may prevent me from publishing to the world the weakness of the man to whom is confided our Union destinies, it does not preclude me from vindicating, for myself and my Division, a recognition of a service, and exposure in battle,—and no officer yet has ever exposed himself as I did, for the occasion demanded it,—and unburden myself to my friends.

As Stone[11] has been militarily killed, under a false pretence; so the secret of McClellan's sending an official Bulletin, after entering Williamsburg, in which he ignores all but Hancock and is perfectly silent as to me and to a battle of serious war; (although McClellan was perfectly instructed by Col. Sweitzer, his A. D. C. whom he had sent on the night of the 5th to me for information), is this: that he might obtain for Hancock, an unimportant character in the crisis of the 5th, that first prestige of his capability of fighting,—whom invariable disaster, and long inaction, had induced many to mistrust,—

[11] Kearny wrote: "Stone is the ablest man in the army" and charged that McClellan only was responsible for McClellan's subordinates' failure at Balls Bluff; and that he had to hide his own incapacity and so "ruined" Stone; made him the goat!

in view of the eagerness of the whole North, being ready to greet the first victor in this army of the Potomac. And thus to kill the military success before the country of the real persons so entitled from the fact of the public being satisfied by the first news; and so taking from those who merited the high sentiment of first prestige! Moreover particularly diverting the minds of the country from the culpable facts that he, McClellan had allowed Hooker's single Division to fight unsupported from the morning until near 3 P.M.; and from the fact that his "Communications" on the direct and nearest road from Williamsburg were thus put in jeopardy. And that had a panic, even a defeat resulted here, that all his army, confusedly huddled together, with an unpassable obstructed single defile in the rear, where trains and artillery passed, were helplessly jammed together and stalled, must have been victims worse than at Bull's Run, and the case would have been irretrievable![12]

Such is the secret of the incomprehensible mystery; and it is within the comprehension of the first citizen's mind who will spread before him the map of Virginia. But if one point in this malignity, with a monopolized telegraph and trammeled press[13] has created with me more indignation than another, it sadly is; that my two most gallant aides-de-camp, and my dear friends, Captain Wilson and Lt. Barnard have been purposely kept from honor due to their gallantry! The same as was the case when my skirmish at Sangster's Station produced the enemy's hurried retreat from Manassas, I was debarred by every underhand influence from having published to the world, as well as the heroic end of that most noble martyr of the first Cavalry success of the army, Lt. Hidden! Yes; this is a repetition of those times: for then as now I was the first general officer whose reports had been excluded from the press. General McClellan from the earliest moment of my career had singled me out, the 13th on the List of Brigadiers, the Senior Division Brigadier on the List, to be the marked victim of his indirect injustice.

However in this matter, I am not acting, however outraged, from personal motives; but to unveil to the country when opportunity shall present, the weakness and instability of the general in command.[14]

I enclose my report of the battle of the 5th.

May 1862

Dearest Love,

McClellan is an imposter! In the greatest fight almost on record

[12] "In ten minutes, a political party would have been swept out of power and the Confederacy recognized."

[13] See Chapter "Seven Pines".

[14] How little Kearny imagined that his voice from the Grave was to effect his purpose.

(First Part of Letter Mutilated)

for severity; and where if I had not ventured into the midst of the enemy's countless sharpshooters, and particularly marked by my bay colt who at times was fractious under the whistling of the balls, I never could have inspired my men and gained the confidence of my men and gained their affection and so won the day; and now McClellan accuses me of rashness!

I could not help remembering how despicably at the end of the Mexican War I was abandoned by the late Colonel, then General Kearny my connection. For mean reasons of his own,—and opposed out of jealousy by all others,—they cut me out of one of my brevets on the plea of rashness. Dear old General Scott, alone, ever stood by me!

Poor Barnard, had a horse killed under him; it was the pretty gray which I had given him; you remember the horse that looked so vicious at the homestead, when I tried to ride him?

Phil.

Headquarters 3rd Division,
May 15, 1862.

Dearest Love,

I do trust my letter got to you; but who can tell with the censorship. Today we have had a rise in the River. Our camp is on a rise of ground near an open wood; with my pretty horses fastened all around. I rode my bay colt in the battle. I little expected when I started in the morning to be engaged before night, or I would have not ventured him. However he behaved grandly; at times very fractious; but still I could get him to face the enemy; although he did not like the sound of the balls! For he was admirable diving into the deep mud-holes; and leaping over the huge logs of the abatis.

It is true, as you read, that I was fearfully exposed, at times, from what my Brigade would be sheltered by the logs. I was the only officer mounted and quite alone; the only object aimed at by the enemy; hardly fifty feet from me. But I could not do otherwise; I had very desperate work before us; and very few to do it. It was a fearfully stormy night; and my India rubber cloak, having been taken off as I went into action and lost by my orderly, I was wet and cold, would have suffered, but for borrowing a dragoon overcoat from my guard. Still I slept soundly and got a little to eat and drink. I stayed at Williamsburg with Miss Ewell; she was very friendly. She knew well all about me; said that her brother, the general, my old comrade in the fight, spoke of me; that in the secession, they all said that I was bound to be a good officer.

It is strange the scoundrelous conduct of this McClellan in suppressing my reports! He has been fool enough to falsify, and say that he did not know we had an engagement; when ample proof exists that he did know; and that he quarrelled with Sumner for sending for me to come up to support Hooker, instead of using his own troops! It will fearfully react on him; for the loss of Hooker's and my two small commands, was larger than the whole of the entire two allied armies at the Battle of Alma! I did not know this fact until the Prince de Joinville told me of it. De Joinville, Chartres and Paris seem particularly kind to me, and soberly friendly. I like the French, the more I see of them.

You have little idea how charmingly I am situated. Regiments that seemed to have known of me beforehand; seem to be thankful to me for having gone so freely with them into fire, which is too rarely done by the higher officers. The generals are charming gentlemen. Some are my old friends, then a Colonel who served with me in Mexico. All seem glad to see me. The fact is that I was ordered to a Division under fire, which is an excuse for leaving my Brigade, and taking this Division. And the day I did so I at once arose to my high position of being the very, very highest general officer on the List of the army; the 13th out of 212. Dearest Love, Moscow,[15] you remember the pretty grey, I gave to Lieutenant Bernard, the animal who seemed so cross at Newark, was killed under him early in the day. Bernard later took Wilson's horse, which was also killed; and then Bernard was killed! Oh, how I miss his fine noble countenance! He is buried in a sweet spot in a little old church yard, at Williamsburg. It was truly a fearful fight. My men were fagged up with a long day's march; and for three and one-half miles came running at double quick into action, and did not stop until deployed to commence attacking the enemy at one time. I had to take fifty men and charge 100 of the enemy to prevent them seizing our artillery. Kiss the babies. Yours with a thousand kisses.

May 23, 1862

Dearest Love,

I saved General Hooker and the entire army, who were on the eve of being cut off. I had a more fearful loss than ever before occurred in America! I did this with but five weak regiments about 1900 men, the rest from the forced march were not up or had been detached although useless. I lost many men. I was alone successful by riding full into the sharpshooters with but 60 or 70 men when I was coming up as they were about seizing seven abandoned artillery pieces of Hooker's Division.

[15] For a full description of Phil.'s horses: see Seven Pines.

Dearest Love, even in battle my whole thought is turned to you and Bellegrove. Watts de Peyster was sent to me in the face of all my utter refusal to take any connection of mine on my staff.

How lovely Bellegrove must look. Do tell me all about it in every letter. Ever let us bear in mind our lost angel for whom, even amidst war, my heart beats ever afresh. My hope and my joy were all centered in him. With a thousand kisses,

May 26, 1862

Dear Parker,

We are on the eve of a great battle. The battle will be on Wednesday. Unless a Bull Run it will be a full success; if a Bull Run I expect that my Division will be the only one to escape. I have my men completely in hand; they become very enthusiastic for me; but I have seen so much mismanagement that nothing will take me unawares.[16]

May 28, 1862

Dear:

Our present affairs move on tolerably; but without vitality and with hourly signs of a want of talent and administration. McClellan is most unfortunate in putting up every three or four miles, or less, successive lines of rifle pits, miles in length;[17] thus too openly imparting to the soldiers his own personal distrust of them. McClellan has been too slow. He should have annihilated the enemy at Williamsburg before they could have reached the Chickahominy.

[16] Actually this battle prophesied to a day almost, was—till Kearny's arrival—a Bull Run! Then saving the Army he "escaped" by a forest road, reconnoitered the day of, and before the battle. See *infra.*

[17] Ridiculing McClellan's strategy, Senator Chandler in the U. S. Senate, said: "We lost more men by sickness than by bullets. We lost 10,000 men digging trenches and lost the trenches without firing a gun." *Richmond Dispatch,* July 22nd.

CHAPTER XII

"KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES" [1]

DELAY, DELAY, DELAY,—NO ACTION,—SUPINENESS!

LINCOLN felt it, the epitome of Northern opinion; and his patience exhausted wires McClellan: "Attack Richmond, or give up the job; and come to the defense of Washington!"

Go to the Defense of Washington! But McClellan can't get away! Johnston is after him! So Johnston thought, wrote and acted; "Briefly, it may be said that McClellan had at Seven Pines committed a blunder. By May 31st, he had rashly placed two of the best Corps of his Army on the south side of the Chickahominy; and the River flooding its banks cut them off from the rest of the Army; and Johnston at once hurled the bulk of his forces against the isolated enemy." So writes the Confederate Historian, speaking for General Johnston.

On the beautiful morning of May 31st Phil.—as we know—rode over to Sedgwick's Headquarters on the North bank of the Chickahominy; he was to lunch with him. He "and a fine guide" had already been reconnoitering with what effect we shall see. Sedgwick told him that the storm of the night before was the "worst he had even seen". Phil. believed him. But the storm itself was nothing; Phil. liked it. But as for his Division he thoroughly knew,—and he had already so written to Cortlandt Parker—that such a storm might wreck the Army,—30,000 men on the South of the River against 50,000 Confederates, now cut off by the swollen Chickahominy. And to make matters worse General Keyes,—as Kearny viewed it—had blundered. Instead of placing veteran soldiers—in this critical position of the Army—in the far advanced picket line and a veteran Division in support, General Casey's Division, composed principally of raw undrilled young recruits, had been stationed in advance of the main body of the Army.

In up-state New York, the country from which many of General Casey's splendid green youths were recruited, Phil. had, as we know, spent the happiest summers of his life, on horseback of course; and was even then a joint owner of innumerable farms belonging to the parents of many of the young recruits whose habitat was in Clinton and St. Lawrence Counties. And Phil. had only to glance at the

[1] Stedman's Stanzas.

silver plate in his "Fourgon" [2] to know that "Semper Fidelis"—"always faithful"—from of old in the Old Country was the inspiring legend of the Kearnys! And Phil. writes that now and again "Casey's boys" accosted him with tales of his Family, and of his own Self even, which were traditional in Gouverneur and Depeyster and around Plattsburg on Lake Champlain.

Such the posture of affairs and the position of Casey's Division; when suddenly, at 12 o'clock noon, General D. H. Hill gave the order to assault Casey's position and the rebels advanced with "savage fury to put an end to half of McClellan's Army!"

First, General Casey's youthful pickets, who were scattered all over the place and disorganized, fled in panic back upon his main body; and after a really fine struggle of two hours, panic was communicated to his whole Division; which could have been checked only by old Casey's—unimaginable—"reckless exposure" of his own Person! Casey's Division, driven headlong from the field in panic-flight, was followed furiously by the Rebels. Meanwhile an assault of intense violence had been launched against General Couch's Division of Keyes' Corps which fell back in disorder before the onset. Couch's lines were cut in two; and two regiments under his immediate command were cut off from the main body of the Army.

"It was at this critical moment in the battle", writes McClellan, with his army—south of the river—cut in two, "that General Kearny with General Berry's and Jameson's Brigades arrived at Seven Pines"!

General Berry was ordered to take possession of a wood on the left of the battle field which commanded the Confederate flank. Then McClellan states in his Report,—from which in part we are writing, —actually penned over a year after the battle and so after Kearny's death at Chantilly; "this movement was eminently successful, General Berry of Kearny's Division pushing his Regiment forward through the woods until their rifles commanded the left of the Camp and works occupied by General Casey's Division in the morning and now by the Rebels. Their fire upon the pursuing enemy was very destructive; and assisted materially in checking the pursuit in that part of the field. Kearny's Division, General Berry, held this position in the woods against several attacks by superior numbers; and after dark, being cut off from the main body, fell back towards White Oak Swamp and by a circuit Kearny brought his Brigade into our lines in good order." This time Phil. is getting his money's worth! Although actually at the moment McClellan is viewing the Battle from his bed on the other side of the Chickahominy. This day the Engineer is *really* very sick,—from diarrhoea and dizziness!

[2] His "victualing carriage" in charge of a French chef and colored butler.

General Jameson meanwhile, with two Regiments,—the other two of his Brigade having been detached by Heintzelman to General Peck and one to General Birney of Kearny's Division,—moved rapidly to the front on the left of the Williamsburg Road, along which the enemy were advancing in great force; and succeeded for a time in keeping the abatis clear of the Rebels. But hordes of these "reprobates" pressing past the undefended right of his line *from which the Federals had retreated* he was forced to return through the woods towards White Oak Swamp and McClellan reported "in that way gained camp under cover of night".

Thus McClellan writes unwittingly the final chapter in a story of Kearny's despised habit of reconnaissance. For Phil.'s customary horseback ride,—this time "with a fine guide",—that very morning, had revealed—as Phil. wrote—"the hidden path unknown to the natives in that locked up secret country" which enabled him, when the troops around him gave way, to fight and win his way back to his entrenched camp from which he told Heintzelman he "never should have been ordered" before he went into battle!

The night of the battle McClellan wires the President of Casey's troops "shamefully" giving way; and, as at Williamsburg, later finds out the truth, and corrects his Report. No word about his own blunder in misplacing his whole army. McClellan adds that the action of these troops caused a panic which was unchecked "until Heintzelman and Kearny's Division brought up their troops which checked the enemy." General Keyes, Casey's Corps Commander completes the story: "A portion of Kearny's Division checked the advance of the enemy and finally repulsed it; and this was the beginning of the Victory which the following day was so gloriously completed."

Meanwhile McClellan, late, too late,—the battle had been raging six hours,—Williamsburg repeated,—had ordered General Sumner and *suggested* to two other Corps Commanders,—Porter and Franklin,—to come from the North side of the Chickahominy. Sumner only obeyed and near dusk arrived with the advance of his Corps and entering the battle toward the position where General Couch was cut off from the main body, the Confederates made several charges against him but were repulsed. Then General Sumner took the offensive and ordered an advance and while the rebels "were falling back darkness ended the battle in that part of the field."

And now with bold and sweeping movements, let's fill in this skeleton of the battle with its ghosts from formal reports gibbering instead of living men, with the real action in technicolor,—with Depth,—thrown on the screeen by the Confederate Colonel Estvan—of the Prussian Army—looking toward Kearny's Division; in short

let's go to war with a veteran who had fought with the historic Soldiers of Europe:

"KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES"

By A Prussian Dragoon

As Colonel Estvan reached Casey's Division he found them seized with an indescribable panic and they gave way in disorder! For a moment after Casey's rout it was supposed that the defeat of McClellan was complete. Two of the enemy's generals had already been abandoned [3] by their men and a firm conviction was entertained that the whole of McClellan's Army was lost. Each man was anxious to take part in the battle in the hope of the capture of McClellan and his army cut off from their lines of retreat. The fine Divisions of Hill and Longstreet came up to give the coup-de-grâce to the flying enemy; it seemed as if no human power could stop the enemy in their disorderly flight.[4]

At this critical moment, General Kearny brought up his Division to stem the pursuit of the Confederate troops and placed himself like a rock between the pursuers and pursued. His men, Irish and German, fought and died like Heroes in the work of Salvation! All Hill's and General Anderson's attempts to repulse them were futile. The troops kept their ground and succeeded in covering the flight of their comrades. Some Michigan troops performed prodigious feats of valor on this occasion, and most of their officers were killed and their ranks were fearfully cut up but nothing could prevail against the stern resoluteness of their charge!—To interrupt the German a moment; What a tribute this is to the first, second, third and fifth Michigan! No wonder they were with the 63rd Pennsylvanians, the troops, next to Phil.'s Brigade, of his predilection!—"Death stared them in the face wherever they looked; but their courage never flagged." It was a sad episode of the bloody fight when these brave German soldiers from the Far West were seen to fall man by man!

But they steadily opposed every fierce onset of our elated troops and stood like a wall between these and their own defeated force that

[3] No word could illustrate more luminously than "abandon" the service Phil. rendered in his practiced military philosophy of exposing himself in battle. "What men dare, I dare." "Lead and I follow". Men don't "abandon" inspiring leadership! "I, who taught the Army of the Potomac to fight!"

[4] The *Richmond Dispatch* reports that there was captured in Casey's Camp the following document which seems to contradict General Casey's practice: "Casey's Headquarters, March 31st, 1862—Dear Mr. Secretary: The few notes I handed you with regard to the defenses of the city after the rebellion has been mastered, I would now enlarge on. It is certain that no argument is worth a straw with the southern rulers but that of the bayonet; and we would be recreant to the cause of liberty on this earth if we did not use it!"

their fugitives might be enabled to reform their ranks; then in turn try to assist those who had come to the rescue. . . . In this way a line of battle was once more formed and the struggle was again maintained with desperation.[5] General Anderson, seeing that it was hopeless to make an impression on these new formed columns, now ordered forward Pickett's Brigade to cut off the enemy's retreat. Before this could be executed, however, the troops were met by a Brigade of the enemy commanded by General Sumner who fell on them with the bayonet while a battery which he had ordered up played upon them at the same time. Pickett's Brigade now turned and retired and this led to a retreat of the Divisions of Anderson and Hill. The victorious enemy pushed on with loud cheers. The enemy drove our troops back to Fair Oaks until night put an end to the slaughter.

Now comes a picture of the battle drawn principally in black and white by a Michigan private who fought in the very scene thrown on Colonel Estvan's screen of many colors:

A COLOR SERGEANT AT SEVEN PINES

When General Couch's Division had fallen back on Saturday General Berry's Brigade, Kearny's Division, was brought forward consisting of the 2nd, 3rd and 5th Michigan and 37th New York Volunteers. The 3rd was thrown into line in advance; and about half an hour before the others arrived, General Kearny ordered them to attack the enemy on the left side of Bottom's Bridge Road. Concealed among the fallen timber, the rebels opened fire on the right wing of my regiment at a distance of 10 rods.

The line was rapidly formed in double quick while advancing towards the enemy's position. The center and left wing extended into a thick growth of pine, Seven Pines among them. By the time the left wing had formed, the Regiment was within 30 feet of the Slashes. The enemy immediately opened a terrible fire; it was most murderous and here occurred our principal loss. The men received the fire without wavering; and before the enemy had time to re-load our right charged upon them with the bayonet, reserving their fire until the concealed foes were started from their cover; and as soon as they were within sight we delivered an effective and destructive fire. . . . The enemy broke and ran like sheep leaving the Slashes filled with their dead, dying and wounded,—an awful sight.

Our right meanwhile continued to load and fire and the rebels made

[5] Kearny told Heintzelman as he entered the battle to reform such a line, instead of the strategy adopted. See his letters.

several attempts to reform their scattered ranks but at the delivery of our volleys he broke and ran. Driven out of the Slashes they were driven back still further and held in their position until the balance of the Brigade came up; and although re-inforced they still continued the retreat until the ground lost by General Couch on that side of the road had been recovered.

It would almost seem as if Phil.'s "Fighting Division" had saved Casey and so again the Army! A second edition of Williamsburg with Sumner the "Bystander" playing Hancock's "superb rôle" on an enlarged scale and with Hancock and sixty thousand troops playing Sumner's rôle on the north side of the Chickahominy, while two-fifths of the army on the south bank were in imminent danger of annihilation!

On the opening of firing the next day, General Hooker pushed forward, followed by the famous General Sickles' Brigade, the Excelsiors. On coming near the wood now held by the enemy in force, Hooker found Kearny's Division, Birney's Brigade, in line of battle, exactly where Kearny, against Heintzelman's protest, for disobedience to which Heintzelman arrested General Birney,—had placed them. He at once made the attack with two regiments calling up Birney's Brigade to support him. This was well done and the enemy was pushed through the woods for more than an hour of hard fighting and after a bayonet charge the enemy fled in confusion, "throwing down arms and even clothing in their flight." In the meanwhile, over by Sumner, the enemy made several attempts to break his line; but upon the whole line advancing the enemy was thrown back and a bayonet charge, in which two regiments of Kearny's Division participated, turned a retreat into precipitate flight. "Our troops pushed forward as far as the line held by them on the 31st." General Couch concluded the story: "At night General Kearny's troops with others of my exhausted Division, formed the first line facing the enemy."

Now is the great opportunity to execute Kearny's military dogma: Follow Through. But McClellan revealed "his military Imbecility" alike as Strategist and Fighter. Phil.—and the whole Army—eager to pursue, and fight the Army's way, no siege guns necessary, into the still "unfortified Richmond",—the sole reason for McClellan's military existence,—with some or all of McClellan's 105,000 men, against the relatively small army of General Johnston, approximately 60,000 men, reads some little Napoleonic nonsense! Nonsense indeed to a Soldier who had just 27 days earlier traveled his own little army of 12,000 men, nine miles over the No-Man's Land of the Civil War, and beaten these very soldiers under the same Commanders with only 1900 men and driven them out of their entrenched camp at the end

of his military journey—and captured their Colonial Capital! Yet McClellan tells Stanton: "The state of the roads rendered impossible further pursuit"!

Ghosts of Scott with Phil. sword in hand, on the Mexican Rampart, now 15 years ago, plus 7 weeks, waving both his arms to Pacifist "Nick" Trist and to a whole army to come along! Manassas, the Evacuated,—not Medeah and Solferino and Magenta; oh, no! there were soldiers and strategians *and engineers* and tacticians!—and now Yorktown, Williamsburg and Seven Pines!

"And oh!—the useless losses!"—see Phil.'s letters!—A total loss of five thousand, seven hundred thirty-seven youths sacrificed to McClellan's incompetency,—or "cowardice or treason"?—against all known, and universally known, rules of strategy—and tactics,—deliberately offering Heintzelman's and Keyes' Corps to McClellan's Gods of the Confederacy by separating Kearny and Hooker, and Keyes' corps, by an impassable river from his main army!

Then too Kearny spending in vain his military reputation in merely again *saving* the army, and McClellan's thankless face from McClellan's own blunders; and risking his life by a bravery so sublime as to startle from the woods, which Phil. stormed, the classic Nightingale of American Battle-Literature, singing its immortal song of "Kearny at Seven Pines", with all Kearny's Brigadiers joined in the chorus!

Then the rout! And Kearny with a fragment of his Division as at Williamsburg, checking it; and now he and Joe Hooker actually constituting an offensive battle and driving the enemy, now themselves in panic, before their Divisions! And then, unbelievable! Like the pacifist at San Antonio, McClellan sounds the Recall! But read Phil.'s letters—it is more interesting—of what he thought of wasting his own and Uncle Sam's and the taxpayers' money in hiring *this* City Manager of a Military Municipality of one hundred thirty thousand denizens,—even with a White House for the occupancy of its Chief Executive,—mostly all foreigners given jobs by Uncle Sam!

The public debt for the fiscal year ending on the very day Phil. beat the last battle, June 30th, 1862, save one, of the Peninsula Campaign, for war purposes, showed $543,595,000 for the Civil War; of which McClellan's disbursements for operating his malarial summer camps in the Swamps of Virginia was $325,000,000!

. Kearny excluded from McClellan's clique,—therefore McClellan without Phil.'s experienced counsel,—resolved that if this thing happened again to do something about it. And he does:—twenty-six days away on the day of the bloody useless murder of Gaines' Mill. Meanwhile he writes Parker the data for Parker's use, Patriot and



"Where shall I go in, by the clearing or pine?" Colonel Poe. "Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel! You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"—Kearny at Seven Pines. From original painting by Kelly.



Republican, close to Lincoln who believed in Parker without recourse, and to Governor Olden of New Jersey.

And now let's tune in on the Nightingale's Voice, flushed from the fields in Kearny's assault on the woods. The Battle Hymn of the Republic on the Peninsula,—the great Clarence Stedman's classic stanzas written after Kearny's death at Chantilly.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

I

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield.
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney,
Against 20,000 he rallied the field!
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps, through the dark oak and pine;
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest;
No charge like Phil. Kearny's along the whole line!

II

When the battle went ill and the bravest was solemn;
Near the dark Seven Pines where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column
And his heart at our war cry leapt up with a bound,
He snuffed like his charger the wind of the powder.
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign.
Loud our cheer as we rushed; but his laugh rang the louder!
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

III

How he strode his brown steed; how we saw his blade brighten!
In the one hand still left; and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy, when the holidays heighten;
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the Reserves to the mêlée infernal
Asking where to go in through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel,
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line".

IV

Oh, veil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried.
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!

Yet we dream that he still in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
Rides on as of old down the length of his legion,
And the word still is "Forward!"—along the whole line.

But now the Nightingale is flown into the morning light and gives way to the "military bad man," Chaplain Marks, who had that day plied his merciful trade with Religious Headquarters on a rock in the forefront with Kearny's Division. Kearny passed and paused long enough to "Halloo" above the roar of battle, a few words of greeting; and of salvation,—in the physical order!

The good Doctor's vision of Phil. at Fair Oaks is well worth reading. The Doctor's quill steeped in love of the heroic and the sublime tends—now and later—to detour the Student from the path of Kearny's rounded military character while lolling across the poppy fields of personal fascination, drowsing the intellectual senses: General Kearny showed himself equal to every emergency; dared every danger and risked his life in the most hazardous positions! His men seemed capable of performing anything under his eye; for their confidence in his courage and military sagacity was unbounded. I have often heard men speak at the camp fires of his unruffled coolness during both of the days of May 31st and June 1st, 1862. I had taken a position in one of the advanced redoubts when Kearny passed. He glanced towards me as he approached and remarked: "What are you doing way out here; you might get killed and there's no use in that; you had better go back to the rear"; and as I did so—this time obedience was a better part of valor!—he galloped away to the thick of the fray.

Phil.'s old friend of *Paris* days—the Count of that city—whose horse, an "iron gray," given him by Kearny out of his "Peninsula Stable,"—Kearny's "Fashion Course," they also dubbed it! recalling Long Island's then Belmont Park—had true to its Old Rider sprung across the swollen Chickahominy to the sound of the guns; and so the rider saw "Philippe" "re-establish" the battle and Paris confirms an incident which we will read about in Phil.'s letters: At half past three o'clock, Kearny who, from the moment that he heard the sound of cannon, knew no obstacles, arrived at Seven Pines with two Brigades; and as at Williamsburg arrives in good time to re-establish the fight and retrieve the fortunes of the day! Berry's Brigade of Kearny's Division composed of Michigan Regiments and an Irish Battalion advanced as a wall into the midst of the disordered mass which wanders over the battle field; and does more by example than the most powerful reinforcement. Couch with a few Regiments was driven back and isolated from the remainder of his Division which was

no longer able to defend Seven Pines and forced back on the Williamsburg road. Kearny's Brigade which had resolutely defended their position on the extreme left on finding themselves separated from the rest of the Army were obliged to *make a large detour across the wood to rejoin their comrades.*

Then good old General Heintzelman, writing now as always from the scene brought near him by powerful field glasses,—but witnessing more truthfully than McClellan's on the other side of the Chickahominy,—devotes this space to Phil.'s scene: The heavy loss in General Kearny's Division will attest how much his Division felt the enemy! After General Kearny's Division arrived on the field our forces did not fall back a third of a mile; and with less than 11,000 men after a struggle of three and a half hours, checked the enemy's masses completely.

To Phil., Seven Pines was a Birthday battle. The night after at "Fletcher's Farm House," he gave a Birthday party and distributed—as on the boat to Alexandria later—some "golden dollars" through Chaplain Marks "to the boys over there"—at the hospital—who *"needed it most",* in honor of the affair! Forty-seven years since the begetting at the Homestead in Newark, opposite his "Kearny Castle" as the people now call it! To him always "Bellegrove"! In a later day "Belgrove" which gives its name to the Avenue formerly the main approach to the "Mansion".

The occasion was celebrated with a sub-title in honor of the "Army of the South,"—of course of the Chickahominy! Sedgwick and Sumner, however, who had come across the river, broke Phil.'s bread. And to his immense disgust Samuel Wilkeson of the *Tribune,* about whom the *Herald Tribune* today "knows nothing"—the same of their very great correspondent in Pope's campaign at Chantilly!—Too, Too Bad! Once these men wrote stories the nation read from coast to coast; formed the nation's vision of what happened in the Civil War,—and now Oblivion!

"Sam" greatly irked Phil. by his tricky methods,—"offensive" Phil. called them,—of getting the news; which, however, he always got. And in fact by trick played on Kearny he attended Phil.'s dinner at which sat down twenty of the distinguished soldiers on the Peninsula. Wilkeson came as General Heintzelman's "voluntary aide"!—Indeed he had served as Heintzelman's aide on the 31st. That's the way he got the best news for the *Tribune* of any paper in America. But had Phil. read his story—doubtful—he would have made Sam his guest of honor for it was a corker: [6]

[6] It was almost "impossible" to get the anti-McClellan *Tribune* on the Peninsula immediately after the battles. The *Herald, World* and *Times* flooded the camp. Yet the *Tribune* had a special office at White House.

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

The New York *Tribune,* Monday, June 2nd, 1862, contained in screaming headlines the following news:

GREAT BATTLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.
OUR ADVANCE ATTACKED BY THE REBELS.
THEY COME ON IN OVERWHELMING FORCE.
GENERAL HEINTZELMAN AND KEARNY TO THE RESCUE AT SEVEN PINES!
THE ENEMY REPULSED EVERYWHERE!

It was certainly very nice of Sam to pay in this way his obligations to Heintzelman! So far as Heintzelman was concerned his "Division" on the 31st was only a portion of Kearny's. As at Williamsburg Heintzelman's "Strategy" had held a part which he commanded in repose! Hooker's Division was not engaged. Sam went on to say:

Two days of the Battle of Richmond have been fought. The battle was opened by the enemy making an attack on General Casey's encampment near the Seven Pines. . . . General Casey's troops gave way leaving all their camp equipage and 12 batteries on the field. General Heintzelman advanced a portion of General Kearny's Division to regain the day. General Kearny's men charged with the bayonet, driving the rebels before them like sheep and regaining all the lost ground save about one-half mile. People here in Washington are not displeased that it was the soldiers of General Kearny that fought at Williamsburg who won fresh laurels on the Chickahominy, etc., etc.

New Jersey, in its *Sentinel of Freedom,* had it that Kearny determined in person to lead the 3rd Michigan Regiment into action and ordering it forward dashed up to the enemy completely checking his progress. His bold and successful movement had the effect of arresting the disgraceful flight of the beaten and dismayed fugitives from Casey's command. "During the entire action, General Kearny exhibited the utmost daring and contempt for life pressing forward into the most exposed positions followed by his Staff and inspiring confidence by his dashing energy and unexampled gallantry. He had a horse shot under him as also had several of his aides."

The French Press always following Kearny's battles, "rooting" for victory of "Her Soldier of the Chasseurs" is represented in an article in the *Journal des Débats* dated Washington June 1st: "Till the arrival of General Kearny, the Federals were thrown out of their redoubts and their batteries turned against them. Le General Lee et le President Davis etaient sur le champs de bataille." Then the same Journal on Sunday, June 22nd carried this item: "We have had

a desperate battle. The Division Casey which was found in the first line gave ground in a manner which is hard to explain and fled which caused a confusion, but General Kearny with the greatest courage arrived with his division 'qui tirent l'ennemie en echée' ".

As at Manassas and Williamsburg, Kearny groans aloud at McClellan's failure to Follow Through. Had McClellan fought Lee, even now on the 1st of June in Chief Command,[7] instead of 24 days later, victory and the capture of Richmond would have followed as Kearny saw it. Jackson's approach was now unthought of, which became McClellan's bugaboo on the 25th and paralyzed McClellan's resolution to continue an advance on that very day successfully commenced by General Kearny. History supports Kearny's judgment; and the Confederates too knew its soundness. Years later in the "Military History of the Confederacy" the judgment was pronounced that the inaction of half the Army had prevented McClellan from turning the battle of Fair Oaks into a great victory. Sumner's success was a sufficient proof of this. By leaving one Division to guard the large park of artillery and the depots, McClellan could have crossed the river and fallen upon the flank of the Confederates. Such an attack would have made the Confederates pay dearly for their first success. Upon the representations of his Corps Commanders that the conditions of the terrain would not allow passage of the artillery, he consented to defer the movement to cross the Chickahominy. . . . This was a great misfortune for he had lost the opportunity not repeated in the whole course of the campaign.[8]

And now mark this from the Comte de Paris for identification two months later at Bull Run: On the dawn of the first, Hooker, not Johnston, took the initiative. But *Franklin and Porter* remained across the Chickahominy not following the brave Sumner's example of the 31st; and this despite the fact that McClellan had strongly urged Franklin to cross. Their vacillation saved the Confederates from imminent disaster. Indeed it has been asserted by eye witnesses that the Confederate retreat was not made without disorder and that if the Federals had pressed with a sufficient force, even without artillery, "they might probably have been able to enter Richmond."

But a cursory reading of Phil.'s letters will easily show that his judgment as Soldier was, precisely as Lee's judgment, based upon the psychology of his enemies,—of McClellan, Engineer, primarily,—but way beyond that, the psychology of a Nation; the psychology of

[7] Three rebel commanding generals commanded at this battle!

[8] But at the investigation by Congress, several General Officers,—Keyes, Sumner and Heintzelman declared strongly that an advance on Richmond would have yielded the Capital.

the South and particularly the psychology of the Confederate Capital. Longer delay meant reinforcements for the Confederates; meant little in that line to the Army of the Potomac, as Lincoln was soon to tell McClellan, in a famous dispatch which will be read. And reinforcements meant the strengthening of the mental attitude of the citizens in the Confederate Capital which Phil. "knew" at Sangster's Station, Yorktown and at Williamsburg amounted to consternation. It is very fortunate that an exact account of Richmond's psychology was being written contemporaneously by a Clerk in the War Office of Mr. Randolph who wrote a too little known journal tracing its history. Clerk R. B. Jones—really a secretary,—opened Mr. Randolph's mail, made digests of it, and then in turn received from Randolph and wrote out skeleton answers of Randolph's replies. Psychologically, Sangster's Station, Yorktown, Williamsburg and Seven Pines, was the time to win the day. To win Richmond; and so to win the war.

When the rebels evacuated Manassas, Jones conjectured that the enemy "certainly would fall upon us from some other direction". Then when McClellan was actually on the Peninsula Jones records that "all believe we are near a crisis involving the capture of the Capital. . . . An awful day awaits us; we hear rumors of an important cabinet meeting when it was resolved to advise General Johnston to evacuate Yorktown and retire towards Richmond"!

A REBEL WAR CLERK REPORTS RANDOLPH'S SECRETS

May 9th. My Family except my son Custis, started today for Raleigh, N. C. But isn't it in reality another flight? For no one seriously supposes that Richmond will be *defended.*

May 10th. The President's Family has departed for Raleigh; and the families of most of the Cabinet to their respective homes or other places of refuge. The President has been baptised at home; and privately confirmed in St. Paul's church.[9]

May 19th. Every preparation has been made to *abandon the city.* The archives have been sent to Columbia, S. C. The tracks over the bridges have been covered with planks to facilitate the passage of artillery. Mr. Randolph, Secretary of War, under whom I am working, has told his page and cousin "you must go with my wife into the country, for tomorrow the enemy will be here". The Secretary of the Treasury had a special locomotive and cars constantly with steam up in readiness to fly with treasure.

[9] "What further need have we of witnesses!"

May 27th. More troops came in last night and were marched to the Army so that the Yankees would know nothing of it.[10]

May 30th. Our scouts report the left wing of the enemy on this side of the Chickahominy.

June 2nd. General Johnston is wounded.

June 11th. General Smith, the New York Street Commissioner has been urged as Commander in Chief.

June 13th. General Lee is satisfied with the present position. McClellan has no idea of attacking us now!

June 23rd. Jackson came to Lee's Headquarters, red with the mud and dust of three Virginia Counties and met Lee, Longstreet and A. P. Hill!

Then comes the fatal—or glorious!—news:

June 28th. The President publishes a despatch from General Lee announcing a victory. Today the streets are crammed with hundreds of blue coats, Yankee prisoners. So much for Jones' psychologic story!

At Williamsburg, with Psychology in his favor and a "tiny army" opposed to him,—McClellan excluding Kearny from his counsels—as at Seven Pines, failed to Follow Through. On the 28th with a vast army against him as well as a powerful psychology, the hour of McClellan's destiny had struck. He had sowed the wind with his incompetence or disloyalty or cowardice; he was now to reap the whirlwind of disaster. But it was at least to prove to him the validity of Kearny's dictum that he could make the trip of 23½ miles with his entire army over terrain which he said was "impassable" when pressed by Lee's military genius in just about three days!

During the battle, Kearny had played a part in a number of side shows; and again in several important pieces of military business away from the main current of the Chickahominy and its Battle.

While Robert Anderson, Patriot and Soldier, who named the battles around Mexico the "Battle of Mexico" celebrating Phil.'s exploit, was at Fort Sumter, his cousin, Colonel R. H. Anderson, later Lieutenant General of the Confederacy, was stationed at Fort Kearny, Nebraska,—Stephen Kearny's bailiwick. Now General Anderson was fighting Phil. at Seven Pines and he records among the salient episodes which challenged his interest, a little history which illustrates splendidly a characteristic often ascribed to Kearny, his generosity to a fallen foe:

It is a pleasure to record one of the thousands of incidents of gracious liberality and true christian spirit which actuated many of those who were so bitterly contesting on the Peninsula; and it is

[10] May 24th. The *Richmond Dispatch* editorialized: "To surrender would entail consequences so disastrous we fear to look at it."

an additional gratification since this one was extended by General Philip Kearny to our own brave Colonel Bratton. The Colonel had been wounded and had fallen into the enemy's hands; while thus situated he received the following letter from Philip Kearny:

Dear Sir:

The fortunes of this unnatural war have made you a prisoner, and it was in the hands of one of my Regiments, the 4th Maine, Colonel Walker, that you fell. I take the liberty, in courtesy and good feeling, of putting myself and friends at the North at your disposal.

I forward by special messenger your sword, belt and watch, together with a letter from the Surgeon, Doctor Gesner, who attended you who is an acquaintance of your family in the South.

If, Sir, you will permit me, I also place at your call a credit with my bankers, Riggs & Company, Washington, for $200.00, which may serve you until your own arrangements are made.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

P. Kearny, Brig. General
Commanding, 3rd Division 3rd Corps.

Nor was this act of generosity to the foe an isolated one; at least in three instances, letters from thankful parents in the South, reveal similar acts of generosity, not to the great but to the little unknown soldiers, Changarnier's "Soldât inconnu".

McClellan's despatch-habit at Seven Pines, as at Williamsburg, drew this comment from a member of McClellan's staff: McClellan followed his precedent at Williamsburg and lavished eulogies upon General Sumner. Kearny and Hooker alone undefeated and ever pressing onward to the onset in each day's combat, were scarcely mentioned. But it soon became known that by the ardor which Kearny infused into Jameson's and Berry's Brigades our army had been saved —and by a tardy arrival of a part of McClellan's force under Sumner from the other bank of the Chickahominy.[11]

After the battle of Seven Pines, on June 5th, at "Camp near Richmond" came general order No. 15. Phil.'s Pen flamed at Seven Pines even as his Sword; His Sword dipped in the blood of battle penned martial hymns: Kearny's "Kearny at Seven Pines".—A practical illustration of Phil.'s college oration, "The Influence of Literature on the Character of Nations."

Brave Regiments of the Division! You have won for us a high reputation. The country is satisfied; your friends at home are proud of you.

[11] Yet McClellan wired Washington: "Sumner, Heintzelman and Kearny have been engaged."

After two battles and victories purchased with much blood, you may be counted Veterans!

I appeal to your experience, to your personal observation, to your high intelligence, to put in practice on the battle field the discipline you have acquired in camp. It will enable you to conquer with more certainty and less loss.

Shoulder Straps and Chevrons! You are marked men: you must be ever in the front!

Colonels and Field Officers! When it comes to the bayonet lead the charge. At other times, circulate among your men and supervise and keep officers and men at their constituted command. Stimulate the laggard; brand the coward; direct the brave; prevent companies huddling up or mixing.

Marksmen! Never in the fight cheapen your rifles! When you fire make sure and hit. In wood and abatis one man in three is to fire. The others reserve their loads to repel an onset or to head a rush. It is with short rushes and this extra fire from time to time that much ground is gained. Each man up in first line, none delaying! Share danger alike; then the peril and loss will be small.

Men! You brave individuals in the ranks where worth and daring unknown perhaps to your superiors but recognized by your comrades influence more than others. *I* know that you exist! I have watched you in the Fire! Your merit is sure to have its recompense; your comrades at the bivouac will repeat your deeds; and it will gladden your families; and in the end will be brought before the country.

Color-bearers of the Regiments! Bear them proudly in the fight, erect and defiantly in the first line! It will cast terror into the opponents to see it sustained and carried forward. Let it be the beacon-light of each regiment! The noblest inscription on your banners are the traces of the balls!

Again Noble Division! I wish you success and new victories; until the cause of our Sacred Union being triumphant, you return honored to your homes.—Such Kearny's exhortation to his Division!

For the first time in our military history the Corps and Division badges, represented in their original,—the Kearny Patch,—were worn in battle at Seven Pines. The "Red Badge of Courage" of Stephen Crane's famous story.[12]

Phil., just before the battle, directed his officers to wear a red patch or diamond,—they called it henceforth—till 1865—the Diamond Di-

[12] Crane born in Newark, while resident in Asbury Park and later before he became famous visited "Kearny Castle". When his fame was achieved he again visited General Kearny and told the General the symbolic meaning hidden under the title of his famous book.

vision; always so in Michigan,—as a distinguishing mark. As there were no red goods on hand for the purpose, Kearny gave up his own red blanket as material for the patches. Soon after the men of their own accord cut pieces out of the red lining of their overcoats which Kearny had supplied to make similar distinguishing marks for themselves.[13]

Simultaneously with the idea of the Patch for the officers, Kearny adopted a plain red flag to indicate Division Headquarters; and soon after Hooker assumed a similar blue flag for his Division.

Later when Hooker reorganized the army just before Chancellorsville, he expanded Kearny's idea of the Red Patch and applied it to every Corps in the army. Of the Red Badge of Courage interesting incidents were told, even to the Confederates, it meant what it meant to Stephen Crane; and it is related of Colonel McKnight of the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers who was killed at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, and whose body fell into the hands of the enemy that when it was seen that he wore Phil.'s Badge, by order of the Regimental Officer, he was buried with military honors.

One of the Surgeons at the Hospital through which Kearny had just passed tells of an Irish youth who had bantered with Kearny about Kearny's arm,—his own having just been amputated: "Be gorra", said the kid, "I've heard a great many officers say that they would rather fight than eat; but the only one I ever saw at his ase there was that one armed devil of a Philip Kearny!"

Here again as at Williamsburg, here again as on the ramparts at Mexico, Phil. surveyed the field,—walked through the hospitals,—and moaned aloud at McClellan's futility at not ending the war then and there, following Hooker's and Kearny's Divisions and Sumner's Corps through to Richmond.

What Phil. saw in those hospitals, what he saw on the field, young Gorman, a talented musician of the 4th North Carolina, gives a glimpse. "How calm and still is everything since the great battle of Seven Pines! Nature smiles sweetly and the birds sing as enchantingly as though no deeds of blood and carnage had been perpetrated. Yet near this now peaceful spot, I was in the hospital till late at night. What sights I witnessed! Piled in heaps lay amputated arms and legs,—an awful scene; while from the bloody masses of flesh around the surgeon went up such piercing cries that the blood almost chilled around the fountain of life. Though chloroform

[13] A similar idea was adopted at the same time by the Confederate General D. H. Hill, who directed his men to wear a white band around their hats. And on May 27th, the *Richmond Dispatch* states that General Beauregard had adopted "a badge of honor for all who may distinguish themselves on the field of battle." See Kearny's Medals: *Infra.*

was administered it had no effect; and such a sight when the surgeon's task was done,—arms and legs piled up like cord wood!"

Then a splendid act of Lieutenant Rice's. He was very sick in the hospital where there were a number of other troops of Kearny's Division. When the fight grew warmer, and the wounded came pouring in with their cries of agony, he sprang from his bed,—as Pierce Butler in Mexico,[14]—and exclaimed: "Boys, every one of you that can hold up his head, follow me"; and more than 20 actually followed. He shouldered a musket and all joined the regiment; they fought most gallantly and then we read,—we don't like to but we have to,—"Rice was severely wounded in the thigh and was carried from the field." [15]

It was no idle talk this thing of Johnston's army directing their fire at a one armed soldier. As a Federal Colonel who was wounded was relating in the hospital how the rebels "broke like sheep leaving the slashes filled with their dead and wounded," a wounded rebel of the 11th Mississippi who lay on an adjoining mattress called out: "That is true. I got this wound running out of those pines. I was told that if I shot the one armed General Kearny I would be promoted; and seeing him in the field the other side of the Williamsburg road, I left the ranks; entered the wood just as our men were leaving and turning to run back I was shot in the thigh!"

The young Confederate, his leg frightfully shattered,—no hope to save it!—sank back exhausted on the bed. Then after a few minutes: "Do you think the bone is broken, doctor?"—"Yes,"—"I replied,"—the surgeon talking,—"I was obliged to tell him the truth. He bore the operation well, with great fortitude, and on being dressed and returned to his bed, minus the left leg, he cheerfully said: 'Phil. Kearny is better off now with his one arm than I am with one leg.' "

A famous contemporary expression arose out of Seven Pines, "Come Casey"—to be caught unawares. It is supposed to have originated with Private Crotty of Kearny's Division who used it in telling of one of Kearny's "innumerable skirmishes" which Phil. speaks of in his letters and of which of course nobody knew anything about. Another skirmish—ten killed—that's all!

KEARNY'S SKIRMISHES ON THE PENINSULA

Every man is now in his own works for we do not want them to *"come Casey" on us* for we are always ready to give them a warm

[14] The very distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court writes the Author that though bearing the same name they are not related.

[15] This episode taken from a Michigan source is "secretly" let into Agnes' ear in one of Phil.'s letters.

reception. About the middle of June the enemy came down in force on our picket lines and drove them in. We are all in our works for we expect it is going to be a general attack. They come in plain sight; stop; and establish their picket line. Now our one armed General, Phil. Kearny, does not like to see them every day so close to our line. So he makes a detail from every Regiment of about 50 men to drive back the rebels and retake our ground. The detail starts over the works; and soon drives the rebel pickets out; but they are met by their heavy reserves and try to stand their ground.

A beautiful fight here takes place. Our gallant Kearny rides up and tells us to give it to them, while the little army charges and drives the rebels from our lost ground. We re-establish our line in its former place and return in triumph to our breast-works amidst the cheers of our comrades in camp.

It was after the Battle of Seven Pines that Kearny wrote his well-known appraisement of the relative bravery of the troops under his command:

The Irish, Phil. said, were brave as any, but the highest phase of their bravery was a reckless, rollicking bravery without judgment,—a perfect practical illustration of the Faugh-a-ballagh, "Bludgeon fighting," as Wellington called it on more than one occasion. American bravery is equal to the Irish so far as a proper contempt or disregard of danger is concerned; but was rendered more telling by a common instinct which teaches our people where exposure is needless, how to take care of themselves, without shirking their work. Order an Irish regiment to charge and it would make the attack brilliantly, but do it in such a manner as to suffer all that could be suffered! Order a regiment of Americans to perform the same work and they will do it just as thoroughly; but they will do it in such a manner "as to inflict all the loss possible upon the enemy and suffer as little as possible themselves."

In Washington, Count Gurowski looked through the eyes of an informed select opinion and wrote in his journal for May and June, 1862: McClellan literally has not stood by when a cartridge was burned and yet they sing huzzahs for him! . . . The battle of Fair Oaks is another evidence of General McClellan's veracity! . . . Kearny and Hooker would move quickly; would fight with bravery! We would be in Richmond any day with any other than a General like Mc Napoleon!

But the battle is fought out; Richmond beckons. Will McClellan with his vast army take the offensive! McClellan persists in leaving his army in the position from which Kearny had saved it. The President recognizes the continued danger; recognizes that only by

sheer military miracle the two Corps on the south side of the Chickahominy are still alive and kicking. Lincoln wires McClellan:

With the continued rains I am anxious about the Chickahominy—so close in your rear and crossing your line of communications. Please look to it. A. Lincoln.

On the same day, June 3rd, he hears from McClellan—read again on June 26th!—: Your despatch just received. As the Chickahominy has been almost the only obstacle in my way for several days your Excellency may rest assured that it has not been overlooked. I have taken every possible step to insure the security of the Corps on the right bank but I cannot reinforce them until my bridges are all safe. On account of the effect I hope you will regard this information as confidential for a few days. On the 5th McClellan writes: The rain keeps me in status quo. On June 10th Stanton is told: I am completely drenched by weather; the roads and fields are literally impassable for artillery!

It is the irony of fate, it is McClellan's military imbecility, it is one of the two alternatives which Kearny ultimately tells McClellan to his face is the matter with him; that no sooner had he fixed up his bridges and pulls his artillery over *perfectly passable* ground and puts Porter in the same position in which he left Kearny at Seven Pines that Lee does at Gaines' Mill on the North side of the Chickahominy exactly what Johnston did at Seven Pines on the South! But this time was Journey's End for McClellan in the Peninsula; really for McClellan as Soldier! And when his journey was ending towards Richmond he deliberately refused to let Kearny help him; but that is another story.

Such the setting—such the editorial comment,—in which to place some of Phil.'s garnets of Military Literature.

Six & one-half miles—Richmond
June 1st, 1862

Dearest Love,

Another haphazard battle where I was sent for to redeem the blundering and short-comings of others. This time it was an old acquaintance of mine, and good old overrated fool, General Casey who early in the Fall was given a Division to my injury whose men gave way most shamefully, filled the roads from the battlefield to our camp three and one-half miles, and ran away worse than at Bull's Run.

I am used to many strange sights! But when I saw, before the arrival of the fugitives, a whole line of wagons coming full tilt, I felt that many a bold man might well have had his senses turned! Then came a stream of fugitives; and finally they pushed on in masses.

My superior Heintzelman commanding the Corps, a weak old fool but no particular coward, mismanaged me as usual. He had previously ordered me to leave a brigade in the rear. He then directed me to send away one brigade by the railroad quite away from my control; and then a brigade to the battlefield. I pushed on at a fearful pace; got under fire and as usual was sent to charge, while thousands of those I came to help were left quietly to be passed by me crouched in rifle pits and fortifications! We pushed right on; and I drove back the enemy. But McClellan's injustice had changed my men. They followed me after a fashion; but were colder and slow. I won everywhere. When the enemy got in behind us and the troops in the rear ran like sheep I flew to them; hurrahed at them and raised my cap, and turned them and led them into the fight again. I had hardly done this when another large party of the enemy stole in behind my brigade. I was cut off nearly from my own men, but rushed to some men near by and made a stand. However I looked back on my recent borrowed followers and found them and all the others and some seven or eight thousand running like good fellows and masses of the enemy regularly but rapidly and sternly pursuing them; and occupying the only *reputed* roads of retreat.

Think I to myself: I am cut off, me and mine; but fortunately I had that day examined with a fine guide, all that secret locked up country of forests and swamps. I saw they hoped to cut me off from the retreat by getting between me and White Oak Swamp.

By this time a regiment of mine attracted by the fire in the rear came along in the woods. I charged the enemy in the rear and would have gained the day but for lack of reenforcements. But I fought them long enough to enable my intercepted regiments to retire by a secret road through the swamp; got back to my position, a very strong one from which I should have never been taken before my arrival there. Again I found myself the sole barrier when all the others were in turmoil and confusion. Still this was not a victory. It was the first time that I had not slept on the battlefield; and but for mismanagement and false and treacherous conduct of McClellan, as at Williamsburg, I would have been victor here too. Still it is not inspiring to be sent to restore a fight; and see hordes of others panic-stricken, craven and cowardly.

Dearest Love, although treated disgracefully by General McClellan's ignoring my victory at Williamsburg, I acted about the same as ever on this occasion. I was indeed not so long, but at times more exposed, in a perfect current of cannon and rifle balls; and alone in the face of too many scamps who seemed to pick me out. It was at

this time that my bay colt received his first wound; an hour later he was killed under me. I of course lost saddle and bridle.

McClellan was over here today; never asked for me at all; and yet I have twice saved him from irretrievable disgrace!

Dearest Love; some friends telegraphed me that you understood I was wounded. I at once telegraphed you. It grieves me peculiarly that General McClellan for private purposes, not public advantage, stops all letters and telegrams after a battle until he can previously influence the Press; and start his own version. Thus he mentions me luke-warmly who again saved the honor of his army. He has directed his agents of the *Herald,* paid by him out of the great secret service money, to dwell upon me lightly; and they have with full knowledge of the facts which I know to have been forwarded to them, introduced into their article the names of some officers not marked "present" and others by no means notable; and left me and my Division out entirely. The *Herald* purposely omitted my taking command of the Division which confused the public.

I often think of our happy abode and the friends we left in France. Magruder and all my particular friends were against me the other day. It is too absurd to think of him and Col. Wheat, even so lately with us in Paris. I lost my baby bay colt under me.

Phil.

Kearny's letters—like this one—particularly in reference to the *Herald's* omission to place in its news columns his elevation to the command of a Division, as well as to its studied silence of his part in the battle of Williamsburg and at Seven Pines, speak of the influence which McClellan wielded over the news.

This influence was illustrated by Charles A. Dana in his Recollections of the Civil War:

When Mr. Stanton went into the War Department there was great dissatisfaction in the Tribune office with McClellan. He had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac in the preceding August and since November 1st had been in command of all the armies of the United States, and had "proved that he was no general at all."

On February 21st the *Associated Press* agent at Washington in reporting a railroad convention, said "Secretary Stanton in the course of his address paid a high compliment to McClellan in whom he said he had the utmost confidence, and the results of whose military schemes, gigantic and well-matured, were now exhibited to a rejoicing country." I did not believe Stanton had done any such thing, so I sent an inquiry to him calling for the facts. The Secretary replied February 23d, 1862, "The paragraph to which you called my attention

was a ridiculous and impudently impertinent effort to puff the general by a false publication of words I never uttered. The fact is that the agent of the Associated Press and a gang around the Federal Capitol appear to be organized for the purpose of magnifying their idol!"

The method by which the commanders construed the news in their favor is illustrated by Henry Villard. General Rosecrans on the Western frontier received Villard with profuse cordiality on slight acquaintance; invited him to his mess and offered to supply sleeping quarters, horses and servants. He even offered to Villard to read his reports in advance of their transmission to Washington, and to copy them for publication. Villard declined the proffered privileges, and "refused to be Rosecrans' mouthpiece." On the other hand "W. B. Bickhain of the Cincinnati *Commercial* showed no such scruples, and served as his general publicity agent."

General Sherman felt like General Kearny and was extreme in his public denunciation of: "this class of men who will not fight but follow the army to pick up news for sale and who *bolster up* idle and worthless officers and give *no notice* to the hard-working and meritorious. The puffing of some officers and pulling down others plays into the hands of the *enemy*"; and particularly in reference to the Army of the Potomac, "What has paralyzed the Army of the Potomac? Mutual jealousies kept alive by the press." Sherman called the newspaper correspondents "the world's gossips" and found them gradually drifting to the headquarters of some general who "finds it easier to make reputation at home than with his own corps."

Finally Gurowski fires at *Herald* and *Times:* The reporters of the newspapers are instructed to see events through the perverted spectacles of their respective bosses. The partisans of McClellan, the traitor, and the military imbecile are at work to confuse the judgment of the public. The New York *Herald* and *Times* and other staunch McClellan supporters again and again say that the rebels fear McClellan, the ablest general opposed to them; the rebels are smart and so is their ally, the New York *Herald.*

Camp near Seven Pines,
June 1, 1862

Dearest Love,

A battle came off yesterday, quite unexpectedly, I hasten to send you a line to say that the great risks incident to it,—for it was again saving runaway people,—has not resulted in even a slight wound.

Dearest Love, I have lost my beautiful bay colt; he was shot under me. I mourned him as if he were my own brother. I send you all my love and a thousand kisses.

PHIL. KEARNY'S MILITARY STABLE

Writing of Kearny's horses Captain Miller in his fascinating Pictorial History of the Civil War states that Kearny during the Civil War had many excellent animals, but his most celebrated steed was "Moscow", a high-spirited white horse. On the battlefield Moscow was conspicuous because of his white coat but Kearny was heedless of the protests of his staff against his needless exposure.

Another horse belonging to Kearny was Decatur, a light bay, which was shot through the neck in the Battle of Seven Pines. "Bayard", a brown horse, was ridden by Kearny at this battle and his fame will ever stand in history through the poem of Stedman, "Kearny at Seven Pines". At the Battle of Chantilly Kearny and Bayard were advancing alone near the close of the struggle when they met with a regiment of Confederate infantry. Bayard instantly wheeled and dashed from danger with Kearny lying flat on his horse's back. They seemed about to escape when a fatal bullet struck the General.[16]

Just after Fair Oaks

My dear Parker,

As one of my God-fathers in Mars, I wrote you of another fight in which my whole Division was engaged with fearful loss for our reduced forces; my loss was near 1300, 1270 killed and wounded.

As before it was to succour other people; and as before I was hurried into action before I could fairly get my men in hand; passing from our camp up for 3 miles through a dense stream of demoralized, —yet unblushingly so,—fugitives past whom we were hurrying to do their fighting. I objected to it. I told Heintzelman "it is far better to establish a new line, and to let the enemy break up against it than to do this unsystematic, haphazard thing; it were better to let me stop the enemy here, than to send me in piece-meal, like throwing good money after bad." But no! The result was what I foresaw. We could not be everywhere. We carried everything before us; but in the meanwhile, after two hours' hard fighting for us, the *other* people,—the center of the line,—caved in; and the enemy sweeping by, cut us off from our line of retreat, half a mile in the rear of my advance line. I was at once thrown on the desperate alternative of facing to the rear and engaging the second line of their Right Rear which they met with coolness and by bringing into action their immense reserve. This fight with a fearful loss to the N. Y. 37th under

[16] Kearny's Death Colt was black. "Winfield" named for General Scott which Lee returned to Mrs. Kearny after following the Confederate Army for six weeks. "Monmouth of Mexico" followed his body from Kearny Castle to Trinity Church Yard, Wall St.

Colonel Bayman enabled me to extricate my Division and regain my communications by certain blind woods in the forest or swamp which the enemy tried to cut us from but failed. It was at the last minute of the fight that I had my horse shot under me. My stable boy told me he had probably been shot in the flank. I also lost some very brilliant field officers, and our numbers were fearfully reduced. Surely severe battles rarely come so near together in Europe and never as have been ours without meaning or results.

June 13th

Dear Parker: McClellan is incapacity personified. Remember my prophecy to you only recently that from the blunder of other people I expected to witness a disaster, to be cut off, but to effect my escape! It seems fearful to me that in War, it was so in Italy, that I should have such wonderful intuitions; for I scarcely can trace my manner of analysis amidst the ramifications of circumstances that constitute the military whole.[17]

And now, fearfully, we are punished for our past cowardice of the Fall and Winter and Spring! Half of our loss, as now, would at any time have forced Manassas;—a rapid, vigorous and electric pursuit would with little comparative loss have seen the Virginian army overtaken and destroyed! A mere rapidity of march after the battle of Williamsburg would have captured the enemy before he crossed the Chickahominy. Even the other day by bringing Porter's and Franklin's[18] Corps and my brigades into the fight would have left us Masters of Richmond. As it is, although requested by General Sumner whom you remember McClellan tried to cast odium upon him at Williamsburg by sending him back "without command" to Yorktown, our General-in-Chief refuses to come to this side, and appoints Sumner who is celebrated from being wrong-headed, as Commander of the three Corps,—his own and Keyes and Heintzelman's on this side of the river, about 30,000 men for battle while he remains with Porter and Franklin, the 27th Reserve Batteries, and all the Regulars and nearly all the Cavalry of the Army on the other side. A rise in the river had taken place. One bridge carried away; and he exposed the Army to being cut off which is as unpardonable as a military fault, as it is culpable as treason. I am struck with the conviction that this must be political or decided black-hearted treason. Really, it admits of no other solution; he must be as bereft of common judgment as wanting in military adaptability. His surrounding himself with "creatures" and keeping on distant stations, the brilliant men of the Army proves something more than mere egotism of

[17] Newman's "Illative Sense".

[18] These two men are now suspect. Trail them both to Second Bull Run.

shiningly keeping away other lights.[19] McClellan is time-serving and unsafe; a talented politician, but no General.

Kearny—in this letter as one of many—deplores the trail of Politics in military appointments. Halleck soon after his appointment found the Political-Military racketeer so entrenched in the Army that when Colonel Poe, a West Pointer—proved able and heroically courageous soldier—tried to obtain an appointment commensurate with his ability, Halleck told him that his letters from General Kearny and others "were the strongest he had ever seen and proved his claims fully." But "to be frank with you, Colonel Poe, with only such letters showing military evidence of fitness, your chances for promotion are about equal to those of a stump tailed bull in fly time"! In other words, merit without political influence was no argument for promotion.

Fair Oaks,
June 6th, 1862

Dearest Love,

How strange it must seem that after my great battles we stand still: Williamsburg and now Seven Pines.

Do you know this is a beautiful region. The bluffs on the Chickahominy are perfectly beautiful building sites for mansions; generally some rising knoll, with fields sloping inland; jutting out and over looking very wide bottom lands; beyond green meadows, extending to the river, which with vistas would look like a lovely clear Lake; and bold blue hills on the horizon beyond. I usually take a ride every morning along the river; and fancy that after the war I would like to build a mansion and help to restore to prosperity the first great State of our Union, and this land of Washington. The places are about six miles from Richmond, quite near the railroad, and within a few hours of Washington.

I only wish my men were as comfortable as I am; I hate to enjoy the comparative comforts inherent in my position but my health demands it. I have a fine large tent, a French camp bed-stead, a beautiful velvet carpet, a set of swinging shelves for my toilet set, my little French hampers ready to offer nice things to a friend. I have a new groom, an English coachman; and a very nice colored servant, besides my guards and orderlies ever ready to do my bidding.

My Division has been twice as much engaged as any other; yet the war drags on tediously.

I often dwell in fancy with you and the children at Bellegrove. If that lost angel were only there. Dearest Love, try not be soured; be easy and sufficiently beyond the visitations of intimates. Never

[19] Read again Lincoln's letter after Williamsburg.

speak of me, or as little as possible; seem ignorant of this little contribution of serving our country under small men.

Surely with one arm lost in Mexico I might easily have kept out of this war without any want of zeal being laid to my charge; but as a hightoned gentleman I felt called on to act, and not to be idle; and I firmly believe in the Union of the North and the South.

Draw me a sketch of the new flowerbeds. Do keep up the terrace and sod the naked places on the lawn.

Headquarters
June 15, 1862

Dearest Love,

I am sure that Mrs. Street,[20] if she only would study less to enthrall you by her wiles, would ever be welcome to our place. Poor Susan has been soured so much that she has changed her nature. I look forward more and more to purchasing some princely estate, and living in Virginia after this war. There is a princely establishment on the other side of the Chickahominy belonging to Dr. Gaines.[21]

How ridiculously McClellan has behaved with Mrs. General Lee. It amused me extremely. I know her most intimately. She is a witty, "crazy," spoilt lovely woman; a born heiress,—and how she could ridicule McClellan and his whole staff as being a pack of Parvenus! It was so very vulgar and wanting in gentility; McClellan is just that kind of a man.

I have just now had a most agreeable visit from the French Princes. They are greatly liked; all are noble and true-hearted friends. I often am moved to regret, dear, why I ever came home.

[20] Susan Street, often mentioned in Phil.'s letters, was the companion of the Kearny children at Bellegrove. She had a distinguished social position in New York. Her mother was a daughter of Robert Watts Kearny, Phil.'s uncle in his generation. Her daughter in turn became the wife of Governor of New York and Vice President Levi P. Morton, whose daughters married into distinguished families, one now well known in Washington society Mrs. William Eustis. Another, now dead, adopted two children and when General John Watts Kearny, who greatly admired Susan Street's brilliant personality, heard that Susan's cousin and his granddaughter was bent on using her remarkable gifts with children in education and had taken the mother's place with the adopted children of Miss Morton, Susan's granddaughter, he dryly remarked: "Why, that's tit for tat!".

[21] Mr. Linsley in his "War Recollections" tells us that while his mother, then in this beautiful home of Dr. Gaines, which Phil. calls "princely" in his letters and now the scene of frightful carnage and the self chosen burial place of Phil.'s and Agnes' most loyal friend, Major Wheat, Phil. rode up "and asked mother if she would sell him some of the roses? Mother told him 'No.' She wouldn't sell them; but that he should go into the garden and 'cut as many as he wanted'. He said he wanted them to send his wife."

How funny that the lady in Paris should try to kill my little fame by denouncing my rashness and daring peculiar to the French; and without which the men of this army would never have learned how to fight. That it is appreciated by them is proven by every regiment in the army hailing me as I pass after my battle! I despise the coward who imputes rashness to me! My nature is reckless, perhaps; and I scorn danger.

McClellan allowed Mrs. Lee—mentioned in this letter—to remain within the lines at or near her home, his base of operations, called "White House" for a month and then escorted her, as the papers ridiculed, "with the pomp and ceremony of a Queen of some foreign Potentate," to her husband's camp; and two days afterwards, the gallant Jeb. Stuart made his famous raid around McClellan's whole army. Many northern papers dubbed this most loyal lady a "spy", which if she were, stoutly disputed by Kearny, she was wholly justified. Yet with her "wit" and appreciation "of McClellan as Parvenu" her "spying" must have been into McClellan's disloyal mind. Parvenus delight in high social contacts and use sympathy to effect them. Did McClellan implicitly, perhaps openly, tell her of his southern sympathies; of his determination to end the war, not in conflict but in conciliation, his ultimate position! And so "Guide Lee's Mind"—soon to be "edited" by Dr. Freeman.

The following letter illustrates an episode in the text:

June 8, 1862.

Dearest Love:

Well, there has been effected what has never been done in Europe: at my urging them under fire the wounded men who could still stand, fought; and the slightly disabled refused to be carried off the field of Williamsburg; we had not a man to spare at the time! I appealed to the 9th Jersey, without cavalry; they hussahed and replied: "General, Jersey knows you; we follow where you lead".

Camp near Seven Pines,
June 8th.

My dear Parker,

I am sorry that I cannot give you interesting news, we are again at a deadlock. Manassas over again! Both parties entrenched up to the eyes. Both waiting for something. Our last chance to take Richmond,—for Dame Fortune is resentful of slighted claims,—was thrown away, when our great battle of Fair Oaks was thrown away. We had tempted the enemy to attack us whilst divided by the Chickahominy.[22]

[22] How this prophecy was fulfilled at Gaines' Mill;—McClellan swept off the field.

It only remained for General McClellan to put forth reserved force and his military might and Richmond would have been ours. But no; delay on delay, fortification met by counter-fortification on points previously neglected. Undue concentration of our troops on places already overarmed. Sickness in our camps; daring forays by the enemy. Indeed everything so betokens fear on the part of the General Commanding,—and the enemy this side the river so emboldened,—that with the number I find crowding up around us, I am puzzled to divine the meaning in the Drama. It will be either another inexplainable evacuation or a suffocation of this army by the seizure of our communications when least expected.[23]

The reliance on further troops from the North is nonsense for it is more than met by reenforcements of two to one by the enemy's calling troops from the South. But to drop the uninteresting military, and to give you some curious items. You know that I have already suggested to you that the stratagems of McClellan have become too systematic; that there must be hidden springs behind the scenes; that there is either positive treason or at least McClellan or the few with him are devising a game of politics rather than war.

June 13, 1862.

My dearest Love,

We only seem to take a nap after my battles which are not followed up. My friend Johnston is said to be very badly wounded. It is odd enough whenever any officers come in with a flag of truce they always inquire for me! Indeed I have twice saved the day. I certainly did so in the late battle. General McClellan unhandsomely directs the press which he controls by two large secret service funds and other means to dwell as little as possible on me. He hides the major achievements of his own officers that his favorites may seem to show up as the actual doers.[24]

Dearest Love, you must be careful not to discuss me. I am sure if I were at Bellegrove I would never care to leave that lovely spot; but make the most of its secluded parks, the drive, its gardens, its lawns, its meadows, and its fruit. As for France, dearest love, as much as I like the French I do not care to return. I rather look to living in Virginia, near Richmond after this awful tiresome stupid war. When you write tell me all about little Susie; does she grow? Is she pretty? Does she fly about? Never let her leave you; she is your best safeguard and most graceful and natural

[23] Within a week, Stuart rode all around McClellan's position; and in three weeks McClellan's communications had been seized, and his position evacuated, —"wholly unexpectedly," see *infra*.

[24] Hancock at Williamsburg.

protector. And little Virginia; I do trust she will grow up mild and gentle.[25] Dearest Love, my heart will never again be healed over my lost dear boy. It seems to me, even amidst danger and battle that one idea of bereavement reigns fearfully above all things on earth. The only child I ever was struck with; that ever I cling to; who seemed to bear for us all an angel love. My God! ease for us a fearful loss; the only emotion that has ever completely conquered me; since the sad loss of my loved sister. In a space of not many years I have lived a fearfully long life time; and you gentle girl of the Tuileries, how sadly checkered has been your fate and I know that you love me.

Phil.'s letters, of which this is typical, are instinct with his love of his glorious country place in Kearny, New Jersey,—then Lodi;[26] and a most attractive contemporary description, which seemed to make it a revelation of Phil.'s spirit, was given in the *Evening Post* of September 20th, 1862:

"BELLEGROVE": THE "CASTLE" OF PHIL.'S SPIRIT: "KEARNY CASTLE"

Moon-lit nights will be with us soon and it will be time to sail up the Passaic River. A mile or two above Newark can be seen the pointed tower which caps the splendid Family Mansion of the late General Kearny. The house with its great gables and carved ornaments, elegant terraces and balustraded balconies and perfumed flower beds stands some distance back from the Passaic River.

It seems a singularly fit home for a man like "Phil." Kearny! The Mansion has a medieval look; and so Kearny always seemed to be! A man of the days of ancient chivalry! His tall commanding figure; his long, finely cut features, his abundant mustache and his hair just frosted with gray, all seemed to belong to some Cavalier of the times of the Charleses. A more elegant man or a braver soldier never led on troops to battle! His picture now on exhibition at Brady's Gallery in New York[27] shows what a splendid looking man he was. There is something peculiarly sad in the fact that the last letter almost that he wrote from the field of battle was one in which he expressed a weary wish to be back again in his dear Jersey home and a yearning after the quiet of the Passaic Valley! A few days after that letter was written, a plumed hearse drawn by six white horses, caparisoned in black stood before the Kearny

[25] A true prophecy: a most lovely nature.
[26] Lodi was the domicile named in Phil.'s will.
[27] The picture in author's possession.

Mansion to bear away to the old family vault in Trinity Church Yard, New York, the dead form of a gallant gentleman.

When the Castle was sold by General Watts Kearny,—having been unoccupied for 35 years by the family and in the care-keep of the beloved Mrs. Gilligan, the widow of "Isaac", General Philip's Keeper of the Lodge,—among many editorials which appeared, the following in the *Newark Star-Eagle* of June 25th, 1926, was typical:

VANISHING LANDMARKS

The disappearance of ancestral estates strikes a persistent minor note in the symphonies of American progress. The next landmark about Newark to fall before the march of improvement will be the Kearny Estate on the Hudson County side of the Passaic River, a part of which has just been sold. Fortunately, the "Castle" may stand and may be devoted to some worthy use.

This is the second Kearny mansion hereabouts to meet the inevitable fate of historic American homesteads. The first, a Newark landmark vanished altogether. It was much more attractive to the antiquarian than the more modern and costly structure which the General, a few years before the Civil War, built on the other side of the River, modeled on a French Chateau. The family estate was on both sides of the River.

On the Newark side nothing except an historical tablet on the Normal school which was built when the Kearnys sold the site to the state of New Jersey in 1910 tells the story of the distinguished family.

And finally for this period a letter to his Chaplain:

Headquarters, Third Division,
June 15, 1862.

Dear Sir:

From long experience in the field no one appreciates more sensibly the service you render to humanity and to our cause. I return to you my grateful acknowledgment of your noble and energetic conduct in behalf of our poor sufferers of this Division. If there is one point more than another where I have hitherto laboriously and constantly and successfully fulfilled my duties as an officer it has been in my solicitude for the sick and disabled.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SIX DAYS' BATTLES . . . McCLELLAN "RUNS"

But whatever dicta Kearny and the military wiseacres delivered about McClellan and his secret Council, McClellan did not budge; in fact, dug in deeper and deeper in the death-full swamp lands of the Peninsula; and Kearny's letters groan aloud against this futility,—110,000 boys in a malarial military summer camp in Virginia!

Then suddenly, without any apparent developments, to quicken his footsteps,[1] Kearny and Hooker are ordered to take the offensive towards the Capital!—and Phil.'s curses upon McClellan's "barren victories",—Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines,—suddenly turned into blessings when his ears tingle with the music of McClellan's mystical message of June 24th to Corps Commander Heintzelman that he should at early dawn "on the morrow" push forward Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions to the edge of the next clearing. "I am moving forward," wrote McClellan, "with heavy guns tomorrow and hope to take possession of Garnett's Field; and by another day of the Old Tavern,—" a commanding prominence on the road to Richmond. Then Kearny could scarcely believe his ears: "I cannot afford to be without Heintzelman, Kearny and Hooker in the last effort to secure the city". McClellan had selected Kearny and Hooker to initiate the long delayed assault on the Capital of the Confederacy!

Early the morning of the 25th, an historic Hour as Kearny read it, McClellan came across the Peninsula to command in Person.—The first and last battle in which he commanded in Person, perhaps commanded at all.[2] Kearny had not only taught, as he had vaunted to Agnes' privileged ear, "the Army of the Potomac to Fight"; he had made a Battle Soldier out of the ENGINEER!

Now let's read the history of the approaching Battles and Events,—and of McClellan's vacillating Mind and Heart,—out of his own mouth in his own despatches, affecting the vital historic subjects of Kearny's "Libelous Letters"; all the time remembering we are

[1] The claimed development was the completion of the bridges. But see below that McClellan wrote he was ready on June 11th when the second of McDowell's Divisions arrived.

[2] Porter attributed Lee's success at Gaines' Mill to his presence on the field of battle with his troops, inspiring in them a fighting courage.

reading Kearny's, not McClellan's Biography, and "editing" Phil. and his letters.

On June 25th in the morning McClellan magnetic-telegraphed the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton: "Everything is quiet today. I hope to open on the enemy's batteries tomorrow morning, the 26th, and to gain important advantages within 48 hours,—not bringing me into Richmond but somewhat nearer and improving my position." At three P.M. McClellan telegraphed the Secretary, "They are making a desperate resistance to the advance of our pickets. Kearny's and one-half of Hooker's Divisions are just where I want them. I have reinforced Hooker. If we succeed it will be a great advantage gained;" and at five o'clock: "The affair is over and we have gained our objectives. The first step has been taken toward Richmond!" But alas, Kearny's and Hooker's step was not only the first but the last step toward Richmond taken by the Army of the Potomac in the Peninsula under "Tardy George"!

Thus at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th,—the hour, unknown to McClellan, of his destiny,—McClellan's cock was crowing Victory! Two hours later a paralysis, so Kearny viewed it,—whether from cowardice, treason or sheer military imbecility, he wasn't sure,—crept over George's noble resolution; and at length emasculated it; and seven days later after six days of dreadful battles of the most savagely ferocious fighting of the Civil War,—with stakes none other than the Recognition of the Confederacy,—with 35,000 boys dead, wounded or unaccounted for, McClellan landed his splendid heroic army at Governor Benjamin Harrison's Colonial Estate, "Berkeley" on the James, twenty-three and a half miles from the point fully gained in Kearny's first stride towards Richmond at Oak Ridge, McClellan commanding in Person![3]

Contemporaries were amazed and public opinion infuriated when a long, unexplained silence from June 28th to July 1st was at length broken by the tale of these disasters. But in the intervening three-quarters of a century, the penetrating eye of History—Truth is the daughter of Time—has learned the secret of McClellan's military

[3] The "Seven Days Battles" convey a false historic notion. Kearny's successful advance on Richmond, unlike Mechanicsville and the battles on the *six* days succeeding Oak Ridge were battles of Lee's Advance against McClellan who was in retreat. The Retreat or "Six Days Battles" is historically descriptive. The word "Seven" was McClellan's newspaper propaganda to support his theory of "change of base of operations." He had no idea, except so far as *he and* all commanders anticipating a possible defeat, of "changing his base" on the 25th. Only when disastrously beaten on the 27th did he flee crying "change of base". The southern and foreign papers revealed this imposture. See *Le Constitutionel* July 20th, 22nd, and 27th which calls it "Six Days Battle". For a brilliant analysis, see *London Index*, July 17th proving the word "Six" by McClellan's telegrams. But the text sufficiently proves it.

education; and the progressive stages in the paralysis of his plans! And across the stage stalks the "saintly" figure of the Principal Player in his Tragedy: "Stonewall" Jackson, Soldier par excellence of the Confederacy; appearing now in the Shenandoah Valley, now at Fredericksburg, now at Gordonsville, now at Ashland,—and at length,—Terrible!—as a solitary rider halting his dust-bitten horse before the State House in Richmond! This impassable Military Wraith magnified himself into 100,000 seasoned troops in McClellan's yellowed imagination, inflamed with the fear of Jackson's name, which conquered,—like Lancelot's,—in this campaign without his sword; which, for whatever reasons, good or bad, was sheathed during these dreadful battles or not fully drawn.

At 7 o'clock at twilight on the 25th after Hooker's and Kearny's "victory," McClellan telegraphed General Burnside the first intimation of his anxiety: "Reports from contrabands today make it probable that Jackson's forces are coming to Richmond and that a party of Beauregard's force has arrived in the Capital."

Three hours later, McClellan "couriers" General "Casey,"—not "Kearny,"—"of Seven Pines" that his information indicates that Lee has designs to attack his communications. "Send out cavalry reconnoitering parties and instruct them to give you immediate notice of any approach of the Rebels!" But Stonewall's spectre will not be laid: "It is said Jackson is coming from Gordonsville; therefore be vigilant!"

McClellan wrote a week later that he had not slept for 7 days! Tonight—the 26th/27th—he was up at 2:22 a.m.; for he then wires the Secretary of War, inebriated,—but only with fear,—and so seeing double the number of the enemy, basing his figures on "Mr. Allen's" Reports: "Jackson will soon attack right and rear." Then to Mr. Lincoln that the enemy's force is "200,000"; and adds: "I need,"—where have we heard this before!—"new regiments at once to reinforce my forces at the White House; another Division of old troops would be invaluable; also a couple of new regiments of Cavalry"! That's all he wanted to fight 85,000 Confederates with his 105,000!

The despatch to Lincoln was sent after Lee—but not Jackson—had attacked him—and now let's see in some detail what had happened on the 25th and 26th. Hooker on the 25th advanced beyond the position occupied by General Casey on the 31st of May at Seven Pines; but owing to an error in his orders withdrew to his former position. McClellan hurried to the field; orders Hooker and Kearny to advance; which they do; and occupy the positions designated by McClellan from which the battle derived its name of Oak Ridge.

Kearny was then 3½ miles from Richmond, the closest achieved by the army!

But at this very moment terrible storms were gathering over McClellan's smaller divided force,—as at Seven Pines,—on the North Bank of the Chickahominy. On the 26th, wholly unexpectedly, to the amazement of McClellan, Lee—boldly; "rashly"—concentrates all his army, except 25,000 men, on the north side of the river; forces back Porter's separated troops at Mechanicsville on the 26th and at Gaines' Mill on the 27th; and McClellan begins his "retreat" from Richmond to Harrison's Landing, falsely called—by McClellan—a "change of base of operations!"[4]

But McClellan would bravely laugh off the attack on the 26th if only the President would let him have reinforcements: "If I had another good division I could laugh at Jackson; but nothing but overwhelming force can defeat us."

It was at this juncture when alternate hope and fear cut the lines of McClellan's continuity of thinking that McClellan sent forward his famous telegram to Mr. Lincoln which sought to shift to the burdened shoulders of the President the responsibility for defeat, "if it came," for Lincoln's failure to honor his repeated drafts for reinforcements. As a matter of fact, the respective forces were substantially evenly matched; favoring McClellan by about 18,000 after Jackson's arrival. How possibly McClellan could "With reason",—Lincoln's words,—have expected any "considerable body" of reinforcements, Father Abraham's kindly letter of July 1st in which he gently asked McClellan to "reason with him" exposes the barrenness of McClellan's bluff. He—only recently commander-in-chief—must have known that reinforcements were not within Lincoln's reach "this side of the Mountains."

At nine a.m. on the 26th McClellan had confided in Stanton his fears. A contraband had confirmed "in a remarkable manner" the story of Jackson's being on our right flank and his intentions to attack our communications. "There is no doubt in my mind that Jackson is coming upon us; with such great odds against us, we shall have our hands full"! At 10:20 McClellan has good reason

[4] The amazement of Congress at McClellan's "change of base", now known as flight, is illustrated in the following items in the *Richmond Dispatch:* An editorial entitled THE FOURTH OF JULY: "The Yankee Congress a week or two ago objected to adjournment because McClellan would probably be in Richmond by July 4th. They wanted to enact legislation to be in readiness for such an event". July 10th. "Senator Chandler's resolution defeated in the Senate which read: 'If the Army of the Potomac had been commanded by that archtraitor, Jefferson Davis, there would not have been a single step he would not have advised.'"

to believe that Jackson's apparition has appeared in the vicinity of Hanover Court House "to attack our communications."

But now the cycle of optimism has its turn. McClellan reverts to Heintzelman with Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions victorious in their advance on the Capital through the clearings: "This affair," he wires Stanton, "was perfectly successful"; then adds, almost the identic phrase, which he had used just before the evacuation of Yorktown: *"All things are very quiet on this bank of the Chickahominy; I would prefer more noise"!*

The Engineers' prayer was answered fully at this moment in the horrid roar of the rebel artillery, and in the rattle of his musketry firing thenceforth for six days into McClellan's sleepless ears.

Stanton now tries to encourage McClellan: "We shall have confidence in your ability to drive Jackson back." But to Stanton's astonishment, McClellan's telegram on the 27th, tells him "that a very heavy engagement is in progress just in front of my position. You must not expect my men to contest too long against too great odds. You can rely upon this Army doing all that men can do;" and McClellan added what must have seemed astonishing to Stanton, that he still kept communications with the White House; "but they may be cut at any moment; *I cannot prevent it.*"!

Paralysis had crept close to the heart of McClellan's Richmond resolution! In fact Kearny and Hooker, to Kearny's amazement, were now under orders "not to advance." Ye Gods! On the contrary to "retire,—if their pickets were attacked,—to their entrenchments and there await the expected attack of the rebels!"

Kearny to retire! Before Magruder, whose military renown as notorious bluff—as military and "social fakir"—he well knows! Kearny with 60,000 men around him and his friend with only 25,000! What's wrong with that picture![5]

On the 27th, Little Napoleon becomes craven Sergeant and further reveals his mental sickness. The Warrior-Wraith is now clothed in flesh and blood! Jackson's forces are actually fighting Porter in his front; and McClellan is retiring from the battle field: "The firing has nearly ceased. I have nearly everything on the way to the other side of the Chickahominy." Jackson in very truth was 100,000 men! Again: "All wagons and necessary camp furniture were brought to the Richmond side of the Chickahominy,"—the south side of the river. These words, strange to narrate, convinced the President and Stanton that McClellan—as great strategist—was to reach out Kearny's shortened arm on the "Richmond" side, over the 3½ miles which separated Phil.'s forces from John Marshall's House, symbol of Union and Nation, and capture the Confederate Capital!

[5] For Magruder's "bluff", see *infra.*

At three on the 27th, McClellan wires Stanton, the most astonishing words yet; that his change of position across the river "was just in time; for Jackson is attacking Porter; and an attack is also expected" on the Richmond side of the stream,—the scene two days before of McClellan's own personally conducted assault on the Capital. O Iago, the pity of it! McClellan was now to realize that without Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions standing like two Gibraltars against the assaults of Hill and Longstreet, guided by Lee's military genius, his army would have been destroyed at Frayser's Farm,—the battle of Glendale! or the New Market Road of Phil.'s letters!

Shortly after 1 p.m. on the 27th, McClellan apparently again convinced of victory wires Stanton: "We have no choice but to win. We are contending against superior numbers at several points,"—with 60,000 men idle across the river, including Kearny ready to spring at Magruder's precarious throat, strangle or drown him and take Lee's base and Capital! "It is absolutely certain," continues McClellan, "that Jackson, Ewell and Whiting are here." Then this extraordinary counsel of desperation: "This may be my last despatch I send you for some time." What is the matter, Mc, are you scared!

At three, four-thirty, five fifty-six, and eight o'clock on the 27th during the battle of Gaines' Mill, while Kearny, boiling with rage, is calling McClellan to his face, coward or traitor—and how he feels it!—for not letting him attack Magruder across the River and enter the Capital, and so deflect some of Lee's forces from the assault on Porter—and so save the campaign—McClellan wires Washington: "If compelled to fall back I shall do it upon the James River if possible"! Why, Mc., that is twenty miles away; do you mean it! And then to Porter this optimism: "I am sure nothing can resist your troops; I look upon today as decisive of the war. Try to drive the rascals and take some prisoners." And then Porter in the presence of 60,000 idle troops is swept off the field! Why didn't you "Follow Through" at Williamsburg and Seven Pines,—even at Manassas,—when the forces opposed to you were one-half or less of your numbers! However this is, the story unfolds relentlessly: "Have had a horrible contest; the odds have been immense; have only lost the battle because my forces were too small; I may be forced to give up my position during the night." The odds had been increased in McClellan's favor! The losses at Mechanicsville—actually a disastrous defeat for Lee [6]—had been 2½ to 1; perhaps as great in killed and wounded at Gaines' Mill.

[6] At this moment had McClellan taken the offensive on the North; and carried on his intended movement of the 25th on the South; Lee never could have crossed the Chickahominy; Richmond must have fallen. See note *infra*.

McClellan now facing this contingency wired Lincoln his famous dispatch that if his Army is beaten the responsibility would lie with the Administration, "for failing to support the Army."—McClellan's Presidential Campaign based—as it ultimately was—on a peace plank and the defeat of the Army due, not to him, but to Lincoln has begun. To this Lincoln replied, beautifully replied! "Your three despatches in relation to this affair, Kearny's and Hooker's advance, ending with the statement that you completely succeeded in making your point are most gratifying. The last in suggesting the probability of your being overwhelmed by 200,000 enemies; and of where the responsibility lies, pains me very much. A. Lincoln."

Then when Porter is beaten on the 27th, McClellan wires the Naval Commandant at Fortress Monroe—the first intimation of his "change of base"; actually his flight,—"We have had fearful battles; I am obliged to fall back between the Chickahominy and the James." [7]

Communications between Washington and McClellan are now cut to be resumed through Norfolk on July 1st. Then late on the 27th McClellan writes one of his most self-destructive public documents, the "Circular to his Corps Commanders." Paralysis has crept over heart and mind! Kearny was right after all! "The Commander-in-Chief directs you immediately to cause your command to be provided with three days' rations in haversacks; ammunition to fill the

[7] McClellan has claimed that the reason he failed was due to Lincoln's failure to send McDowell's Corps in his support. But this is a "one-third truth", not "half" Truth! McClellan received two-thirds of McDowell's Corps, Franklin's and McCall's Divisions, 22,000 men, and expressly stated to Washington,—to Lincoln,—that this was enough! Thus, June 7th, "I only wait for River to fall to cross and make a general attack. I shall be in perfect readiness to move and take Richmond the moment McCall reaches here.... June 11th: McCall's troops have commenced arriving at White House"; and on June 12th, "roads rapidly drying". Yet, McClellan's stated conditions, perfectly fulfilled, —and no attack! Then with McCall and dry roads, what next, pray? June 18th: "A general engagement may take place any hour". And two weeks after the roads are dried; McCall present and 200 hours after *the* Hour, the old bunk of over-whelming numbers reappears! June 25th: "Rebel forces stated at 200,000." Then follows the ridiculous nonsense, really such,—pulled in the text. The claim that McClellan's fatal placement of Porter's corps on the north bank was to touch McDowell's expected arrival is not tenable. For, on the 25th, McClellan wrote that he did not expect McDowell; and on the 27th at 10 a.m., —2 hours before the battle—McClellan is so confident of the validity of his strategic position that he wires Washington that his whole army "is so constituted it can take advantage of the first mistake of the enemy"! Then when McCall, roads, bridges, strategic position are perfected and McClellan is beaten to a frazzle on the north against Kearny's protest which if effected certainly would have saved the army, McClellan shifts the blame to Lincoln for not sending reinforcements! His military life is over; his political career marches onward.

cartridge boxes. It is a matter of vital importance that wagons be employed exclusively for ammunition and subsistence. All tents and all articles not indispensable for safety must be abandoned; all unnecessary officers' baggage will be left behind. The sick and wounded not able to walk must *necessarily be left behind.*[8] It is enjoined upon Commanders to lose no time in loading the wagons!"

But now General Porter is across the river on Kearny's side. Lee uncertain as to the line of McClellan's retreat, Yorktown or the James, makes the fatal blunder, undoubtedly losing him the campaign, of delaying till the 29th at one o'clock in the morning.

Kearny, two hours later starts withdrawing his Division from Seven Pines towards Frayser's Farm and Malvern Hill forming the rear guard to save the army. Lee is now convinced that McClellan is retreating, not towards Yorktown, but to the James. To do this, McClellan's Army must cross the Peninsula, principally across White Oak Swamp, north to south. Five Roads running west to east from Richmond debouch upon McClellan's single north to south road, or its tributary,—called the Quaker Road,—of retreat. Lee determines, and he is *"certain"* he can do it!—to cut McClellan's Army in two by advancing down these Five Roads and attacking him in flank and rear,—Jackson crossing the Chickahominy also in McClellan's rear. The pursuit is on; the forces clash in a preliminary battle of indifferent import near Savage Station and then in THE decisive conflict at Frayser's Farm on the Charles City and New Market Road, Kearny and Hooker break down Lee's, Longstreet's and Hill's assault. Then Malvern Hill where the Union Army beats decisively the demoralized rebels. Follows the incredible! McClellan flees to the—yard-arm of the navy, instead of advancing on Richmond,—proceeding to Harrison's Landing from an impregnable position where he arrives on the morning of the 2nd of July. Kearny writes "Amen" on Parker's Letters!

On June 30th while Kearny is fighting his battle at Frayser's Farm, McClellan—nowhere near the fighting—wires this panic stricken message: "Another day of desperate fighting. We are hard pressed by *superior numbers.* I fear I shall be forced to abandon my material to save my men. You must send us very large reinforcements. *If none of us escape, we shall at least have done honor to the country.*" If this isn't Kearny's "terror", cowardice, if you please, make the

[8] McClellan was amazed—and so wired Lincoln—at the losses during "Seven Days"; exactly as Napoleon's horror at Solferino caused him to break his word, —so Cavour railed,—after a magnificent victory and seek privately an armistice, then a Peace; but on that *one* day Napoleon's losses were 47,500 men! Kearny therefore knew war was horrible in its means; sublime in its end; but McClellan's ends and Kearny's and Lincoln's were diametrically different. McClellan's objects could not support disaster.

most of Kearny's "recklessness", and call it cowardice! Then on July 1st, at 2.45 in the morning, while Kearny is still perhaps hoping that he can find some rebels to fight at Frayser's Farm, McClellan wires: "I need 50,000 more men and with them I will retrieve our fortunes. . . . I must apologize for the *probable incoherency of this letter.* I am exhausted by want of sleep and constant anxiety for seven days." He had not commanded or fought in a single battle![9]

Then on July 2nd Lincoln knows the truth and sends his famous telegram on the reinforcements: "Allow me to reason with you a moment. I have not outside your Army 75,000 men east of the Mountains. Thus the idea of sending you 50,000 or any other considerable force is absurd. Save the Army if you are not strong enough to take Richmond. A. Lincoln."

Again Lincoln wires McClellan on July 2nd, "If you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now." Both "just nows" are in the Lincoln original; but the second is edited out by Lieutenant Colonel Scott in the Government Official Records of the Rebellion published under authority of the Congress. Of course to edit this out, ruins Lincoln's meaning! In using both "just nows", not the future, but the present alone is intended and is significant in view of Lincoln's telegram of the 7th: "If at any time you feel able to take the offensive you are not restrained from so doing."

Such a sketch of the last step towards Richmond and of the sudden Great Retreat and of Kearny's place in it and of the fascinating history of McClellan's military *and* mental operations, read out of his own mouth, not from Kearny's letters; but it would almost seem as if Kearny "inspired" McClellan's pen, so probative are McClellan's letters of Kearny's judgment,—certainly as respects the controlling influence of Fear. The Fighter, wholly at war mentally with the Engineer, knew his own! McClellan was not one of them; "I know mine and mine know me" was not spoken in vain!

But now for a close up, of the personally conducted last "On-to-Richmond" battle of the 25th; and of Gaines' Mill and Frayser's Farm. Let's see Phil. enact his flaming part in the Tragedy of the Great Retreat; it was as thrilling a drama as any audience, lay or clerical, would want.

The *Tribune* draws the picture impressed on the imagination of the man on the sidewalks of New York. This battle of Oak Ridge

[9] In view of Gideon Welles' diary entry that McClellan, Kearny's "Parvenu", gloried in having "John Jacob Castor", as the *London Times* dubbed him, and the three French Princes on his staff, one of the most amusing editorials of the war appeared in the pro-southern *Washington Republic:* "It is a matter of sincere congratulation that not a single member of McClellan's Staff was killed or wounded in the slightest degree in the recent battles around Richmond!" The glorious Wheat dead on the field!

has two great singularities,—the only affirmative attack—the only offensive—McClellan made on the Peninsula and the only one at which he personally commanded. The *Tribune's* story tells us that on the 25th "McClellan reported that our bridges and entrenchments being at last completed, an advance of our picket line on the left was ordered, preparatory to a general forward movement to Richmond." "At noon on the 25th McClellan rode up to the field amid the cheers of the soldiers! The fight in the morning was entirely of infantry! In the afternoon when two other Divisions had come up the fighting was altogether of artillery except in the night attack upon Kearny's left which was repulsed. Without exception the men behaved splendidly as if they intend to make short work of capturing Richmond. McClellan's whole army was inspired; toward twilight the enemy made an attack in force on Kearny's Division and Kearny counter-attacking, masterfully repulsed the foe with heavy losses." An incident in the battle related to the iron-clad undervest worn by an officer of the 12th Massachusetts. A ball struck his breast, whirled him around and did not hurt him.[10] Other accounts in other papers were similar including the report in the *Richmond Whig* of June 6th.

An incident illustrative of Kearny's and Hooker's twin spirits occurred during the 25th. McClellan rode up to the lines, addressed something to Heintzelman and then both approaching Hooker and Kearny, Heintzelman addressed Hooker: "What do you say, General Hooker; General McClellan has asked: 'Can you hold your position?' Hooker said: 'I can hold my position against 100,000'; and then, 'Well, Kearny, what say you?' 'Well,' rejoined Kearny, 'if the rebels think they can take my position, let them come and try it'." [11]

And now Lee, with much lingering doubt as to the safety of his 25,000 men before McClellan's 60,000 on the South of the River, has attacked McClellan at Mechanicsville, and although worsted, losing in proportion to McClellan 10 to 7,—Lee, the Engineer, had yet to win a Civil War battle!—again attacks General Porter on the 27th at Gaines' Mill. Jackson had now formed a junction with Lee. Porter's situation is desperate,—an exact replica—on the North of the River—of General Casey's plight at Seven Pines,—warned against by Lincoln!—from which Kearny had rescued McClellan. Kearny realized it; and of course, he is eager to save Porter, McClellan and their companions in their first real battle on the Peninsula,—Kearny had already fought three! But now it is different, very different.

[10] In the State Library at Richmond, similar contraptions are preserved captured from the Federals.

[11] Read this on the 27th with the propaganda that on the 27th the Commanders south of the river were afraid of an assault. Kearny's Brigade of Slocum's division actually left and fought heroically across the stream, although as Kearny wrote abandoned by Franklin, losing 1,000 men.

He is convinced something is "up"! 60,000 men idle against Magruder's 25,000 between Kearny and Richmond while Porter's 35,000 are fighting 60,000 rebels. This is exactly what Phil. and Joe deplored in Sumner's conduct with 30,000 troops at Williamsburg, when Phil. had come through from the rear with his 1900 men and saved the campaign in its inception. And the stakes in this instance nothing less than the Union,[12] the Army, the crumbling of the campaign and the vain pagan human sacrifice of Kearny's brigade at Sangster's Station, and of Kearny's Division at Williamsburg and Seven Pines, and at McClellan's personal battle at Oak Ridge! Kearny's heart's blood boils, like oil in a caldron, in its cavity! Something *must* be done about it. He is convinced of McClellan's cowardice; perhaps it is treason!

On that day, a private soldier in his Michigan command, Color Sergeant Crotty, notices Kearny's demeanor and records it in his journal:

June 27th. A battle is raging away to our right and rear! Our men fall back during the night from Mechanicsville. Now General Porter is fighting the battle at 9 a.m. Our division still keeps at work and General Kearny is spoiling for a fight!

Yes, that cat looking at that Irish King was right! Kearny *was* spoiling for a fight! And to get in on one for these stakes, his arm still convulsive under Dr. De Leon's amputating table at the Archbishop's palace, became a joke,—relatively. Kearny was determined to again attempt to save the Army with his Division;—and the campaign! For if Porter is defeated, Lee's chances to destroy the Army, —as both Kearny and Lee knew, and Kearny expressed it,—in its retreat to Harrison's Landing, are 10 to 1.

And to Kearny, Porter's defeat with the odds so great against him, was inevitable; unless Lee could be diverted by an attack by Kearny's Division against Magruder who was making, as Kearny easily saw,—how well he knew "Prince John"!—a series of "fake demonstrations as bluffs"[13] at different parts of Kearny's and Hook-

[12] The *London Herald* May 3rd: "If the South is victorious on a great occasion, the North would accept the issue as conclusive." See Dispatch June 4th, 1862; also July 17th.

[13] The most distinguished confederate Lieutenant General, D. H. Hill, wrote in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* his account of these battles in which he took a principal part,—the principal part at Malvern Hill with General Magruder: "during Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan. But Magruder was there 'to keep up a clatter,' as Winton expressed it. No one ever lived who could carry the grand Seignor with the lordly air of 'Prince John', as the American Army dubbed him! Each Federal Corps Commander thought the whole army was upon him!",—except of course Magruder's intimate friend, Phil. Kearny, who took steps to call his bluff!

er's front, south of the River with the double purpose of preventing the sending of reinforcements to the hard pressed troops of Porter's corps, and also to discourage any attempt to advance on Richmond, now clearly exposed by the heavy concentration of troops of the main body of the Confederate Army at Gaines' Mill.

But now let Major H. L. Thayer, Provost Marshal of General Berry's staff, of Kearny's Division, tell the story:[14]

KEARNY AND HOOKER ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE CAMPAIGN,

By THAYER

We were on the extreme left and facing towards Richmond, whose church spires could be seen from our picket line, and only 3½ to four miles away. When the plans of the Commanding General for the retreat from the Peninsula became known, these plans were earnestly discussed and so strongly opposed that Generals Kearny and Hooker accompanied by Heintzelman, together with General Berry and some other Brigade commanders rode to General McClellan's Headquarters, *where General Kearny, as principal speaker,* insisted that he should be granted permission to march our Division—Kearny's—at once to Richmond to liberate 14,000 of our men known to be held there in Libby as prisoners; and if not deemed best to hold possession of the city, to return. That as there was only a small force of the enemy between us and the city, the main part of General Lee's army being opposite our extreme right where the fight was then going on at Gaines' Mill, nearly 14 miles away, Kearny believed this could be done successfully. It would *also tend to divert the enemy and possibly make our retreat unnecessary.*

General Hooker also heartily approved the plan saying that in his opinion, one Division could alone do all that Kearny had proposed; but for safety suggested that one Division should advance to the city while the other Division should remain in reserve, guarding the flank. General Heintzelman also commended this. But all their insistent argument had no effect in changing McClellan's plans. General Kearny denounced McClellan in language so strong that all who heard it expected he would be placed under arrest until a General Court-Martial could be held; or at least would be relieved of his command. On their return in the afternoon General Berry with a heavy heart, detailed the exciting incidents of that conference. None

[14] No history of the Civil War, no Biography, except General Berry's little known—in few libraries—and very able Biography by the scholarly State Historian of Maine, has published this episode. Not only is it found in his text; but the documents upon which it is based were derived from Mr. Snow, General Berry's grandson, custodian of his papers.

of the occurrences of that event were *allowed at that time to be generally known* in the Army of the Potomac; *but the two Divisions* were never afterwards as entirely for "Little Mc" as we had been up to the time of this incident.[15]

In *Days and Events,* General Livermore, a Colonel of the 18th New Hampshire Volunteers of General Hooker's Division, tells of his historic effort to save the campaign, and win the war: "I have been informed that Hooker wanted to move forward. But McClellan ordered a retreat, declining to let him assault and capture Richmond, while the Rebels were fighting across the Chickahominy."

And now arises, again and once again, the old question which arose at the Garita at San Antonio: What of Kearny's question to McClellan? Did it reveal him as a Military Jackass, clothed in the skin of a Lion? Or as ideal soldier; master of military science yet unlike McClellan's crowd ever ready, *willing* and *able* to execute his science—his strategy—in a way no other Union soldier—except another Philip—approached him in the Civil War,—1861 to 1865, inclusive?

Count Gurowski is now writing in his Journal that Kearny is tactician, strategian and battle soldier, all wrapped in the same martial package. McClellan and his crowd, this military authority records, are professing themselves West Point strategists, bellowing down the wind against Kearny the "peerless fighter", but no strategist, no tactician. Here is the sharp issue; and Kearny's *contemporaneous answer in a great crisis on the spot* where alone a practical answer could be given, was ringingly "Forward March!"

What answer has History given on Kearny's "then-and-there" judgment? Would the war have ended then?,—one of the great "IFS" of history![16]

Many writers have been cross-examined. Few—if any,—dissent; all agree; and representative opinion is revealed in the Confederate General, Magruder, Kearny's vis-à-vis Commander; in General Sir Frederick Maurice; in General Heintzelman; and in Berry, Birney and Robinson, Kearny's Brigadiers and in General Hooker; and in Robert E. Lee, speaking through Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman's authoritative voice: Lee's spiritual voice speaking in 1935! Finally by Marshal Foch, Soldier of France, of Kearny's military kindred!

Thus speaketh Magruder: "From Friday to Sunday morning, I considered the situation of the Army extremely perilous; large portions were on the other side of the River; all bridges destroyed except the reconstructed New Bridge commanded fully by the Federal guns; and only 25,000 men between the Federals and Richmond. I re-

[15] Gen. Maurice states none of McClellan's officers objected.
[16] This is Lloyd Lewis' fascinating phrase applied to General Kearny's career in the Civil War, one of the IFS of history.

ceived instructions enjoining the utmost vigilance. I passed the night without sleep. Had McClellan marched his whole column and advanced it against any part of our lines,—as was done at Austerlitz under similar circumstances by the greatest Captain of any Age, though the head of his column would have suffered greatly, its momentum would have assured it success; and the occupation of our works about Richmond, and consequently of the city, might have been his reward. "His failure is the best evidence that our able commander, fully understood the character of his opponent."[17]

Now for General Maurice: If McClellan, while Lee was fighting Porter, boldly threw forward the great army he had on the south bank of the River, the rebel capital might have been his reward! Lee's danger was apparent to all. But Lee resolved to risk it! And his audacity has not escaped criticism. The truth is, however, that neither Lee nor the Generals about him, who knew McClellan, were in the least apprehensive that their over cautious adversary would either see or realize the opportunity.[18]

Dr. Freeman,—Lee's voice,—leaves no doubt in the mind of this biographer from a factual narrative that had Hooker and Kearny advanced as planned on the 24th, 25th and 26th and 27th, Lee would have moved no soldier across the Chickahominy bridges; or if he had done so, would have recrossed on the 27th,—if possible,—had Kearny attacked on that day. Dr. Freeman reconstructs Lee's outlook on that memorable scene—the fate of the Confederacy—during those days much like this:

When Lee met Davis, he laid his plan before him to attack north of the Chickahominy. The President was quick to ask Lee if he thought McClellan would permit him to take the initiative north of the river and not deliver a counterattack south of it against Lee's weakened center and right. If, said Davis, the Federal Commander acted like an engineer,—how this would have delighted Kearny from the lips of one of his old Fighting First Dragoons![19]—and considered it his first duty to protect his line of communications, then

[17] Magruder's Report to Lee. August 12, 1862.

[18] Lay criticism undoubtedly holds that unless Lee "knew" McClellan was traitor and was determined to "throw the campaign", Lee's strategy was "fatal blunder",—however successful. Of course, Davis, and so Lee knew, through the notorious traitor Vallandigham who was tried as such, and sent by military court to the South; and through Fernando and Congressman Benjamin Wood, his brother, of McClellan's letter or its contents to Fernando Wood on the Peninsula. Peace and Democratic success, "let the South go in peace", was the notorious war cry of the Democrats. Mrs. Lee, too, with her penetrating brilliant mind, must have known, and so told Robert, of the parvenu's southern sympathies—his treason? All the South suspected it. See *infra*.

[19] The Second Dragoons let Kearny pass and take the lead against the Garita in Mexico; did not follow the "Fighting First".

he would not attack and Lee's plan would work out successfully.

On the 24th, Lee despatched his orders to attack McClellan, and distributed it the very same day, perhaps the very same *hour* that McClellan distributed his order to Kearny and Hooker to attack Lee!

The morning of the 25th dawned. Amazingly the Federal Artillery opened on a wide front!—Did McClellan know of Lee's order?—Soon word reached Lee that the Federals were attacking the pickets along the Williamsburg road! That was Kearny's attack and Brother Joe's! Who else would be attacking in that whole crowd of fatal Corps Commanders unless themselves attacked, who stood idle with hands in pockets at Williamsburg and Seven Pines!

The action raised a question: Should Lee execute his plan to attack on the north of the river next day; or should he await the development of the enemy's movement? Lee concluded the Federal commander would *certainly* resume the offensive very shortly. He ordered General Huger to hold his lines at any cost the next morning and to advance if possible, and let the plan for the offensive stand![20]

Then Mechanicsville was fought on the 26th; Lee defeated with 1350 to 351 Confederate-Federal losses. From the Confederate viewpoint, "as a battle" a "ghastly failure." The Problem to Lee: How can McClellan be prevented from attacking on the south side of the River? Quickly Lee dictated an order to Huger, telling him to hold his entrenchment at point of the bayonet; received on the south side at 8:30 p.m.

"The venture was desperate," writes Dr. Freeman; but on the night of the 26th there was "no alternative." The only hope was to try to turn the extreme right of the Federal line. "If Lee did otherwise, McClellan might attack on the south side."[20]

Such Lee's mind,—reconstructed by a magic pen. Had Kearny attacked at any time before the 28th, the campaign would have been saved,—Richmond taken.

Dr. Freeman now narrates his interesting talk with Marshal Foch: It is worth noting that the writer was once discussing this campaign on the ground with Marshal Foch. That distinguished Soldier's idea was that McClellan of course should have attacked south of the Chickahominy. . . .[21]

[20] Through Doctor Freeman's kindness these quotations from his book are allowed.

[21] D. H. Hill wrote in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* that "McClellan could have captured the city with little loss of life. The fortifications of Richmond were very slight; and want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him". But Hill knew McClellan would not attack! He remarked to the frightened Captain Garland who proposed this danger to his chief: "Don't you think McClellan's 'ruse' is a leetle expensive"? when Hill heard the frightful explosions through many hours and saw the smoke from burning supplies at McClellan's base at the White House!

Kearny, knowing the inevitable consequence,—plainly the campaign is over!—leaves McClellan's Headquarters; and goes back to his beloved Division near the Seven Pines [22] which at least are still standing; listens for two days to the vicarious roar of Porter's beaten guns and of Kearny's sacrificed Brigade; and then withdraws his Division,—the last to withdraw,[23]—early on the morning of the 29th, two hours after Lee's famous remark: "I think they may have escaped me!" [24] Kearny is to attend to that escape business at Frayser's Farm! And on the 30th his Division is strongly posted on the Charles City Cross Road with easy access to the Confederates who may be pouring down the New Market Road, all around Riddle's store near Frayser's Farm House, where Lee [25] as certain as ever man was of victory which he knew and said he ought to have won, spent his all in attempting in person, with Jeff Davis in the offing,—McClellan absent,—to beat principally Kearny and Hooker, defying Lee to cut the Army in two.

Along with Kearny's Division, against explicit orders from McClellan to abandon the wounded, Chaplain Marks, of the 63rd Pennsylvania, ministers to the wounded, and to the dying, whom Kearny takes along with him in his train. These men had fought for Phil.; had fought for him *personally;* not for McClellan or any other human being, not even for a Cause, but for Kearny! Abandon them? Never! And the Chaplain who knew, if any man did, how to tell a story, lets us see the events of the 29th and the 30th:

DR. MARKS' STORY OF THE GREAT RETREAT OF THE THIRD CORPS

The march of our army was of necessity slow. With an enormous train of 5,000 wagons and but one narrow road. The woods on both sides were swarming with enemies. The army moved forward slowly till it disappeared from the cultivated fields and was buried in the wilderness.

When the enemy discovered we had retired from our trenches and outposts, they sprang on the track of the army with all the fury of wild beasts seeking the prey; and their screams were calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Our army halted and threw itself into line of battle. A battery of artillery was sent back by General Kearny with a detachment of Pennsylvania Cavalry, under General

[22] The Seven Pines were an isolated clump in an open space of which this author has seen a contemporaneous picture.

[23] At six in the morning the last regiment left Seven Pines.

[24] Kearny's condemnation of Franklin for thus abandoning his chosen beloved Brigade was severe. See his letters.

[25] See also Life and Letters of Lee by Childe; Jeb Stuart by Thomasson.

Averill. The enemy advanced boldly to take the battery, not seeing the horsemen that Kearny had concealed in the forest. Suddenly General Averill charges; in a few minutes, against the furious assault, the enemy's entire force was in full retreat. They were driven back three miles and then our rear regiments were thus relieved from the galling fire of our pursuers.

Before night, we had passed White Oak Swamp and placed this barrier between us and our pursuers.

General Kearny crossed the Swamp one mile higher up than the usual road at Brackett's Ford and about sun-down had secured all his trains and artillery; and drew up his men in order of battle until after nightfall of the 29th; and after darkness sought to join the other Divisions of the army!

I have often heard Kearny's men speak of that night march in the gloomy forest. Nothing could be seen but the flash of the fire-fly! Many have told me that they abandoned all hope of escape but determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible,—but Morning arose with no enemy in sight!

In less than an hour, Generals Longstreet and Hill could be seen on the hills to the north and west of the Swamp which they were preparing to cross in force. Here there was a brisk cannonading which lasted for several hours, till our artillery was withdrawn and concentrated on the roads from Richmond from which we had every reason to fear a flank movement. To guard against such a movement, strong bodies of troops were massed at important points of the New Market and Charles City Crossroads.

On these roads from Richmond, the Divisions of Kearny and Hooker, McCall and Sedgwick, were placed. Our retreating army was to pass over the road north to south, called the Quaker Road,[26] which cut at right angles the various roads running from Richmond towards Yorktown, and therefore was the Great Highway to the James River. Along this road all the artillery, troops and wagons of McClellan's whole army, had to pass. The vitality of the position was manifest. It was the plan of the enemy as soon as they discovered the course we were taking, to cut our Army in two as we passed along this road, and to drive back and capture such portion of the Army as could be severed from the main body.

Franklin held the road over the Chickahominy over which Jackson had to pass and at his portion of the line an artillery duel lasted the whole day,—practically no infantry acting. Slocum was on the left and Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions on the right. To the right also was McCall; Kearny being on the extreme right.

[26] The Willis Church Road paralleling for a short distance the Quaker Road was also taken.

Thus to break through our advancing troops, to capture part of our baggage and a portion of our army was the main, determined and certain purpose of General Lee. And this was prevented by the valor of the men to whom this great trust on this critical day was committed. To these divisions of the Army thus massed on the road, no battles of the Peninsula,—nay of the whole Civil War were so severe and the loss so great, and stakes played for so enormous.

Our line extended for three or four miles; each Division placing if possible an open field in front of them; thus compelling the enemy if he attacked to come out of his forest haunts.

Suddenly an overwhelming force burst out of the forest in front of General McCall's Division, which was thrown across the New Market road; two Brigades being on the right; and the others on the left, having open fields in front of them.

A desperate conflict ensued in which McCall twice lost and regained his battery of 16 guns and around this last battery was enacted one of the most terrible scenes, which once beheld stands out forever in the mind.

Soon fresh reinforcements for the enemy caused McCall's men to fall back in disastrous flight[27] through the other troops, and his vacated position created a gap dangerous to the flanks of the adjoining Divisions.

Looking up the New Market Road General Kearny prepared for the fight! I have heard many soldiers speak of the power that was imparted to them by the General's look and words, as his old Brigade called by him to aid him in the unequal battle passed by him marching into the open field! He looked at each man and said: "Go in, my boys, go in gayly; go in gayly, my boys!" And during all the subsequent conflict, they heard the voice of their General: "Gayly, Gayly, Gayly, my boys."

The contest waged fiercely. We had no time to load. It was bayonet, clubbed musket and pistol; and as soon as the action ceased from the increasing darkness, our men lay down upon the field and slept after the exhaustion of the day. The conduct of General Kearny in this battle, called the battle of Glendale or Frayser's Farm or on the New Market Road, held the admiration of all the Corps. He was everywhere, directing all the movements; imparting by his presence and clear-sightedness, the most determined courage to his men; and the devotion of his old First New Jersey Brigade, when they came double-quick under fire, huzzahing, "Kearny", was pathetic yet sublime.

Wherever the danger was greatest, Kearny possessed and carried

[27] For a fine description, see Kearny's letters.

with him a personal power that was equal to a regiment. Not to respond to his appeal was treason! In a preeminent degree, he possessed that military prescience or anticipation of what was coming, and the point of an enemy attack, which has characterized every great man who has risen to distinction in the art of war.

General Heintelzman commanded the Third Corps, Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions; and without any of those brilliant and knightly qualities which made the name of Kearny synonymous of chivalry and daring; he was brave without rashness.—So speaketh the noble Chaplain in his history of the Great Retreat!

Thus ended in victory the most fiercely waged and "most fatal if lost" of all the battles of the Civil War. Night fell! Kearny remained on the field till the dawn and by morning the Army which he had saved from Lee's purpose, was safely on the powerful Gibraltar of Malvern Hill.[28] For the third time the Army had been saved.

Representative soldiers of high rank,—three present on the field, follow Phil. through the day's battle.[29] "Longstreet of Gettysburg," in his Reminiscences tells a fascinating tale of Kearny's part,—he knew, he fought him:

LONGSTREET'S ASSAULT ON KEARNY'S POSITION AT GLENDALE

We renewed the attack on Kearny's left and were again repulsed with heavy loss. The attack continued until sometime after night. Then Longstreet quotes Heintzelman's Report: "Seeing that the enemy were giving way, I returned to the forks of the road where I received a call from General Kearny for aid. Knowing that all of General Sedgwick's troops were unavailable I was glad to avail myself of the kind offer of General Slocum to send Kearny's New Jersey Brigade of Slocum's Division to General Kearny." And then completing his story Longstreet quotes his great adversary: At 4 P.M., General Kearny wrote, the attack commenced on my line with a determination and vigor in such masses as I had never witnessed! Thompson's Battery directed with great skill, literally swept the open spaces with the completest execution, mowing down the enemy by ranks! And then Longstreet quotes a portion of Phil.'s Report which deals particularly with Phil.'s Brigade and Phil.'s Division more easily read later in its right context of circumstances.[30]

[28] Magruder taking Hill's and Longstreet's place reported the enemy on the field at dawn.

[29] Hundreds sitting in professional chairs have edited these battles; only those who were there know. Hence Maurice's account is unimportant relative to the account of the eye witnesses, particularly the newspaper correspondents.

[30] Kearny's letters to be read later are even more flaming than this report.

The Frenchman, Paris, writes, in his history in French on the Peninsula Campaign that the whole of the Confederate Army was preparing to make a desperate effort to destroy the Federal Army before they could reach the James River. "The Prince of Joinville having called McClellan's attention to the evident probability that at Glendale the brunt of the Confederate attack would be made, all disposable forces were ordered to defend that position. Here Slocum was on the right of the Charles City Road; Kearny, who had remained where he had bivouacked during the night, joined him. Kearny's troops were a little above the New Market Road; McCall was on Kearny's left; and in the rear Hooker; and behind Hooker was Sumner and a portion of Sedgwick's Division":

KEARNY'S DIVISION AND KEARNY'S BRIGADE AT THE NEW MARKET ROAD [31]

Eighteen to twenty thousand troops of Longstreet and A. P. Hill under Longstreet, debouched upon Glendale's clearings by the New Market Road. McCall's gunners are put to flight and the troops fall back precipitously upon Hooker's position and through his troops Hooker allows McCall's troops to flee. Kearny and Hooker receive the pursuing Confederate advance with a murderous fire and press Longstreet's troops back upon some of McCall's troops which still held their position. Kearny is supported by General Taylor with Kearny's 1st. New Jersey Brigade, called by Kearny into the conflict. The sight of their old chief infuses additional ardor into the four New Jersey regiments comprising it, and the timely reinforcement enabled Kearny to hold his position.

Then Paris witnesses to the vital character of the warfare:

If Hill had been able to penetrate through Kearny and Hooker as far as Quaker Road, he would have cut the Federal Army in two and secured the destruction of one-half that army.

While the Commander-in-Chief and the President of the Confederacy were present, McClellan remained in ignorance of the position of his forces. He had remained during the day on the gunboat of Commodore Rodgers. So much for the French. Now for an Englishman, General Sir Frederick Maurice: General Huger at White Oak Swamp was opposed by Slocum's Division; but was *hardly* engaged. Jackson and *D. H. Hill* were confronted by Franklin's Division; but neither made any serious attempt to cross White Oak Swamp.[32] The brunt of the battle was borne by Longstreet and

[31] History of the Civil War by Comte de Paris.

[32] A recent visit was made to the exact locations of Jordan's and Fisher's Fords, all of which Kearny knew, and used—using also Brackett's Ford,—which enabled him to safely cross and bivouack at ten thirty June 29 at the

A. P. Hill, who were opposed by the four Divisions of Kearny, McCall, Hooker and Sedgwick.—Will someone tell us where in all these battles the other Divisions besides Kearny's and Hooker's really are; are they in hiding?

Then there were some good newspaper accounts,—the best of the entire campaign,—a fine picture which formed the impression in the minds of individual men and women all over the Nation of what really happened on Mr. Frayser's farm. This is the way *The Illustrated News* and *The Evening Post* compositely saw the scene:[33]

"The battles of Charles City Road or New Market Road or Frayser's Farm was one of the most desperate situations our army occupied and nothing but the savage endurance of our troops saved these divisions from destruction and capture. Slocum's heavy artillery fire and the stubborn front which Kearny presented against greatly superior numbers, keeping the Rebels at bay and finally repulsing them with great slaughter, enabled the troops to retire upon the James River, before the exhausted Rebels had a thought of renewing the contest. Kearny's Division supported by his old New Jersey Brigade detached to his use at his suggestion from Slocum's division soon recovered the lost ground." A really fine description appeared in the *Times* of the whole scene, emphasizing the fierce determination of Lee to destroy the Army; to win the war.

KEARNY AND HOOKER: "THUNDERBOLTS OF FRAYSER'S FARM"

It was a strife for mastery; it was the Confederate's determination to win, no matter what the cost! They rushed on precipitously; charged our batteries; captured General Reynolds; took a large number of prisoners. Here McCall was captured; scores of officers fell. The lines gave way. It was a critical moment! Now or never was brave work to be done! Now or never was the Army to be saved!

Hooker and Kearny were there: Kearny with the life blood of New York and his beloved First New Jersey Brigade,—brave men all of them. They rallied for a desperate charge; the battle hung on

very point,—the brunt of the battle of the succeeding day,—at Riddle's Shop. This shows that Jackson made no serious attempt to cross and reach and help Lee at Frayser's Farm; made no serious attack on Franklin at White Oak Swamp Road. Had Jackson crossed at either Jordan's, Brackett's or Fisher's Fords,—the first and last undefended—Kearny might have been overwhelmed and McClellan's army destroyed as Lee confidently thought would be the case when he attacked Kearny at Riddle's Shop. See Kearny's report.

[33] No picture of the war may be realized from the dead official reports. The newspapers are alone living history; and a history rarely used by the "Professors" until very recent date.

their action! The united units, firm and unyielding as the granite of the native mountains of Hooker's New Hampshire boys, moved to the charge! They came upon the enemy like a *thunderbolt;* bore down upon the long masses in front as if they were automatons and sent them flying over the field, and captured 12 pieces of artillery, one brigade including three regulars, and Congressman Lamar of the First Georgia Regiment.

It was the finale! The enemy were defeated at last. While the fight was going on, bands were ordered to play! For a month they had been silent under orders. They gave "Yankee Doodle"; the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia." It was like bread to a hungry man. The troops felt the soul-stirring strains; and forgot they were tired and hungry and exhausted and ready to faint!

The significance of the battle and so the truth of Kearny's letters: "The most fatal if lost"; and the consequent savageness of its conduct; and Kearny's cardinal position—all phases of the Field which if unknown leave Kearny's achievement, leave his letters, in the air, —are witnessed by the authoritative eyes of a hundred on-lookers through the intervening years; and find perhaps the most typical expression through the Confederate Chief of Artillery, Alexander; in the inspired Military History of the Confederacy; and in two foreign warriors fighting on the Field, one on the Confederate,—Colonel Estvan,—one on the Northern side, the Comte de Paris, already out of the witness box, and by Dr. Freeman speaking for "Marse" Robert!

The Artilleryman writes: No more desperate encounter took place in the War. The Confederates were taking the aggressive against Kearny, McCall and Hooker; a Fourth Division,—Sedgwick,—was in reserve; and a fifth, Slocum, was near the right; each over 8,000 strong. Almost the whole of 40,000 troops took part in the battle.[34] Then the Confederate Historian: "Longstreet supported by the Division of A. P. Hill attacked the position held by the Divisions of McCall and Kearny, reinforced by the Divisions of Sedgwick and Hooker, and by a Brigade from Slocum's Division,"—of course Kearny's New Jersey Brigade.—"This battle in which it had been hoped to deliver a crushing blow to McClellan was a great disappointment to Lee. Eager for their prey, Longstreet's men rushed forward; overcame all obstacles; and fell upon McCall's left with such a blow that his men fled in panic backward through Hooker's line of battle

[34] The Records of Longstreet's Chief of Artillery, General E. P. Alexander, state that "Lee's principal effort was against Riddle's Shop covered by Kearny. Slocum's was a noisy conflict with little loss. The Junction of Long Bridge Road, Charles City Road, the New Market and Quaker Road was covered by Kearny's Division fighting at Riddle's Shop." The Richmond *Examiner*, July 8th, states: "At Frayser's Farm the brilliant series of victories was broken."

in the rear. The rush against Kearny's line was not successful"! And of the furiousness of the battle: "The ferocity with which the conflict was waged was incredible; there was no compassion—no pity in the bloody work of bayonet and knife."

A REBEL PRUSSIAN DRAGOON AT THE NEW MARKET ROAD [35]

In the midst of his blood-thirsty troops, the Prussian rebel—Colonel Estvan—looks around and before him: the spirit of our men excited by the recent fighting had been almost ungovernable! No sooner had they come upon the enemy than they fell upon him fiercely; whole files of our men were mowed down by showers of grape. The scene that ensued is almost indescribable! For nearly seven hours the battle fiercely rages within a very small compass without either party gaining an advantage. All our reserves are engaged. Wilcox's Brigade was almost cut to pieces; the men fell on all sides and cries for water to quench the thirst of the wounded painfully resounded in every quarter:

General Hill brought up some regiments he had managed to collect and seizing the flag of the 4th North Carolina Regiment which he had at one time commanded, exclaimed: "If you will not follow me I shall seek death alone." It was here that the son of Major Peyton, a lad 15 years of age, called to his father to help him as a bullet had smashed both his legs. "I will help you," replied the Major, "when we have beaten the enemy! I have other sons to lead in the path of glory." Then shouting "Forward" he himself fell only a few yards further on, mortally wounded. Many a wounded man lying helpless on the ground, strove to plunge his knife with a last effort into the breast of some fallen enemy near him!

Lee's Voice in the world of 1935, tells us that the burden of the fighting at Frayser's Farm was borne on the Federal Right by Kearny's Third Division of Heintzelman's Corps, etc. It was one of the great lost opportunities of Confederate Military History. It was the bitterest disappointment Lee had ever sustained and one that he could not forget. A great opportunity was presented for a convergence of force in a simultaneous attack on a moving enemy encumbered with a great wagon train. On the decisive day, June 30th, thousands of soldiers expected McClellan's Army to be destroyed ere nightfall. Then an interesting anecdote. By crossing White Oak Swamp Jackson would have been in the rear of the Army of the Potomac. Jackson had a talk with Lee and, after drawing a design on the ground, remarked "We've got him," and

[35] Col. Estvan.

stamped it out and went on! But "Changarnier was there," was a by-word of the French Conquest!

But let's hear Major Elderkin, already with Kearny at Fort Gibson and in Mexico and now a part of his Division with his magnificent Michigan troops. How those Michigan troops fought!

"June 30th was clear and beautiful. *Kerney's* and Hooker's Divisions might possibly be sacrificed to give the rest of the Army time to get in position and fortify Malvern Hill. But smart Generals like Hooker and Kerney never give up while there is a ray of hope and this fierce battle lasted well into the night when both sides rested from sheer exhaustion. The dawn saw our little army well on its way to Malvern Hill." [36]

The Flames of the Field lit up little scenes personal to Phil. of immense human interest.

The Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, under General Alexander Hays, equally with the Beloved Michigan Troops, particularly the troops under Colonel Alonzo Poe, which might well be called, Kearny's "Pennsylvania" and "Michigan" Brigades; to which,—his Pennsylvanians,—Kearny in his Letters and in his Report accorded the place of honor in saving this sanguinary day, were close to Kearny's heart, —"no finer bodies of troops in the Army!" And Pennsylvania,—even as New Jersey with Kearny's Brigade,—singled out the Sixty-Third and published its History—350 pages,—sixty-six years after Kearny's death, under the symbolic title, "Under the Red Patch," which tells this tale of the Retreat:

"Kearny's Division, the Red Patch Division, his grand old fighting Division, led by that chivalrous and accomplished soldier, whose presence on the battlefield was a talisman and a watchword amid the dangers of conflict, during the Seven Days' Retreat, again covered itself with glory! We opened at Oak Ridge on the 25th of June and drove the enemy nearer to Richmond than any point our forces occupied during the campaign"; and the Historian recalls an episode of this fight;—really the last of the Advance toward Richmond:

"For some unaccountable reason, General Robinson, who had succeeded General Jameson,[37] had driven the enemy a considerable distance and halted. Kearny came up and said something to General Robinson and we again advanced and halted and faced about and

[36] These paragraphs should be interpreted, as is their object, into Kearny's letters, when he writes of bearing the brunt of the battles, and of the fearful losses of his Division.

[37] This able soldier, First at Yorktown, First at Fort Magruder, First at Williamsburg, and joined with Kearny and Berry in their brave doings at Seven Pines in Stedman's Poem, left the field of Seven Pines with barely enough strength to go to his Maine home to die.



General Longstreet in his report to General Lee: "We renewed the attack on Kearny's left; and were again repulsed with heavy loss. General Heintzelman received a call from General Kearny for aid, who sent Kearny's New Jersey Brigade; and General Kearny reported: 'The attack commenced on my line in such masses as I had never witnessed. . . . In concluding my report of this battle, one of the most desperate in the war and most fatal if lost, I am proud to include in the glory of my own Division the First New Jersey Brigade, not only entitling them to a share of the victory, but also in ever engendering full sympathy between the two Corps'." Longstreet.



Kearny returned: 'General Robinson, what have you done?' 'We have been driving the enemy,' said Robinson and Kearny said a sharp terse and characteristic thing: 'Yes, General, but how far have you driven them? Have you driven them an inch?'"

Captain Reid of the Sixty-Third chronicled: "I was ordered to provide 150 rounds of ammunition. Kearny came up and I inquired 'This must be a mistake General.' 'No, no, Captain Reid, every man must have 150 rounds.' But I objected 'Where will they carry so many cartridges?' . . . 'Anywhere, Captain. Fill the cartridge boxes; put the rest in their pockets'; and the result proved Kearny was right;" which prefaces this entry in the Journal of Sergeant Bicknell of the 5th Maine: "General Kearny rides along about 1 o'clock in the morning as we pass the most dangerous point. 'Move on steadily, boys,' whispered the General as we passed his Division. 'But if the hounds tread on your heels, kick.'" And the historian who records this entry tells us that the 5th Maine was passing covertly off the field simply without ammunition!

Then this rebel account of General McCall's inglorious capture and the glorious death of the noble Biddle:

The sound of horses' hoofs was heard from the direction of the Federals. They turned out to be four horsemen who riding up on our left inquired who we were? I called out at the top of my voice, "Friends!" But someone on the left having unwittingly called "47th Virginia Regiment," two of the party turned back and rode off at double quick. They were instantly fired on, and one of them, who turned out afterwards to be Major Henry T. Biddle, Adjutant General to General McCall, was killed. McCall surrendered!

In Kearny's Biography, so in the Biography of his Brigade, Frayser's Farm—June 30th—is ever memorable, Kearny's Brigade and Kearny's Division both fought under him, the Brigade's second and last fight; and yet it was always to the end of the War, "Kearny's Brigade."

The History of the Brigade was published as we know by the State of New Jersey in 1910. Let's hear its Historian: Lee, Longstreet and Hill had violently assaulted the rear guard composed in part of McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves which were driven back. When the Rebels drove forward to capture our guns, a terrific struggle ensued. At length General Kearny, whose Division now as always, stood the brunt of battle, sent a request for the first New Jersey Brigade, which was at once pressed forward. As the men advanced at the call of their old leader, they were met by him and inspired; throwing off their knapsacks, they dashed at double quick towards the point of danger cheering as they went with the utmost enthusiasm, yelling 'Phil. Kearny.' But now the Rebels alarmed by

these cheers for their Commander by the Jersey men, fell back in haste towards the woods in the rear, and our forces were permitted to withdraw without further contest. Few events of the war illustrated so well the character of our New Jersey troops and the attachment they felt for Phil. Kearny, as their eager response to his call for help,—a response which was eagerly given that he might once more win his day!

Kearny himself never forgot that day! And to the men of the 1st New Jersey Brigade the memory of the greeting he gave them as they hurried at his call "will be ever present even as on the Battle's glorious field."

Never forget that day! Why, Kearny's Brigade was Kearny's military life blood. Although his Division never forgot him and Kearny's memory dwelt in its ranks to the end of the war as a living presence, yet he had spent himself as Soldier in the honeymoon of his mature life in the American Army upon his Brigade.

And Kearny, as Longstreet wrote in his Reminiscences, joined his Brigade and his Division, in this fragment of his Report of the battle quoted by Longstreet!

"It was at this conjuncture that I arrived from my right. I found McCall's position abandoned although not occupied by the enemy. I placed in it the First New Jersey Brigade, General Taylor commanding. In concluding my report of this battle, one of the most desperate of the war, *and one of the most fatal if lost,* I am proud to give thanks and to include in the glory of my own Division, the First New Jersey Brigade, General Taylor, who held McCall's ground; not only entitling them to a share in the credit of our victory; but also in ever engendering full sympathy between the two Corps.

P. Kearny,
General Commanding,
Third Division, 3 Corps
Army of the Potomac."

Before we leave the battle ground to fight the following afternoon the battle of Malvern Hill and again beat these boys decisively, after all only following up Hooker's and Kearny's victory on the 30th, and preparing the way—a voice crying in the wilderness, as the event proved, of the Peninsula Swamps,—for a certain defeat of the Rebels and an advance upon Richmond, let's read a little incident about Mrs. Lee at the White House: for as we know during this period Kearny gives a fascinating privileged character study of this charming lady in his letters; and her background on the Peninsula becomes important,—some hold "decisively important"—making possible Stuart's raid around McClellan's communications,—but not so Kearny.

Mrs. Lee, when the Federal Army occupied White House Landing, left her home, "White House" at least temporarily,—she was to remain in McClellan's lines voluntarily, of course, until two days before Stuart's raid around McClellan's communication,—and tacked on the door of the Custis House, where General Washington and Mrs. Custis spent part of their early married life, was this nice little message of appeal to the Federals: "Northern Soldiers who profess to reverence Washington: Forbear to desecrate the home of his early married life, the property of his wife: (signed) a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington."

Leaving the battle field towards dawn,[38] the last to leave the field, Kearny soon arrived on the impregnable heights of Malvern Hill; convinced that his victory on that ever memorable day ought to land the army in Richmond on July 4th as the North certainly expected if Lee dare renew the attack. Only one fly in his thinking! McClellan, "Traitor, Coward or Patriot"? If Patriot: Richmond![39]

[38] Magruder, who substituted Longstreet during the night of the 30th, wrote: "Before sunrise the enemy was still in position. Colonel Goode Bryan found the Federals in position at 3.30." Magruder also reports that the pitch darkness of the night prevented his placing his troops in position till the dawn.

[39] The claims made by the South were absurd. The *Daily Dispatch*, July 2nd., carried the news, certainly such: "It is reported that General Hooker was killed; General Kearny wounded; General Sumner taken prisoner." Actually, these were the only names of the northern commanders known on the Peninsula to their Southern opponents except the idle "superb" Hancock and that fine gentleman Fitzjohn Porter. For a fine sketch of Hancock, "Charming Man," see Phil's Letters.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL—McCLELLAN QUITS

On the morning of the first of July, the whole Army was concentrated,—the first time on the Peninsula,—posted on an impregnable fortress, Malvern Hill, the seat of Lee's grand-parents,[1] but of the terrain of which Lee knew little or nothing.[2]

The last Battle of the Great Retreat was one of the terrific shocks of battle, in which, without Strategy,[3]—there was none on Lee's part,—chosen Confederate Youths, were continuously hurled *successively* into the muzzles of as splendidly a served Artillery as was ever limbered on the field of battle. "Presumably," says the Confederate Military Historian, "such battles are at times military necessities;" yet in view of their destructiveness it is not surprising that a Confederate General should have declared,—recalling the French Officer's sarcastic comment on the English "charge of the Six Hundred," at Balaklava,—"Malvern Hill was magnificent; but it was not War, it was Murder"! The simple record of butchery wrought within one hour in the ranks of the Confederate soldiers, who in hordes, with dauntless bravery and unparallelled recklessness, went up hill against the Federal Artillery, simply sickens and appalls.

Kearny wanted greatly to follow these noble, wretched youths, saving them from themselves and from their "Blind Leaders," and beat them to a standstill, and so take Richmond and end the War; which could have been done as certainly as against the Mexicans at the San Antonio Gate; or at Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines or Gaines' Mill. But it would not have been "Warfare": the destruction would have been so complete, so brutal, so terrible! General Porter ordered to select a site for the Battle wrote: "The hill was flanked with ravines enfiladed by our guns. The ground in front was sloping, and over it our artillery and infantry, themselves protected by crests and ridges, had a clean sweep for their fire."

[1] The wits of the period said Lee wanted to repossess himself of his grandfather's property!

[2] So ignorant of the terrain were the Chief Commanders that a serious controversy arose between Magruder and his enemies,—and Lee,—as to the identity of Quaker Road! See Magruder's report and defense; Richmond, August 12th, 1862. Yet no native could possibly have mistaken it.

[3] A private's view of the battle tells us: "I did not see the field after the battle but I know it was a great and terrible mistake on the part of Lee to fight here." "Famous Battles as a Confederate Private Saw Them." Page 392.

All day long on June 30th, while Kearny was kicking in the teeth his great friends Lee, Longstreet and Hill—to keep the Confederate Hound of War, certain of its prey, from devouring the fleeing victim, the Federal Divisions, as they arrived, were posted under Porter's personal direction to take full advantage of the crests and depressions. Artillery was placed in position in Nature's own emplacements. As far as the eye could see battery after battery rose, tier upon tier, around the curvature of the hill, a "natural amphitheatre" Kearny called it, the whole surmounted by McClellan's great siege guns! The first line of Federal batteries could only be reached, and taken, by traversing an open space of three to four hundred yards, exposed to grape and canister from artillery and musketry; and if this line of batteries were carried another still more difficult remained in the rear.

Nevertheless, Lee ordered—or allowed—assault after assault, as vain and fruitless as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg which Lee—we know—confessed, "I was wrong" in ordering it. The fact is that Lee wasn't "Right" that Day. "Yesterday" at Frayser's Farm still haunted him! He must have known his Peninsula Cause was Lost! He must have known, too, as Master Soldier at 10 o'clock that night, when McClellan Sounded the Recall—as Scott at Mexico City—that his Army would have been destroyed if McClellan took the offensive; Richmond captured!

The battle opened by General D. H. Hill's advance against Kearny, Morrell and Couch. Hill's first line was hurled back in disorder. They try again to pierce the line; again and again; and are repulsed. Then Couch's position is threatened but he is immediately supported by reinforcements; Hill is given no support. Hill reorganizes the debris of his troops in some woods; Hill's battle Day is Set!

Just as the mighty Hill drew off his heroic shattered North Carolina[4] and Virginia Brigades, General Magruder,—only yesterday dining with Phil. and Agnes in "their noble apartment in Paris"!—ordered his forces to the attack. And Armistead, Wright, Lawton, Kershaw, Semmes, Cabell all precious names in the Social and Military aristocracy of the Confederacy, threw themselves, not all at once but successively, against the impregnably posted Federals; and all, after frightful losses, were thrown back—shattered masses—across the slopes to the positions from which they had leaped into the jaws of death!

Phil. was amazed at the extraordinary heroism of his old friend, "Prince John" Magruder, and could well have described it in Longstreet's words,—words equally applicable to Armistead, Wright, Ker-

[4] The preponderant part played by North Carolina in the Civil War is too often neglected by Historians. They were first on many fields with the larger numbers.

shaw and Co.: to all the glorious Southerners: "high-toned gentleman":

"I never saw anything more grandly heroic than the advance after sunset of the nine Brigades under Magruder!"

A distinguished Federal Officer on the field wrote:

As if moved forward by reckless disregard of life, equal to that displayed at Gaines' Mill; with a determination to capture our army or destroy it by driving it into the river, regiment after regiment, rushed at our batteries! But the artillery mowed them down with shrapnel, grape and canister; while our Infantry, withholding their fire until they were in short range, scattered the remnants of their columns. The havoc made by the rapidly-bursting shells from our guns, "arranged so as to sweep any position, far or near, was fearful to behold!" After Lee had laid every unit of his chosen Victims on the Altar of Disunion perhaps of his Ambition, his forces,—then said to be unwilling to obey another order to advance,—withdrew from the assault hopelessly beaten; with the Lost Cause's Legacy—Lee's legacy—to McClellan!—McClellan's Great Opportunity to take the offensive, also lost.

A broken fragment of a Confederate Regiment "slept" near the field; and during the night heard the movement of troops; and to the amazement of the officers, the morning revealed that the Victorious Enemy was gone! McClellan, against the violent protest of the most Astute, the most Daring and the most Loyal of his Officers, in about two hours after the roar of battle had ceased, had given orders to retreat to Harrison's Landing! "McClellan", wrote a Confederate Historian, "seemed not to realize his advantage on that Day's Field". He realized it all right!

Lee's army was too much disorganized and cut to pieces to think of any effective pursuit.

Kearny protested in words, now historic, against the "Treason or Cowardice" of a "Victorious Army" in retreat from an "impregnable position", without a counter-assault toward the Confederate Capital, from this "New Base of Such Operations". For if "BASE" why not now, at the Supreme Moment, the golden moment of McClellan's, of all Military Men's opportunity, redeem his "four" days of disaster and his whole Peninsula Purpose, and place his Army's Foot on this Base for an Advance upon the Capital!

Kearny's Division,—once again as the last troops,—left the Field of Battle at 2 in the morning, whence all—except the rear guard—had departed; and Lee, in the person of his Great Historian in 1935, singles out Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions, the Second and Third Divisions, Third Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, as two among all the rest which arrived at Harrison's Landing as organized Wholes, "without the loss of a wagon", amid a mass of unorganized Divisions,

straggling broken-hearted from the Field,—"A Victorious Army in Retreat" from its chosen base of attack; to reach which 35,000 boys principally in their teens had been slaughtered or maimed![5]

On the 7th, 8th to 9th Lee withdrew his Army and marched up the River toward Richmond! "Requiescat in Pace", "Tardy George"! Your Base of Operations is myth. Kearny called it "Imposture!"

The Nation's point of outlook on the battle was from the newspapers and by long odds the best account, vivid and real, was the New York *Evening Post's*. Let us see the picture on the public mind; and the images of Phil. and Joe, glow again on the canvas; and marvellous to say "Admiral" McClellan,—on Commodore Rodgers' Flagship,—directs the Naval guns to suspend their fire to allow these two poor land-lubbers to attack the foe![6]

KEARNY AND HOOKER AT MALVERN HILL: "THE CHARGE OF THE THIRD CORPS"

The whole Corps of Heintzelman,—Hooker and Kearny,—confident that a recovery of the fortunes of our withdrawal from before Richmond could be made, prepared to give another great effort to retrieve them for the Army and the Country. Signals were given to the "Galena," Commodore Rodgers' gunboat on the James to cease firing when Kearny's and Hooker's advance was decided upon. General Heintzelman then made a little appeal to his officers telling them that in their dash about to be made their confidence and courage might not only save the army but avenge the loyal dead who had fallen in the Great Retreat in such awful numbers.

The soldiers, poor heroic jaded fellows, responded with a spirit that must have come from hungry hearts; and soon the Grand Corps, of Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions, was in line. Then Heintzelman passed the word down to "Advance!" The Corps moved slowly, certainly forward, vigorously belching fire and ball at every step, never halting till they came so close to the rebels that they might have halloed the names of each, man to man, across the little interval that separated them.

The enemy came up bravely to the offered combat. But there was a destructiveness in our fire and a vehemence in our tread that they could not withstand. The Brigade of Hooker was ably led by that distinguished officer, and Phil. Kearny seemed ubiquitous as he screamed his orders here and there; but the whole Corps was a unit.

Pushing steadily forward, defying all about to break or turn the line, the Corps had at last the satisfaction of seeing the enemy break and fly in confusion, totally dispirited and repulsed; and our object

[5] McClellan was amazed at the losses during "Seven Days"; see *supra*.
[6] McClellan's naval guns actually killed his own troops.

had been gained in covering our advance to the James River. We did not attack again.

McClellan driving his Juggernaut from the crow's nest on Rodgers' flagship, lets us view Phil. and Joe through the Commodore's powerfully ranged field glasses:—

At three P.M. a heavy fire of artillery opened on Kearny's left and Couch's Division. The attack of the enemy was repulsed; and an advance made of 700 to 800 yards; and rested upon a thick clump of trees giving us a stronger position and better fire.

The Confederate General Hill's representative and unvarnished candid story of the battle was told like this: The order to charge—against the third corps—was obeyed with promptness and alacrity. My 38th Virginia leading the assault, we attempted five different charges, each separate and distinct. When within 75 yards of the enemy we were compelled to fall back because not supported, and reinforcements came to the enemy. The men at the time displayed great coolness and gallantry. And the undaunted Major R. Cabell, of Hill's 38th Virginia gives a segment of an historic scene,—and ever remember that this is Phil. Kearny's and not Cabell's Biography; and the question to be answered: Should McClellan have advanced to Richmond against this broken army? Kearny thought so; but you will hear soon his ringing words:

Our color sergeant, Cabell chronicles, Lieutenant P. H. Tarpley, to whom the colors were given upon the battle field of Seven Pines by Major General D. H. Hill, which he promised he would carry till he fell, did not falsify his word! He always kept the colors in advance. The last order given him being to move slower. The colors were taken successfully by Color Corporals Gilbert, mortally wounded, and Gregory, Burlington and Watkins, all severely wounded. Private Churchwell Parker then took them and was almost instantly killed. Lieutenant Colonel Whittle then took the colors and gallantly bore them forward when he too, while considerably in advance of the Regiment, was severely wounded, having the large bone in one arm broken. Captain Daniel, a Volunteer for the fight, grasped the colors and coolly and calmly waving them appeared not to be moving a muscle, save the motion of his arm! He was calling on the company, which he so well commanded, to rally around his colors when he fell pierced by two balls. As he fell he drove the staff into the ground still holding on to it until taken from him by Colonel Edmonds, in whose hand the staff was soon after shot with grape and literally shivered into fragments. The colors were borne from the field by the only remaining color-Corporal William M. Bohannon upon a musket and upon examination were found to have been pierced in fifty places.

"The Regimental Commander reports the Color Sergeants and Guard as 'having won for themselves immortal honor'."

Now comes the climax—the high light—of Kearny's relations with McClellan; and for the best account of the historic scene we are indebted to the noble Chaplain of the 63rd Pennsylvania, whose line of spiritual communications—of mental liaison—with all the Key-Captains on the Peninsula, electrified with understanding, carried to him the low-down on salient military questions which few, not privileged to listen in at his spiritual station, could command. The Doctor wrote prophetically—Isaiah-like almost—of the fatal folly of not following up the disastrous defeat of the Rebels with an advance on the Capital against an enemy who had fought their hearts out at Frayser's Farm and had been led as sheep to the slaughter at Malvern Hill; losing in proportion to the Federals 20 men to 12 in killed and wounded, in four days of major battles, and was so demoralized and spent as to be incapable of defense. "It was", wrote Kearny, "against a maxim of Napoleon's as to the capacity of human courage"!

"COWARDICE OR TREASON"! PHIL.'S CHARACTERIZATION OF THE RETREAT

Unable to bear up against the impetuous attack of our men, the enemy endeavored to remove his broken columns from the field. As they fled they were pursued ¾ of a mile and the entire rebel army was struck with panic. If at this moment we had brought up 10,000 of our reserves into the field we might have marched back and retaken all we had lost, and without much difficulty reached Richmond. This stand will be amply confirmed in subsequent chapters,—and how convincingly Dr. Marks proves his thesis!

In the meantime thousands of Confederates fled in the wildest disorder from the scene and hid themselves in swamps and hollows. Soldiers without guns, horsemen without caps and swords, came to the hospitals on the battle field of Frayser's Farm and reported their regiments and brigades were swept away and that they alone escaped to tell the tale! It is one of the strangest things in this week of disaster that General McClellan *ordered a retreat* to Harrison's Landing after he had gained so *decided a victory!*[1]

[1] General Trimble in his report said: "I found the whole army in the utmost disorder. Thousands of straggling men asking every passer-by for their regiments; ambulances, wagons and artillery obstructing every road and all huddled together in a drenching rain presented a scene of the most horrible and disheartening confusion." McClellan wrote after his panic had subsided and Lee had *retired:* "So completely was the enemy crushed; so great his losses, that he has not since ventured to attack me." ! Yet McClellan wrote "abandon wounded and spike guns."! Contemptible!

When the order was received by the impatient and eager army, consternation and indignation overwhelmed our patriotic and ardent host. Some refused to obey the command. General Martindale shed tears of shame.

"The brave and chivalrous Kearny said in the presence of many officers: 'I, Philip Kearny, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order for retreat. We ought instead of retreating to follow up the enemy and take Richmond! And in full view of all the responsibility of such a declaration, I say to you all, such an order can only be prompted by cowardice or treason!'

"In silence and gloom our victorious army commenced retreating from an enemy utterly broken, scattered and panic-stricken."

Kearny's rage—for it was none other—was as justly passionate as his sorrow at "Archie's" death. According to an officer of high rank in the Regular Army who was present at the time and who heard Kearny use the language attributed to him by Doctor Marks, described the scene in these words: When the order to retreat was brought to Phil. Kearny, he went on like a wild man at the idea of a victorious army abandoning the field to a flying foe! In spite of every effort to restrain him, he gave vent to his indignation in sentences of which the one quoted was the most severe.

That rebel conditions were ripe for disaster is witnessed from all the testimony.[8]

Captain Tomlin, of the 53rd Virginia Infantry reveals typically the conditions generally in the Confederate Army *before* the unengaged rebel forces reached Malvern Hill: On June 29th our regiment reduced in strength by sickness and death to a very small number marched from our camps in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

General Howell Cobb—Confederate, whom we shall meet later after Kearny's death,—tells the same story: We continued our march the following morning, June 29th, with 2700 men; but fatigue and exhaustion had so reduced my ranks that less than 1500 men were carried into the battle of Malvern Hill. Of that number nearly 500 are in the list of killed and wounded!

The Comte de Paris—leaving his Chief on the river—looking over the slopes toward Lee's Army, saw that Magruder's Corps was practically destroyed; Hill's and Huger's had suffered cruelly; and "the

[8] On the 5th, Davis wrote Lee that since the enemy commanded the James up to his batteries, this necessitated a retrograde movement; and on July 6th, Lee wrote Davis of "retiring his army" to Richmond, "to be prepared for an attack there which must occur soon." He sought reinforcements as "an absolute necessity." On July 8th Jackson was ordered to Richmond as well as D. H. Hill and McLaws. Desertions, Lee wrote were so scandalous, that he ordered guards around the camp and strict penalties enforced. Could further evidence be needed of the validity of a "strategy of attack" by McClellan?

attacks, desperate and courageous, had convinced the Confederate forces that even had Lee decided to lead his army to a new assault, his men would not have followed." Kearny's "Capacity of human courage"!

Dr. Freeman, viewing the field through Lee's spiritual eyes in 1935, seems to caricature the scene: D. H. Hill had sent all his guns to the rear as his ammunition was entirely exhausted. The preparatory bombardment was little more than a bloody farce, a futile sacrifice of some of the finest youths of Virginia. The Artillery was paralyzed in one of the most critical hours of need the Army had ever known. . . . Confusion and uncertainty prevailed. . . . As General Early tried to carry his Brigade towards General D. H. Hill's Regiment, he encountered so many skulkers and disorganized troops that he lost touch with his own men.[9]

Of the 85,000 Confederates, 19,000 had been in six days killed or wounded; and half of the wounded "were doomed to die or to be permanently incapacitated for field duty. In other words, 11,000 men of the 'First Line' of the South had been lost to the Confederacy for all time." The Federal loss was 4,300 less; but since the Federal missing was 3,000—the Confederate missing negligible—the Federals killed and wounded was only 12,841 to the Confederate 19,000! McClellan! Why did you let these young boys sacrifice their lives in vain![10] Yet you are to do it again—at Bull Run—in 60 days! What really was your motive? Was Kearny right? Certainly way back there in 1861 his mind was wide open to your Capacity without a thought of disputing your Veracity,—impugning your Bravery or your Loyalty.

Then Lee's Voice: "The leading men, the trained, the intelligent, and the martial-minded had been chosen to command in 1861. Recklessly charging at the head of their soldiers, during the Seven Days Fight, the slaughter of Officers read like a roster of the South's Aristocracy",—Kearny's: "But *they* were Southern Gentlemen"![11]

As for the physical equipment and conditions of the rebels to oppose the finest equipped, the finest supplied, the finest commissaried,

[9] Lee and his adjutant General, Walter Taylor, severely criticised Magruder. But a careful scrutiny of the records shows Magruder was right both as to the roads taken by him, and his obedience to Lee's orders in the attack. It is equally certain he was not drunk. Men "drank" in those days! And Magruder whose hospitality was notoriously "princely" knew how! Of course he slept soundly after the battle!

[10] This represents Kearny's "cry" in his letters.

[11] The strongest evidence of the character and numbers of the aristocratic youth in the southern army was the fact that at the University of Virginia in 1861 in the Fall term, there were 604 matriculates. In 1862 there were only 461 See *infra* for Yale, Harvard and Columbia,—the enrolment actually increased at Harvard.

the finest quartermastered army that had fought on any field the world over, a rebel Chaplain represents truly the almost hopeless condition of the Confederates.

In the "Blue and the Gray" the rebel Chaplain tells us shortly afterwards that there was never a time when the troops were in such a wretched condition. Lee bears witness that thousands of the troops were destitute of shoes. General Jones who commanded Jackson's Division,—this was six weeks later,—declared that never had there been so dirty, ragged and ill-provided a force as on the march to Manassas. A letter from a High Private in the 'Southern Historical Papers,' volume 10, page 504, chronicles a "Private's Own Story:" Little did we know that on the 20th of August when we left to open the campaigns against Pope, that two months would elapse to a day before we beheld our scanty clothes again and for 8 weeks we were without a single change of underclothing. Our attire would shame the famous Seven Beggars of Coventry and cause a decent scarecrow to look like a well dressed gentleman beside us. On the Rappahannock, August 20th, our rations gave out and how to live without eating became our problem.

Kearny always generous to a fallen foe!—and now began the Decline and Fall of the McClellanites—gives the alternative, "cowardice OR treason." Later the best judgments in the North,—it will be a pleasure to read them; they will edit Kearny and *Kearny's letters,*—"Ebullitions of temper"! Fiddlesticks!—and will lift the veil upon the sordid drama. Now witness to the alternative of cowardice only will be borne. Through Lee's eyes Dr. Freeman sees that McClellan was "not far from panic" during the seven days' retreat. "It helped Lee in a degree past all reckoning.[12] McClellan contemplated issuing an order on the 27th to destroy all baggage,"—in point of fact the order was issued. Kearny sent a copy of it to Cortlandt Parker—now among Kearny's papers. "On the eve of Frayser's Farm, McClellan wires Washington: 'If none of us escape, we shall die like heroes.'" Imagine what would have happened to Kearny, what would have happened to McClellan, and the Federal Union—two entirely different things!—had Kearny fought to save

[12] Of course no measure of Lee's competence as Strategist and Soldier may be rightly taken if McClellan was what Dr. Freeman says McClellan seemed to be, panic-stricken. Up against Kearny in Chief Command or any competent Captain, Lee who as Freeman says, was helped immeasurably by his knowledge of McClellan's psychology, would not have dared to undertake his dauntless act—"reckless"—of attacking at Mechanicsville, and Gaines' Mill. Had Lee attacked Kearny, or any competent Chief Commander, disaster was certain. Richmond would have fallen. Was Lee, Gambler, taking a chance; or Master Soldier? Or, after Mrs. Lee's return to her spouse and Howell Cobbs' talk with McClellan—infra—unwittingly, political Democratic ally of General McClellan on a platform: "Let them go in peace: The War is a Failure."?

McClellan's face and McClellan's dauntless unbeaten army with such a chicken in his heart from the roost at Frayser's Farm!

The condition of McClellan's mind is found by Lee in his retreat order from Malvern Hill to General Porter:

In case you should find it impossible to move our heavy artillery, you are to spike the guns and destroy the carriages. Stimulate your men by informing them that "reinforcements have arrived at our new Base." Kearny used the word "Impostor"; use your own!

The French Princes left the battle field of Frayser's Farm returning to France with de Joinville's remark to General Franklin: Tell McClellan to concentrate and attack at that point and "you will be in Richmond tomorrow".

The principal reasons for an assault on Richmond witnessed on the 27th now apply. These reasons were made by several military experts to apply on the 28th. Otto Heusinger, German critic, has written in his Amerikanische Kregsbilder: By 6 A.M. on the 28th the whole army was on the south side of the Chickahominy. So far from this concentration being a disadvantage to McClellan, if he had that day or the ensuing one, the 29th, struck a blow at Richmond the city must have fallen in five hours.

The last syllable written by Kearny is written. As far as human Judgment goes,—not Passion, "not Philip drunk" but "Philip sober," not eagerness to support a Theory, not Jealousy, not Prejudice, North or South,—McClellan is coward or traitor! No amount of stupidity; no injection into the veins of his Personality of "military imbecility" will fit the facts. But of course contemporary judgment alone really edits Kearny's letters; so wait just a minute until we have fought on paper a couple of more battles; and then read McClellan's "Disowned Story" written by Halleck, Chase, Stanton, Bates and Gideon Welles and the great Lincoln, commenting on these events and the events soon to transpire. Kearny had judged just judgment "not by appearances"! The psychology and insight of a great leader of men informed his letters.

At Harrison's Landing, McClellan continues to write singular documents,—as at Williamsburg; one to Lincoln is singular among the singular. Thirty-five thousand men hors de combat tell McClellan War is actually a Fact! And we learn now something of what Phil. wrote of as the real use of McClellan's Secret Service. Obviously not computing the size of armies! But "sizing up" Lincoln and the Politics of War!

McClellan writes the President—this was part of his "political platform"; supra,—The Rebellion has assumed the character of a war. As such it should be regarded. It should not be a war looking to the subjection of any state; neither confiscation of property, political

executions, territorial organization of states, nor forcible abolition of slaves.[13] And on June 22nd: By an arrival from Washington today,—Allen Pinkerton—I learned that Stanton and Chase had fallen out; that McDowell has deserted his friend Chase and taken to Stanton. Honest Abe has again fallen into the hands of my enemies and is no longer a cordial friend of mine. I must not run the slightest risk of disaster for if anything happens to the Army our Cause will be lost. Whose Cause was "Ours" might well be asked! Read again McClellan's acceptance of Fernando Wood's nomination for the Presidency.

But most singularly from Abe to Zebulon,—Cabinet Member through newspaper man; to Man on the Street,—Everywhere, a master stroke of strategy was in process;—a tax now upon our credulity, this national conviction confirms Phil's judgment that to assault Richmond on the 27th and at Malvern Hill was the only common sense alternative.

On June 29th at 6 P.M. Lincoln writes Secretary Seward: Fulton of Baltimore, Maryland, is now with us. He left White House Landing at 11 A.M. Yesterday. He says Porter retired in perfect order, under orders, and not necessity. On the whole, I think we have had the better of it. A despatch from Colonel Ingalls shows that he thinks McClellan is fighting with the enemy at Richmond today and will be there tomorrow. A. Lincoln.

To which Stanton adds: The despatch of Colonel Ingalls[14] impresses me with the conviction that the movement was made by General McClellan to concentrate on Richmond and was successful to the latest point. From this and other facts stated by the President, my inference is that McClellan will probably be in Richmond within two days.

On June 30th the day Kearny was fighting for the life of the Army at Frayser's Farm, fifteen miles from the White House, Lincoln tells Seward:

The enemy cannot come below White House; certainly is not there now and probably has abandoned the whole line. A. Lincoln. On the same day Stanton wires Seward who is stopping at the Astor House in New York:

General McClellan's line is established at Turkey Island on the James. Everything is moving briskly and favorably. And Stanton again: McClellan's position is favorable; looks more like taking Richmond than at any time before.

But the Newspapers were no less certain that Richmond was to be taken.

[13] Plainly peace not war!

[14] Phil.'s companion in Oregon Indian warfare.

The Post on the night of Friday, the 27th,—when Lee had won the first of his four victories in the Civil War—reports: that the entire right wing of our Army has passed over the river in perfect order, etc. etc. etc. The City will fall into our possession with a slight struggle. Although "hope may be father to the thought" I would wager a big apple that McClellan is in possession of Richmond by Sunday next.—Apple rotten!

Then Horace Greely captures Richmond,—on *Tribune* Paper. The *Tribune,* June 30th, has these blatant headlines:

IMPORTANT FROM RICHMOND—GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS—THE CITY DOOMED. This in extra black type. Then follows this despatch dated June 29th: We have had the grandest military triumph over the enemy and Richmond must fall. C. C. Fulton, proprietor, American and Associated Press. Yet Fulton had left White House for the White House on the 28th and had personally reported to Lincoln.

On July 1st when McClellan has *abandoned* his Gibraltar, The *Post* editorializes:

The fall of the Capital is inevitable; and the loyal troops will celebrate the 4th of July on the steps of the building where the Arch-Traitor Davis has "fulminated all his decrees;" and so throughout newspaper America!

Then the horrible truth. The *Post* editorializes, July 3rd, about this self-same July 4th:

Tomorrow we shall once more meet together to celebrate Independence Day.

Our affairs do not look so prosperous. Our Army on the Peninsula has been saved from destruction in an effort to get it out of an untenable position; we are further from Richmond than we were two weeks or two months ago. McClellan has lost his siege-guns on which he laid so great stress and what is more important to the nation, some 30,000 men besides. All this shows that we stand in the most grave and serious crisis of our history.

At this time *Le Constitutionel,* the French quasi-Official mouthpiece declared, after long hostility, for recognition of the Confederacy, and joint European intervention, and the English Press were mainly hostile and agreeing with the Paris papers.[15] The *Post* continues:

The long delay, the extraordinary care in the operations of General

[15] Undoubtedly the French determined to break with the English and Spanish in the joint debt-collecting expedition against Mexico and to establish an Empire under Maximilian heartened by McClellan's proven incapacity as known to the foreign correspondents 1861-2. During the Spring of 1862, England and Spain withdrew their 9,000 troops from Vera Cruz; and France, under Kearny's friend of Solferino, Marshal Forey, conquered Mexico.

McClellan were justified to the world only by the assertion that he meant to make *sure* of victory; Now it has slipped from him as at Manassas and Yorktown, and so he loses the poor excuse he had in the light of the results of last week. That which was before laid to the account of wholesome prudence will now be charged, and we believe with justice, to blundering and obstinate incompetence.—On the same day the *Tribune* evacuates Richmond!

But the London *Times, uncensored,* supports Kearny's dictum and ridicules McClellan's professions,—July 11th: The strategic motives which have led a General to retire from a position he had occupied, to make an assault on the enemy, upon his Capital, are purely unintelligible. Today a great British authority, Professor Henderson, writes the truth: The discomfited General sought to cover his failure by a lavish display of strategic phrases. Kearny did not write this, but see his letters!

Punch, too, ridiculed with "guffaws" McClellan's change of base, and ridiculed it successfully for it was founded on truth:

Punch's Office
No. 85 Fleet Street, July 26, 1862

LATEST AMERICAN DISPATCH.
By HORSEMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Camp Chickabiddy Chokee. Monday afternoon. The Federal Troops have won another splendid victory! Seeing that the rebels were approaching in great force at six a.m., I issued my directions for a general advance; an order which our brave fellows were prompt to carry out. The advance was made in the identical direction as that in which the rebel army was proceeding and was achieved, I need not say, with the most complete success. Astonishing to say the whole of our first line escaped without a hurt, and with the exception of a few slight wounds and bruises in the rear, I really have no casualties to report. A good deal of our baggage and some few hundred stacks of arms were left upon the field for a strategic purpose; and we likewise abandoned a few field pieces which were found to impede our progress. My next Dispatch will probably be dated from Richmond which I intend to sack at half past five o'clock, precisely, on Saturday morning next. Signed, BUNKUM, General Commanding. To Secretary of War.

So with the French. *Le Moniteur,* July 27th, had this to say: One wonders why McClellan for so long a time built trenches and raised redoubts when the moment the enemy appeared he did not defend them; and for a year has not attacked the enemy. Again on July 22nd, Why has McClellan decided so late that the place of attack is now from the James, when he has advanced to and retreated from Richmond with such loss of treasures and men? June 20th:

L'Armée de McClellan has suffered a terrible defeat. Voila donc le resultat de cette fameuse strategique du Fabian American. His prudence gave the Confederates time to assemble troops from all States, while McClellan threw up entrenchments.

Episodes personal to Phil. off the beaten track of the Five Roads found their way into Diary, Letter, Personal Anecdote and Newspaper Article; of which several tell us of Phil.'s "Self", Man and Soldier. One of the finest portraits to which Philip sat was brushed at Harrison's Landing. It appeared appended to an editorial "PHILIP KEARNY" in the Newark *Sentinel of Freedom:*

PORTRAIT OF A "GENERAL OF OLDEN TIMES"!

The people's General in the Army just now is General Philip Kearny—our "one armed man," as he is familiarly called. There is no denying the feeling entertained for him by the rank and file of the army. Not a little of the popular éclat incited by General Kearny is elicited by his personal appearance. I have seen nearly all the prominent Generals of the Army from McClellan down, but none of them looks the Soldier like Kearny! Above medium height, spare but erect in figure, hair of an iron gray, he looks like some General of olden times. I was standing at the Headquarters of General Heintzelman during a Court-Martial of which General Kearny was a member.

A large staff of Generals were present. There was Porter with his long and flaming beard; there was Heintzelman, Keyes, Sedgwick and Stevens. There was poor old Casey, decrepit and with silver hair. Sumner, Sickles, courteous and polite, and a host of other lesser lights—men whose names are destined to fill no unimportant place in our country's history. And then there was Kearny! And turning to some of my friends standing by I inquired: "Which of these looks like the General?" With one consent came the answer; "The One-Armed Devil".

He is a splendid rider—sits on his horse as if he were born there! He discards the use of covered stirrup, but with his toe joints placed in a simple brass stirrup, he rides as gracefully as any man I ever saw, though he has but one arm to guide his horse.

He is a fighter too; none enjoys it more! I saw him as he rode on the bloody field of Williamsburg. Long and continuously had the decimated Brigade of Sickles waited for reinforcements. They waited long! Help came at last—splashing through the mud nearer and nearer they came and at last they hove in sight and riding at the head was the one-armed Kearny! Cheer after cheer rent the air! And taking off his hat with his one hand he bowed to the gallant

fellows; and then dashed forward with his men to perfect the victory.

I have seen him many times since, though I do not know him, belonging to a rival command—at Fair Oaks, at Old Tavern on the 25th, at Glendale, at Malvern Hill, and the oftener I share the general feeling that he is a noble soldier; and I do not wonder that wherever he goes the rudest and most uncouth soldier *touches his hat* in respectful deference. Nor is it strange to know that "the one-armed devil" is the hero of numerous marvelous tales told over many a camp fire, and to be told some day to many a gaping crowd who failed to take part in the great struggle for freedom.

The fact is Kearny is Soldier, par excellence. He looks it; he acts it; you feel it when you see him. Jerseymen may well feel proud of him. He is a peer to any 'star', aye, or 'double star', our Army boasts.

The following anecdote illustrating General Kearny's peculiar indifference to death, are the words of an officer belonging to the staff of the First Division, Fifth Army Corps: About noon during the battle of Malvern Hill while our troops were lying on the ground for concealment, and for protection from the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters, General Kearny appeared riding slowly along our line, mounted on his light gray almost white horse. He stopped on the highest point of ground in front of the house used during the engagement as Division Headquarters, and gazed quietly on the scene. At length he saw me sitting with the other officers of the Staff on the lawn and calling me he remarked that all was quiet on his end of the line, and he had come to see how things were managed in the Fifth Corps. He then proceeded to ask some gossiping questions about affairs in New York, oblivious to all appearances that he had become a target for Rebel Sharpshooters posted in the trees and among the holly bushes on our front.

I stood perfectly sheltered, the General's horse being between me and the enemy, curious to see how long he would stand the fire without flinching. He chatted on, giving no sign by look or manner, that he was aware of the danger, until remembering a valuable life was imperiled, I remarked,—presuming on an old acquaintance,—that were I his superior officer I should order him back to his command! The General laughed and rode away; not taking a sheltered road to the rear running parallel with the front, but the one he came along on the crest of the hill between the line of battle and the skirmish line. Such reckless exposure, continued the relator, would have been regarded in most men as foolhardy, but no thought of applause or reputation probably for a moment entered General

Kearny's head. "He seemed to have learned one of the great lessons on life—to dread the grave as little as the bed!"

Throughout the Campaign, tiny bits of poetry, tucked away in little read corners of the newspapers, emphasized Kearny's dash and brilliancy; and a representative poem of this order appeared in the Georgetown *Courier,*—quoted in the Boston *Transcript,*—after the Peninsula Campaign:

MALVERN HILL

The morning kissed each sleeping flower,
And wooed each sparkling rill.
And rose the sun in haughty power
On fated Malvern Hill.

II

Here dashing Kearny leads the van,
His eagle eye on fire!
Alone his noble bearing can
His weary ranks inspire.

Kearny's social life—Kearny's life—on the Peninsula was interesting. He gave many dinners. At Harrison's Landing on one occasion, his letters will tell us, 25 Generals sat at table dining at six, leaving table at midnight; Sickles among the guests,—beautifully drawn to Kearny, so apparently like, so really unlike Phil.! Sickles told many a Kearny story, alike to Phil.'s grandson and to Charles F. Hopkins,—Congressional Medal of Honor,—embodiment of Kearny's Spirit and of Kearny's Brigade. Sickles wrote how he reciprocated Kearny's entertainment,—except for Kearny to have "State Dinners" seemed to Sickles a joke!

During a broiling hot day General Sickles invited Heintzelman, Kearny and Hooker and others to dine with him at his camp. "None of your jokes," said Heintzelman, "you know you have nothing but sugar and crackers." "Let's see",—General Sickles talking: "Although hesitating and in much doubt, a number of Generals followed my lead, 20 in all, all Staff Officers, including the French Princes whom I had met on the road. My camp was in a small grove and as we approached the turf on which my tent was pitched my hungry visitors beheld a white tablecloth spread out on the lawn with porcelain plates and dishes, white napkins, bright new knives and forks and all the appointments of a luxurious dining table. 'He has robbed a Hotel', cried Hooker,—'he has plundered a plantation', cried Kearny."

As soon as the party was seated Sickles' servants appeared with two large pails, one of purple and the other of amber liquid, both garnished with loads of ice; fresh strawberries, sliced oranges, pine-apples and lemons. Phil. Kearny seized one pail and Hooker the other, dropping on their knees as if in adoration. Kearny grasped a piece of ice and pressed it to his lips "as if it had been a diamond." The snowy tablecloths were covered with dishes of roast chicken, baked ham, roast beef, fresh vegetables and fruits and everything else that you can think of. "Where did all this come from," demanded Heintzelman?—"I had looked for brown sugar and hardtack!" said Kearny.—"All my guests were puzzled,—all had fared poorly enough for days at McClellan's Headquarters. I was silent as my distinguished guests looked at my gorgeous fare." Then the explanation:

A steam boat laden with every luxury had arrived for the Sanitation Commission for the sick and wounded. But the Commission was without transportation! A compromise was made for transportation on condition that Gen. Sickles got whatever might be needed to supply "hungry Generals who had fought for seven days without eating!"

A singular Synthesis, this Philip Kearny,—from Strength unto Sweetness was Angelo's legend! Kearny and Abd-el-Kadir were military kindred; fierce Soldier Gentle-Men! Kearny living in battle days in morgues; and afterwards hours every day in lazar houses! Just take a look at the French Historian's description of Kearny in the hospital right after the Battle of Seven Pines.[16] Then alongside of this the "smartest" Staff, the most "chic" Division in the Army! And Kearny in his own personal habits—personal mode of living—revealed to his Officers, the Division's rule of life! Alike in Mexico and on the Peninsula, Phil kept a light wagon—a Provision Cart; French "Fourgon" which followed his movements,—"for the occasion!" On the march its seat was usually filled by a sick or wounded soldier.

On the Peninsula Phil.'s Fourgon was always up in place *on time;* and could furnish an appetizing meal when improvident officers were almost staggering. His letters tell on one occasion of supplying McClellan and his whole staff and others, a crowd of 100—without meals—with a delicious breakfast. To the French Princes the Fourgon was no new thing,—a habit of the French Officers on Campaign. But it was only gradually that Kearny's Fourgon like his Red Patch and Headquarters Flag, spread—to a degree—through the army.

Kearny's appearance, Man and Horse, uniform, gestures, tone, all, —were in keeping. He liked to see—always did see—his Staff and

[16] Grasset: "His face black with powder and his uniform torn in strips."

orderlies "dashing" or as he expressed it "elegant"; today "smart: chic." He never wore heavy boots coming up to his knees as he is usually represented; "but laced boots which were more manageable with his one arm."

Boots and leather of his Military Family had to be well blacked! Brass and steel "shined like gold and silver". The night before triumphantly entering Vera Cruz,—now gone fifteen years, 100 grays "polished like bottles",—but turn back to that chapter—that was the Genesis, now in two weeks the Apocalypse! The Apotheosis![17]

And Kearny's habit of living,—"elegant,"—and his handsome way of "doing things" were finely illustrated, in the "Oakley letter"—generously supplied by Mr. Atwater, of Elizabeth, N. J., Dr. Oakley's grandson. Dr. Oakley was arrested we know by Kearny in the Hutchinson affair,—and like Col. Walker—liked it! Kearny rarely drank whiskey,—occasionally brandy; drank wines only, "French wines." Perhaps that's the reason of his generosity to Dr. Oakley!

Headquarters New Jersey Brigade, July 13th, 1862

Dear Doctor:

Let me divide with you a small quantity of whiskey arriving from my home cellars. In '49 it was the finest that could be procured and was selected for a special purpose, to present its counterpart barrel to the Second Regiment, United States Infantry, the first troops that went to California. It was then extraordinarily old. Since then, until a few years since, it was kept in wood—but unfortunately, the first cask having become old, it was put in new wood and I find has gained a taste of the new barrel. This, however, disappears in being bottled off and opened to the air. It is amazingly strong for having been kept so long in wood.—Drink it with a "good health to you". With great regard, truly yours, P. Kearny, Major General. Dr. Oakley, 2nd New Jersey Volunteers,—also an episode in the conquest of California!

[17] An editorial in the Richmond *Dispatch,* August 26th, 1862, entitled "McClellan Departs" furnishes an opinion by Kearny that McClellan ought to have attacked,—from the lips of a southerner; and an appreciation of Kearny and Porter:

Dr. Minge who had been at "Westover" ever since McClellan's Army arrived there, arrived in the city yesterday. With the exception of restricting his liberty, Dr. Minge was well treated by the General Officers with whom he came in contact. Nearly all of them, particularly General Kearny and Fitzjohn Porter, behaved like gentlemen. General Kearny remarked one day that the Confederates had one advantage over the Federals and that was that if one of their Generals was killed, they had 100 good men to fill his place, which was not the case with their enemies. He also remarked when he arrived at "Westover" after the severe fighting that by all the rules of war there would be a battle there in six hours, and offered to send Dr. Minge's wife away from there to safety.

The History of the Sixty-Third Pennsylvania helps us realize the truth of General de Peyster's "incredible" dictum, which we will see embodied in a Proclamation placed among Phil.'s letters, that "an order had to be issued for the sake of discipline" to prevent Phil.'s troops cheering whenever he appeared: "On Wednesday, July 9th, the President reviewed the entire army of the Potomac. We could trace his progress by the cheers and by the firing of salutes. We were ordered into line about five o'clock in the evening. Kearny's whole Division was in line. Soon the President, accompanied by his bodyguard, and a number of generals, came upon our line. As he passed we were struck by his careworn expression, and the men cheered him. But their cheers had not the clear, haunting ring they used to have! But when the idol of his men came, Phil. Kearny, whom the rebels called, 'The One Armed Devil', the entire army let loose with cheers that woke the echoes of the dark pine woods! We knew Kearny and he knew us and each knew they could depend on the other." Read this into the record, as a vital living witness—intensely practical—when we find Lincoln considering appointing Phil. to the command of the Army of the Potomac, succeeding McClellan.

Phil. had a bugle boy, mounted on a pony. After Kearny's death Dan Sickles took him; at whose Headquarters a purse was made up and a beautiful uniform purchased for "Kearny's Little Bugler". He was "Tad" Lincoln's companion when the President reviewed Hooker's Army in 1863. On that occasion "Tad" rode Kearny's Bugle Boy's pony and afterwards took "Kearny's little Bugler" back with him to the White House.

At Harrison's Landing, Corporal Brown, a Clerk at General Kearny's Headquarters, came to the boy and told him that Kearny had ordered him to get a boy to serve as orderly for one day as General McClellan was going to review the army next day. The lad, Gustave C. Schurmann, a young German reported himself the next morning early and Kearny "gave him his gray horse he had brought all the way from Mexico." During the review General Kearny had occasion to jump a very large ditch. The boy jumped it with him but a great many of his officers had to pass further up. Gustave thought that "my jumping this ditch brought me favorably to General Kearny's notice. Accordingly when I reported myself in the evening after the review so as to return to my Regiment he said 'No; but go and bring your baggage to my Headquarters and consider yourself my orderly in the future.' From that day until his death I was always with him." We will see this little boy's trembling hand

holding Kearny's letter sheets while Phil. pens his letters the day before his death.

But even McClellan's Lotus-Eating and drinking; even his martial Tea Parties—can't last forever! Manassas, 8 months; Yorktown, 1 month plus! The "Siege of Seven Pines" 26 days! The "Siege" of Richmond 25 days! The Siege of Malvern Hill, as the event will prove, 1 month and 14 days! And that day, almost on the Calendar, and Kearny writes "I am again under orders". Kearny apparently thought orders to get out of the Peninsula! For he had written, and of this he was infallibly certain, that the "change of base of operations" was in reality a Retreat of a Beaten General—"a beaten 'Clique'—carrying along with them a Victorious Army!" Not the Army but McClellan and his "Puppy Set Crowd",[18]—Lincoln's Crowd of Lincoln's confidential letter to McClellan after Williamsburg—were beaten!

But now for some letters,—Phil.'s best,—interpreting this stirring Period.

This letter takes us back to Garnett's Farm, only twenty and a half miles away, over terrain now impassable till Grant took command two years later! Only a month ago easily passable! Within ten days actually passed over by the entire Union and Confederate Armies, in four days! Had Phil.'s Strategy—any competent soldier's—been followed, Richmond would have been McClellan's and his name enrolled among our Great National Heroes instead of "McClellan's Lost Cause",—but read Kearny's letters.

June 26, 1862
Camp 3½ miles from Richmond.[19]

Dearest Love:

As you see in the affair of yesterday, I was not in action until the afternoon and during the night when the Brigade I held in reserve was called into the fire. Still I was very little exposed.

I missed my bay colt extremely; he was a very brilliant looking animal.

The Merciers alluded to in the following letter are the French Ambassador and his Lady who spent several days with Mrs. Kearny at Bellegrove. When Mercier was at Norfolk, Phil. visited him; they were old friends of Parisian days. Wheat, also alluded to, was a veteran of Foreign Wars; had fought with the Turks in the Crimean War; and had organized the "Wharf Rats" of his native city into one of the finest bodies of troops on the Peninsula, known

[18] See *infra*.
[19] A disputed distance point now stated by Kearny.

as "Wheat's Tigers." He fell at Gaines' Mill and, at his request, buried on the field! July ——.

Dearest Love:

During the battles I had not had but an hour's sleep or relaxation from marching, fighting, reconnoitering and giving orders for three days. My Division has been twice as much engaged as any other; and generally against fearful odds; though it is fortunate in my nature to feel that with my regiments, particularly whilst I am at the front, all enemies must yield before us.

I am annoyed at being the puppet of McClellan!

Would you believe it that in a List of promotions of Major Generals I have been left out?[20] Williamsburg alone in the French service would have brought me a highest promotion;[21] and yet I have been in three other battles of first import, and skirmishes without number; and as all know, not a general who has so personally led his troops. I do this in the defiance of my enemies, and because I cannot bear to expose my troops to dangers that I do not share. But thus I take everybody's dangers on my own shoulders; for it is first one body of men and then another, that I gallop up to head.

And yet the results are pleasing. Thus at Charles City Cross Roads, where I guarded the New Market Road, and McCall's Brigade alongside of me ran from nearly their shadows, immediately I save the battle with the 63rd Pennsylvanians against ten times their numbers which did not mind our six pieces of artillery.

It is quite interesting about the Merciers. Ask them if you like: He is a charming person. You can tell him that the French Princes were very conspicuous; the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres were very active; rendered more hard service than any others on the staff. And the Prince de Joinville undoubtedly saved General McClellan on several occasions by his superior military capacity. I believe that if Joinville had been a General he would have been very distinguished.

I am glad you are sending the shirts; mine are in rags. Send me some cotton socks; and four pair of drawers; and a nice pair of boots.

Dearest Love, I am in very fine health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years.

I am bored to death with this wretched delay. Our inaction has been very unwise.

There is the difference between the North and the South. In the

[20] Kearny's name was omitted in McClellan's announcement as at Yorktown. But Lincoln had appointed him Major General. Doubtless this accounts for the statement in Lee by Freeman.

[21] MacMahon in Italy. Also Forey in Mexico and Italy.



Camp near Seven Pines. June 13, 1862. Dearest Love: How lovely Bellegrove must look! If I were there I would never care to leave that lovely spot Bellegrove; but make the most of its secluded parks, its gardens, lawns and meadows. Phil. to his wife.—At Belgrove Kearny never opened, but always jumped his horse, across the gates. . . . Whenever he visited Kearny Homestead, Phil. jumped his horse into, and swam him across, the Passaic River. Mr. Kenny in *Kearny Observer*.—Photograph of "Kearny Castle" through the courtesy of the *Newark Evening News*. Castle built in 1852-3.



In reply to a request for a photograph of the Kearny Homestead, Newark, appearing in the *Sunday Call*, its Newark Centennial—1936—number, Mr. William Southworth Hunt, editor, graciously sent this photograph: "I am sending you with my compliments, a photograph of a photograph of the Kearny Homestead, taken about 1900, the best I have ever seen." In the Centennial Edition is the caption "The home of General Stephen and General Philip Kearny."





South every gentleman is out; and they discipline their men highly. The former Army officers are in the very highest positions. They despise Northern shirkers as bitterly as I do. How often do I regret having come back to this Army! And had the South kept to the Constitution and not resorted to revolution, I know the Northerners to be so contemptible that I would nearly have joined them.[22]

You saw that noble fellow Wheat was recently killed. It is truly sad. I so well remember our parting on the stairway of our noble apartments in Paris.

Dearest Love how very happy we were there then. I am so thankful to you for writing to all those friends. For myself I cannot; it is too painful to me. But their letters give me joy.

Dearest Love; I will be quite sorry if you give up, and don't look nice and dressy and young.

What you say about the children is too true; still I do trust with God's continued protection to be back with you.

Is it not contemptible that over half of the General Officers are off on Leaves, and the greater number on McClellan's Staff are away amusing themselves or picking new favors at Washington.

How lovely the beautiful grounds must be. If the Merciers come treat them with all care. They are very elegant, that kind of people; very charming ones. Say that you live quietly, and see nobody; and that we both are dearly attached to all in France; and that I have my best American friends and many connections in the South. But that I am proud of my soldiers who are very brave; why? Because they see that I never leave them in danger. I may be reckless but it is not rashness; I scorn to have a simple follower more exposed than I am.

Send me a black silk neck kerchief and some black ribbon for the neck.

With all devotion.

Harrison's Landing,
July 5th, 1862

Dearest Love:

I have had some funny experiences in my recent battles. We were in the battle of the 30th of June. I got by accident in among the enemy's skirmishes, for General McCall's men having lost their position near me; and was mistaken in the night by a rebel Captain for one of his own generals. He looked stupid; and said to me, "What shall I do next Sir?" to which I replied as if he had been one of my own worthless crew. "Do? Damn you; why do what you have always been told to do"; so off he went!

[22] What a splendid "brief"—Apologia—for Lee's, Beauregard's, Cabell's, Kershaw's and company's association with the cause of Disunion.

July 5th, 1862.

Dearest Love:

I am quite well in a lovely encampment, and with my horses around me; my Bands playing; and the men, always victorious, in good spirits.

I despise this dirty crowd, who impute rashness to me; and I scorn danger when in it; or rather those who are not at the front. There is not another officer in the Army who instinctively by talents, and by extraordinary chances of observation, comes to know his profession or to handle his men as I do.

O, how terribly sick I am of these Soldiers. Nothing but mismanagement. Troops mismanaged; my whole Command, except some worthless new regiments,[23] all used up by these battles. We have lost thus far nearly ⅔ of our men; and sickness has done the rest.

Hence the moment we get to Richmond I will immediately leave. I will not serve the venal ungrateful North any longer.

Harrison's Landing
July 10, 1862.

Dear Parker:

How curious all this verification of prognostication I correctly read! As I told you I feared to prophesy so infallible had proved my instinct in this war as in previous wars.[24] In Italy and Africa it was the same thing; and made my betters stare in wonderment.

Our coming here has been a most cowardly and unwise alternative. The battles on the left Bank of the Chickahominy were mismanaged. I had been over there several days before and observed all the ground; and how we would be strategically and tactically whipped, attacked from an inland point not provided against; and be thrown down hill; and then have to work up again, and be there crippled and destroyed. It occurred so precisely.

Instead of instantly reducing his line of defense to a certain entrenched tête du pont on the right Bank, thereby covering Bottom's Bridge and the R. R. bridge beyond which he never should have made a serious advance short of adopting an attack and getting into Richmond by the side,—a tête du pont fully fortfied, and strong—and then crossing the night of the first or second battle all his troops except the 10,000 requisite for the tête du pont to the Left Bank of the River there to deploy and give a general battle where the ground was very admirable for us, and then:

In case of victory, recrossing and rushing into Richmond; and in

[23] Soon Kearny's judgment changed as we shall see.

[24] Almost a quotation from an editorial in New York *Times* on Kearny's death. See *infra*.

case of defeat returning, as other beaten armies do, back along his line of communication to his base of operation: be it the White House, be it Williamsburg or be it Yorktown,—thus always firm, always secure, always covering his own supplies; always embarrassing his enemies by drawing them on, when they had no transportation to follow; when they dare not leave Richmond too far:

Well instead of this McClellan loses his head; throws himself back on the gunboats! And gulls the silly public with a hard name viz: that he has changed his base of operations! This is false and by this time he knows it. We have no base upon which to act!

As to ascending the James River, when after the successful fight at Malvern Hill, he yielded the strongest battle field that we have yet had, he gave to the enemy a fearfully strong position which debars our future advance.

Again as to the engagement at the New Market Road. The Rebels faced full batteries on open ground, our guns hurling grape shot at them; and yet they come up to the muzzles of our guns! This was the case on the 30th at the New Market Road, where nothing but my so-called "personal rashness" in leading on troops to the charge saved my pieces.

To me the most cruel thing of the war is the unhandsome attempt to crush my military mastery of my profession as none have it in this army, under the decrying epithet of rashness. My best results would often fail but for the inspiration of my leadership.

As to Heintzelman, a very commonplace individual, no brains, or his apportionment ossified in the small duties of a military garrison, he has never once been in the front of a single battle field; never made his appearance near me in the front line; nor has he ever given me an order nor a direction nor advice. So much for him whom they have dared to elevate while they pass me over: I who gave the initiative of courage to the lifeless army of the Potomac: I who have fought nearly two battles to any other general's one; and ever successfully![25]

The good President paid us a visit the other day. It seemed a noble thing and was appreciated by the troops. We looked in pretty good order; the men sustained themselves better than the officers. As for the officers they are worse than wet eyes! Pretend sickness; loll about or run off; even the general officers themselves seemed to let matters slide. But the men are trying. Poor fellows! Few remain of my old Division. I have lost two-thirds of my men, killed and wounded, since leaving Yorktown.[26] They have given me new

[25] Two battles to Kearny's six before Kearny's death. One battle to Hooker's and Kearny's five at Bull Run. Type of all except Sumner's and Hooker's divisions; see analysis, *infra*.

[26] See next chapter.

Regiments; but, excepting the Indianians, they are worthless; and it seems as if they had picked out the worst for my allotment.

The President looked very sober; and yet I thought he seemed pleased when he saw how fine and military an array I presented. I have had great disadvantages in recruiting them. It was Heintzelman's old Division; and had the name of being the most slovenly and worthless on the Potomac. But think how gloriously they follow me, believe me, and fight desperately: so much for my personal rashness for which I am debarred advancement!

Harrison's Landing
July 12th, 1862

Dearest Love:

I fear McClellan's treason and mismanagement has thrown us in a great many fearful battles of much severity which he could have spared us. But all of which he invited by his own bad arrangement. My soldiers conscious of their success under me keep up their courage. Indeed I never have been in better health.

Is it not curious, in letters to Mr. Parker and others, I have from the very first moment of arriving before Richmond foretold almost to the day every battle, every defeat, every retreat, that have occurred.[27] Among the rest I foretold that my command, amidst all disasters, would be as true as steel, and that owing to them much would be saved. It has happened so. But I am fearfully disgusted with the mismanagement and incapacity of these men.

As for my own Division it has been made to unjustly bear the brunt of every battle; and is always assigned the worst places to guard, and with fewest men.[28]

July 24, 1862.

Dear Parker:

I have such devoted friends of old times in the Southern Army, Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Beauregard, etc. and yet I have been very *Union* and very just in all my military commands.

General Lee released specially all my sick and wounded prisoners captured by McClellan's cowardly abandonment of his communications.[29]

In Europe McClellan would be shot for treason and cowardice or unpardonable incapacity. His best friends are now coming out against him.

[27] See Chapter "Death in Battle."

[28] See résumé in Battle of "Bull Run" and notes on "Six Days' Battles."

[29] Kearny's wounded captured at the hospitals at White House and Savage Station; his wounded at Seven Pines he took along with him.

As for myself: there never was in the history of Napoleon's brightest campaigns such frequent, such desperate and such successful fighting as by my third Division; and very much owing to what the blackguards condemn me for my "personal rashness." Still another word is used to define it in the French service where the Lieutenant Generals all display the same kind of "rashness." At all events it makes all troops fight irresistibly. As for Heintzelman: he has never yet been near the first line; being instructed as to what passed on under severe fire.

I am sickened by the falseness of the times; and the gratuitous sacrifice of my New Jersey Brigade is enough to make me so. McClellan should be dismissed; he is a political fool; and a military traitor; weak at both.

Harrison's Landing
July 28th, 1862.
12 at Night

Dearest Love:

I am very sick of these Northern brutes. Yet I cannot leave them in the lurch! As to their not appreciating me, be sure that they do most fully! Rather too fully! It causes them always to select me and my Division for anything that is dangerous and likely to go wrong. I am too truly disinterested to make a Civil War a source of éclat. I am far too fond of the Southerners, whose course I disavow, yet love as old associates, to care to aggrandize myself in their misery and hopeless struggle. All whom I have been brought up with in childhood, have cultivated in manhood, must be swept away and their families impoverished and life to begin over again.

It is too horrible to see this Army saddled with imbeciles. As for myself I know that I must win.

Don't worry about my comfort. You ought to look once inside my tent; and see my French camp bedstead, my rich furs; my braided cloak and shining velvet carpets; and a nice bottle of port at my side which my friend and former aide and a charming fellow, son of the wretch who ran the railroad down our River, gave me before leaving.

It is too funny to see the letters I receive from Ireland,—some from high and some from lowly people,—all asking me if I am of such and such a family. The oddest is from one creature who said he was glad to find that I had risen; but if I returned I would be proud to see that "old father" had "got forward" in the world, and that he had been made under-bailiff and was quite noble; hinting that it was not me alone had got ahead! And in the midst of all these, comes an extract from the Irish paper with my military life in full.

My Division is beginning to show my discipline and looks very elegant and showy.

In battles so fearful as the last not a man failed to respond! I have in battle such instinctive scorn of the enemy that I was often "the observed of all observers".

Unless Pope has an Army of 150,000 men in 15 days or three weeks our cause is lost![30]

I have lost nearly all of my best officers.

3rd Division, 3rd Corps.
Harrison's Landing,
July 31, 1862.

My dear Parker:

I cannot understand how a General like Franklin should not have taken care of the welfare of his soldiers, the noblest troops on earth, those of my old Brigade.[31]

At Williamsburg I engaged the enemy with but five Regiments; at Fair Oaks, with but one Brigade;[32] and yet most dastardly in my case, this is set down to rashness of my own person.

Your truthful tribute to General Winfield Scott in your patriotic address a year ago is vividly remembered; he, the only one who would have impressed with the certainty of victory the masses of his countrymen; who had he been left in Chief control, would have mesmerized this timid successor with his own unrivalled convictions of success. And where are we now? What has become of the dignity of the finest Army ever raised in this hemisphere; if I may not even say in the world,—all disappeared as if wilted by the touch of some evil Genius' wand; an army victorious even in retreat; brilliant in the advance; more lavish in blood than aught that history presents of record, and yet timorously placed in a "cul-de-sac" of which the enemy holds the strings! Almost meaningless in its positive influence; negative as to any protection of the North, a secondary army on its own chosen theatre of war!

Why we hesitate, I cannot imagine! McClellan has now been idle at Harrison's Landing since July 2nd; it is fearful, infatuous, to wait.[33]

Why the enemy leave us alone embarrasses me. It bodes no good.

[30] Kearny "boasts" of his prophetic sense; of all prophecies he made, this proved truest.

[31] The loss of this Brigade—practically the only troops except the gallant Meagher's to leave the South for the North bank of the Chickahominy at Gaines' Mill was appalling; one thousand men approximately.

[32] No other alternative,—sixty thousand idle troops kept away from the battle. Either that or let the army be destroyed, realizing Colonel Estvan's imagination of what was sure to happen.

[33] It cost Pope his campaign; Phil. his life.

Not that their tremendous unparallelled daring in facing our artillery was been attended by unparallelled losses; and though successful on the Chickahominy against Porter; they were unsuccessful against me on the New Market Road due to the spirited advance of the 63rd Pennsylvania Regiment and half of the 37th New York, where I had up against me ten times our own number. Unchecked by the ceaseless discharge of six pieces firing grape, canister and spherical, they nearly reached the muzzles as soon as ourselves. Again unsuccessful at Malvern Heights, for its amphitheatre shape, permitted a concentration of all our numerous artillery,—the only battle where it had all come into play. The result of all of which was for the moment, that they could not *force* their men immediately to a repetition; and I myself think they can never repeat it. For it is unusual in war; it is against a maxim of Napoleon's as to the capacity of human courage.

There is no more Southern man, at heart, than myself. I am so from education, associations, and from being a purely unprejudiced lover of the Union: but there is now no longer time for hesitation.

As far as the Blacks are concerned, I would not arm them, but would use them to spare the Whites, needed with their colours for drill, which is the first source of discipline and the first utility in battle, and the point in which the Southerner outranks us completely.[34]

I would seek French Officers for the negroes for their peculiar gifts over "natives". In their own service they easily beat the Arabs. They officer the natives, who then surpass their own troops in desperate valor. As for the Black women, employ them in hospitals and in making cartridges.

I know the Southern character intimately. It is not truly brave. It is at times desperate; invincible if successful; but most dispirited if the reverse; intimidated by a distant idea which they would encounter bravely if suddenly brought to them face to face.

This idea of Black adjuncts to the military arm awakens nothing inhuman. It but permits the slave runaway, abandoned to us, from becoming a moneyed pressure upon us; it would eventually prepare them for freedom.

Harrison's Landing
July 10th, 1862.

My dearest Love:

We have had fearfully renewed combats! My friend Longstreet among the Rebels. I have had 8000 men killed out of 14,000. It

[34] While the South condemned violently the North for its threat to arm the negro; yet the great Ewell was actually urging the South to arm the negro to fight the mass of aliens in the Northern Armies; see the Making of a Soldier by Hamlin, 1935.

is the same shabby game of over-exposing the generals whose personal dash makes a sure reliance on their men. It is perfectly absurd, but at a fearful battle of the 30th I held the New Market Road on the Right; General McCall on the left, General McCall's troops ran to a man! I headed my 63rd *Pennsylvanians,* and bore back a mass of the enemy who no more minded our battery and its eight pieces, deluging them with grape, than if it were sugar plum![35] And yet as rapidly as each piece fired, I could see 8 to 10 men fall. So much for my rashness as these dirty vile intriguers are pleased to denominate my inspiring my men to fight. Because they know when matters are difficult that I count on being followed!

Indeed, Dearest Love, I should hate to make you military and masculine, or hate to have you undervalue my danger from which God has preserved me. But still I cannot help it in my indignation. It was the same imputation that at the end of the Mexican War General Harney, and others of that clique, used to keep me out of my brevet of Lt. Colonelship because with my only one troop in my regiment I had been in battle and out of it: the envy of them all, but not *all* the cavalry commanded by Harney who belonged to the *Second* Dragoons. And just then it was that a most fearful sober humbug, my Uncle General Kearny, who had mismanaged a two-penny skirmish of 80 men in California, put on great airs but never saw me righted, and in those days I was far too grand to right myself, or to notice any small intrigues or small neglects except with silent, careless scorn. Now it sours me. And I would leave in an instant if I could do so with propriety. Indeed I will do so when we enter Richmond; but McClellan's treason or intrigues have gotten us into a place where we are completely boxed up like sardines; and out of which nothing short of most bold and dashing moves can extricate us to be of any service.

I get along very well. I am ensconced by myself in a lovely nook in the woods; a sweet little promontory of clearing, as large as a small garden, which recedes from the open plain.

My offices are quite conspicuous; with its flagstaff and adjoining tents; and Bands playing and orderlies riding about; and guards parading. Whilst my own tent is just inside the skirt of timber amidst evergreens and bushes and with my pretty horses nearby.

And as for my comforts I have a stove; and then Brandy and Whiskey and Claret, and a bucket of Champagne, and dozens of Ale and several boxes of Congress Water; besides lemons; and a very nice colored man who can do anything for me.

Night before last our President came along. I am sure my men looked elegantly. But the President wore a long face and would

[35] See Longstreet's report at Frayser's Farm quoting Kearny's report.

not be comforted. Perhaps he felt sneakish, knowing as he must do, that I would see a list of promotions, and my name, the first one who taught the Army to fight, the one who saved all at Williamsburg, omitted. It only wounds me to think that I who have come into this war from Patriotic motives can permit myself to be suffered by it.

I toiled day and night with my old first New Jersey Brigade to have it complete and elegant and the theme of all the Army men. Poor Brigade; it was mismanaged by General Franklin; was cut to pieces without any result.

All say I look better than for years; and yet at one time I had never slept one hour in three days; been mounted giving orders and fighting battles. It seems to have broken down the regiments especially the officers; two or three Brigadier Generals were sick and are even now worthless. As for me I have no patience with them; possibly because I feel so well; and excepting my separation from you, quite enjoying myself from the general botheration. A kind kiss to you and the babies.

July

My dear Parker:

The North is not steadfast. Look at our list of absentees! Tolerated at home instead of being hissed at! I have hardly eight officers to a Regiment; scarcely a field officer; and only two Generals. Look elsewhere and it is worse. This is what I call demoralization: to be sick in such numbers, nor is it our wounded; but sick from these swamps in McClellan's chosen field of operation.

Harrison's Landing
August 1, 1862.

My dear Parker:

We are again on the move. This is the third day of being "under orders". The Heavy Artillery has gone by steamers; many field batteries and even much infantry.

I had quite a large dinner last night, some 25 generals, colonels of my Brigade, and one or two aides, besides my own. They came from the extreme right and the extreme left, viz: Fitz-John Porter, Franklin, Ord, French, Augur, Sedgwick, Newton, Martindale, Butterfield, etc. We dined at six o'clock and broke up at twelve.

July

My dear Parker:

I told you that I was about resigning; but for one fact, that the army is in a very hazardous "false position", I would have done so long since.

In patriotism I have come into this war. In doing so I have sacrificed the comforts of home and brought much worry and distress on my wife. I have given up a high social position to become one of hundreds of worthless, nameless, incapable Brigadier Generals. That proud position obtained for me by your kind exertion, has been cheapened; and even worthless foreigners like Sigel have been preferred before me, who am 12th on the List of Brigadiers; and yet no achievement in the West or East has equalled my success at Williamsburg; the first large fight of the Army of the Potomac; in which I saved all from perdition.

Louis Fitzgerald,—later General, and one of New York City's most distinguished citizens,—suffering from intense agony from wounds received at Seven Pines, received a letter from Kearny telling him he had proposed Fitzgerald's name for a captaincy and intended to make him his aide; and told him to join him as soon as he could. In this letter Phil. says: "There will be plenty of office work to do before you can mount your horse. While I study in my staff for the ornamental I unite with it immense exertion such as I already have found in you."

And while Fitzgerald was still suffering from typhoid fever after his wound had nearly healed, Kearny wrote from his Headquarters on the Peninsula on July 17, 1862, "Knowing your ardent military spirit I must caution you not to retard your cure by over-anxiety; and yet I trust that you shortly will be installed as one of my staff. We are resting here most lazily and ignobly. McClellan aways has a hibernation, a winter sleep, after my fights. He has engineering talent, perhaps; military, none, nor nerve.

The following letter is a fragment:

Of McClellan, my previous sentiments as to him have nearly brought me to the same conclusion; he does not deserve to have me share his failures and his total wreck. Still the same feeling that makes me expose myself in battle in a species of characteristic temperament makes me continue with this Army.

The only alternative I can see is the hope that my Division will be ordered to join Pope.

So I again say that with all regret; and notwithstanding my desire, my dear Parker, to be guided by your advice do not be astonished to find me returning to my farm; and be persuaded that I do it from high convictions.

But before we go away from the Pensinula and as an epitome of Philip's position with his troops,—supplementing the editor of

"Under the Red Patch"—let's read the Proclamation he was forced to issue to prevent his troops from huzzahing him,—it was impairing discipline, according to de Peyster.

Camp near Harrison's Landing
General Order No. 27. July 7, 1862

Brave Comrades: As one of your generals who shared in your perils, so I sympathize in your cheers for victory when I pass. The name of this Division is marked! Southern Records are full of you. In attack you have driven them; when assailed you have repulsed them. Be it so to the end! New regiments we give you a name; engraft on it fresh laurels!

Comrades in battle: Let our greeting be a cry of defiance to our foes! After the fight our greeting of victory for ourselves. My Division! remember that like yourselves I have duties of labor in which I must move unobserved as a true brother in hand and heart of this Our Warrior Division. Farewell, Success attend you!

CHAPTER XV

SECOND BULL RUN: VICTORY IN KEARNY'S HAND, LINCOLN

THE GREAT BETRAYAL

THE Peninsula Campaign is drawing to its close! General Pope in central Virginia has been falling back gradually toward Washington after several severe successful engagements; and McClellan is soon ordered to join him, and to remove his Army to Alexandria.

On August 1st, Kearny as we know, wrote Agnes that he is "again under orders," for what objects his letter is silent; save that the shipment of war material points to a withdrawal from the Peninsula, —fulfilling Phil.'s prophecy: "No change of base of operations." [1]

But on the 4th, McClellan receives a "dreadful" telegram from General Halleck, now Commander in Chief of the Armies, McClellan's Superior, which McClellan reveals in his "Own Story" written years after the event: "On the 4th I received Halleck's order of the 3rd directing me to withdraw my Army to Aquia!"

Nevertheless, McClellan adopts a suggestion by Hooker,—plainly an advance on Richmond and equally plainly an "act of mutiny" and disobedience to Halleck's orders. And so on the night of August 4th at 5 p.m. Hooker's Division marched toward Malvern Hill, whence —now too late—Kearny would have advanced to Richmond a month and four days ago. At this point Hooker's troops were subjected to a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery; soon a line of the enemy's videttes were seen; and rebel skirmishers sent to observe.[2]

The enemy's fire soon ceased and the enemy retreated. Hooker's line was now advanced to a House formerly occupied as Kearny's Division Hospital, where a little after dark Captain Hibbard reports: "I was ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice. My Second Regiment was told to hold its position at all hazards." Then: "In a few hours under orders from General Hooker the second Regi-

[1] Halleck "suggested" a movement to check a rumor that Richmond had been evacuated. McClellan determined, as *Punch* had it, "to sack" the empty town, against Halleck's orders to leave and join Pope.

[2] On this day, McClellan, back at his old tricks, tells Halleck he can take Richmond with 10,000 more men! Halleck, same hour, tells McClellan: "Order will not be rescinded. Execute it without delay."

ment was called in and put in march to our Camp where we arrived at 11 p.m." [3]

But this large movement involving Kearny's, Sedgwick's and Hooker's Divisions, 15,000 men, perhaps 18,000, with some then unrevealed ultimate object,—"unrevealed" publicly, and so blatantly revealed under a heap of words!—is reported to Halleck, only as a reconnoissance; a reconnoissance in overwhelming force for the first time in McClellan's career! For McClellan telegraphs Halleck on August 4th: "Arrangements for reconnoissance complete; troops moving during the night." Plainly, apparently, Halleck must think, in execution of—and incident to—Halleck's directions to move his whole Army to Yorktown and Alexandria.

But Hooker who received the orders from McClellan, and upon whom the execution of the movement and its responsibility rested, knew the movement, like the movement at Oak Ridge, to be a planned advance upon Richmond; and incidentally tributary to McClellan's plans to adopt his very charming Lady's delicious counsel: "Don't you think if Pope is put over you you should consider it your duty to resign? I could not endure the idea of your being under that Puppy"; [4] and to let that puppy—Pope—as McClellan later wrote "get out of his scrape"—at the approaching battle at Bull Run—as best he could! For Hooker while at the Hospital at Georgetown recovering from a foot wound received at the Battle of Antietam months later, was visited by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase and "Kitty" Chase his famous Hostess-Daughter—Chase proposed some of "Dr. Foster's Foot Balm" to alleviate Hooker's excruciating pain!—and Hooker's words as Chase reports them in his Diary are clear as crystal:

Chase's Diary: September 23rd, 1862: Saw Hooker at the Hospital today who said that when the order came to withdraw the Army he advised McClellan to disobey and proposed a plan for an advance on Richmond. McClellan gave orders to advance but before the time for movement came, he recalled it; and again gave the order for evacuation.

In fine Hooker's movement, interpreted by the events soon to happen, was the first written chapter in McClellan's own story of his

[3] General Kearny's granddaughter, Elizabeth Kearny, married a grandson of this Captain Hibbard, Headquarters at Harrison's Landing; and the Harrison place Berkeley,—the military residence of both General and Captain,—was the home of her great-great-grandfather, Benjamin Harrison.

[4] Major General Fremont convicted of mutiny for disobedience to Kearny in California actually did adopt the spirit of this counsel. When Pope was put over him he did resign the army. McClellan, "less honorable," did not resign. Kept a job but did not *serve!* Both became Presidential candidates, Fremont proposing a coalition with McClellan.

determination to disobey Lincoln's repeated directions and to advance on Richmond and not to support Pope! And another step upward upon the Democratic National platform with its plank denouncing the war as failure and proposing accommodations with his "enemies." In short the plank built into McClellan's Fernando Wood Letter of Acceptance, Peninsula Campaign of Virginia, 1862, interpreting thoroughly McClellan's conduct, Sangster's Station to Malvern Hill—and to Chantilly—but see Kearny's Letters!

On the 8th of August, McClellan again stiffens his will from its day dream to attempt the movement proposed by Hooker, to be executed by a "Clique Officer," General Porter, under his Peninsula purpose. He must have known that the moment he ordered the evacuation from Harrison's Landing, the World will brand him Military Failure—"No change of base but a disaster"—unless the Public is "gulled" into the belief that the responsibility rests with Mr. Lincoln, as he had wired Lincoln on June 27th/28th. On the 8th he wired Halleck: "Porter's reconnoissance yielded nothing but light pickets; seemed to be no heavy force south of Appomattox. Hooker was pressed by a strong force at Malvern Hill." Again Hooker's and Porter's movements are reconnoissances—for Halleck's eye. But in "His Own Story" Porter's action without shadow of question is a movement towards Richmond and frankly an abandonment of General Pope.

On August 10th—all the time Pope rightly expecting him—McClellan records: "I hope to be *ready tomorrow* after the movement forward in the direction of Richmond. I will try to calm or threaten Longstreet. Then if chance offers, follow him to Richmond, while they *are lamming away at Pope*. It is in some respects a desperate step but it is the best that I can do for the Nation now. I fear they will relieve me before I have the chance." Later the same day near midnight: "I received a very harsh and urgent telegram from Halleck this morning. I feel compelled to give up the idea of my intended attack on Richmond and must retrace my steps." On August 10th McClellan speaks of "the absurdity of Halleck's course" in ordering the Army away from here, in that it cannot possibly "reach Washington in time to do any good. . . . I think the result will be that Pope will be badly thrashed within ten days and that they will be very glad to turn over redemption of the affairs to me. How the event proved McClellan's prophecy! How he helped to let the event prove it!

A week has now been consumed in McClellan's Personal Lost Cause! Pope had begged Lincoln—see *infra*—when he assumed command in Central Virginia to relieve McClellan because Pope could

not rely upon his support;[5] and at this very time Kearny as we know was writing Parker that unless Pope is reinforced within a short time his Army will be crushed.

Thus Kearny and Pope and Halleck & Co.,—of course "Everyman,"—knew the intense need of leaving the Peninsula immediately —August 3rd—if Pope is to be saved. Is it possible that "George B" —by his own acknowledgment brainier man than "Phil."—did not know exactly the same thing! Not bravery, primarily, General McClellan, but Love of the Union is what you lack! Isn't it a certainty you are planning to let Pope get crushed! And your Diary scene of *your* redeeming the Army be enacted?

A JOURNAL OF LITTLE NAPOLEON'S MENTAL MOVEMENTS TOWARD POPE'S BETRAYAL

Then four precious days elapse before McClellan must Tell the World, while Halleck bombards him with peremptory orders to come to the support of Pope. On the 14th of August McClellan writes: Porter's Corps leaves this evening; Franklin's in the morning. It is a terrible blow to me but I have done all in my power to prevent it so I must submit and carry it out.

August 17th I hear all troops in Virginia are to be placed under my command. August 18th it will take a long time to embark this Army and have it ready for action on the Potomac. General Kearny —Division and Brigade—take notice, will be on the field of battle of Bull Run in four days' time! "They will place me on the shelf I think. They may go to the Devil in their own way." And how they went! Let's hope Phil. went to Heaven!

August 21st 8 P.M. Just received a telegram from Halleck saying Pope was hard pressed and urging me to press forward reinforcements and to come myself as soon as I possibly can—Eighteen days since the order to leave to support Pope was received! But this is nothing compared with the events now plainly casting their shadow.

Let's read the next entry, in terms of the Greek Wisdom viewed daily for two years by Phil.'s grandson on the chapel window at that great Public School at Andover: Gnothe Seauton,—Know Thyself! "August 21st. Now that they are in trouble they seem to want the 'Quaker', the 'Procrastinator', 'the Coward', *and* the 'Traitor'! But I must go." Was McClellan quoting Kearny?

August 22nd 10 A.M.—Phil. and his "Fighting Division" now on the battlefield: I think they are pretty well scared in Washington. I am confident the disposition they make of me will depend entirely

[5] Chase's Diary. See *infra.*

on the state of the news in Washington. If they are at all reassured you will see that they will soon get rid of me.

August 23rd. 9:30 P.M. On Board steamer. "I am off on the way to Aquia. We will reach Aquia sometime after midnight."

It is obvious that if Pope is beaten McClellan "knows" he will be asked to save the Army! And keep his job! He "knows" too Pope will be crushed without him! We will now leave McClellan. Plainly Phil.'s prophecy is fulfilling! McClellan will not be at Manassas where Phil.'s New Jersey Brigade and Phil.'s Diamond Division fight the first, second and third battles!

At length Kearny's Division is again under orders; and at 4 A.M. August 15th left Harrison's Landing leaving Birney's Brigade to cover McClellan's retreat; marched during five days and arrived at Yorktown Tuesday evening August 19th; and on Wednesday the 20th embarked on a transport "whose accommodations were wretched in the extreme"; the men having little light or ventilation "in the crowded quarters below deck". The result: that "disembarking at Alexandria August 22nd the men were in a reduced and exhausted state".

Nevertheless, Phil. and part of his Division that same day,—the rest of his Division bivouacking that "terrible" night of the 22nd a little beyond Alexandria—"boarded the cars of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad riding as far as Burke's Station." Then marching five miles beyond, "took post at the front of the advance of his Division," where Phil. receives Pope's greetings by courier: "You will oblige me by sending forward a strong force to guard the bridge across the Licking Springs. Yours truly, John Pope, Major General Commanding." Thus exactly one week after leaving Harrison's Landing Phil. is under Pope's orders, as the first—nearly "the last"—of the Army of the Potomac.[6]

The conditions on the transport being so horrible Phil. played his characteristic part. His fortune in need was not his, but the Nation's!

Major Birney tells us, and so does his father General Birney, that Kearny went through the large boat—a floating lazar house,—with a kind word, a "grasp of his single hand" and some inspiring remark. Wherever he thought money was needed he did not wait till it was asked. I saw him put a $20. gold piece into the hands of more than one man. I think he must have bestowed several hundred dollars on that occasion.

On August 22 Halleck wired General Burnside citing Kearny's arrival and his advance without subsistence as an example to Porter: "Direct him and all other Commanders to subsist as far as possible

[6] Meade's fine Pennsylvania Reserves probably were also on the field synchronously with Kearny's troops.

on the country. Kearny's Division is already moving up the railroad."

But Kearny is not satisfied with the preparations for the safety of his men. He had observed the trick turned in Italy where at the Battle of Montebello troop-railroad transportation in battle had first been used; and Colonel Haupt in charge of transportation, gladly acquiesces in Kearny's suggestion—when Kearny learned that a train had been fired on by the rebels—of sending a Pilot engine in advance of Kearny's troop trains. Colonel Haupt, one of the fine men revealed by the war, years later exults in the fact that, "Volunteers in his Corps have always been ready for any service; and performed their service without hesitation", and cites Phil.'s Pilot Engine, manned by Haupt's volunteers.

But what is Pope driving toward, while Kearny is moving a portion of his Division "in the cars with his Pilot to the field of battle."

On August 24th Pope complacently wires Halleck;—Pope begins with a Dream from which he awakes on August 29th when Lee's whole Army is before him at Bull Run: I presume the enemy is not ready to force the passage of the Rappahannock for any forward movement. He is likely engaged in rebuilding railroad bridges between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan so as to get up his supplies. The fact? Jackson with 22,000 men without any transportation or supplies—an example to Franklin and Sumner—is moving towards the field of battle, and will soon seize Pope's base and all his supplies!

But now the tragedy is developing along lines Pope is not suspecting and from Warrenton on August 24th Pope wires Kearny: The enemy has crossed in considerable force at Sulphur Springs. I am advancing to assault his position!—Brave words! But where is all the army of the Potomac who were to help in this assault? Is there actually a "Puppy Clique"?—Pope adds: I want you to move forward immediately with all your force to Warrenton leaving a pretty strong force at Licking Springs, and strong guards for trains at Catlett's Station. Bring forward 100,000 rations of bread, coffee, salt, and sugar by rail if possible. I shall advance at once to try to drive back the force that has crossed the Rappahannock.

But let's go back for a moment to McClellan. McClellan is now on his way—so it is conjectured, not by Phil., but certainly by the Outsiders—to join Pope. Pope has campaigned well; has fallen back upon the Rappahannock to effect a junction with McClellan. Pope feels confident he can *stave off* a rebel battle until he is reinforced; and then attack Lee in overwhelming force by the Lincoln-Kearny old overland route! So does the *Tribune* and every military expert. In fact all know that Kearny, as symbol,—is already on the field! And the *Tribune* in announcing the "Evacuation of Harrison's Land-

ing" comments confidently in an editorial on August 19th: The army is all over the Chickahominy; and on the 21st: General McClellan's army has retired from Harrison's Landing and can at any time join Pope's army; and "Pope can't be made to fight until he wants to." Oh! My prophetic soul!

Kearny now looks around him. Who are his Military Peers? Pope and Reno he knows; but the others,—like Sigel and Schurz are to Kearny "unknown",—Sigel unfavorably known. And what of the condition of Pope's army; what of Pope's plans? Pope tells us while Kearny, August 25th, is at Warrenton,—Pope wiring Stanton: McDowell is the only responsible Corps Commander I have. Sigel is perfectly unreliable; and I suggest that some officer of superior rank be sent to command his corps. His conduct today has caused me great difficulty. Both Corps are very weak. Then Pope places his finger on his Fate and reveals Kearny's Military Manhood now for four days on the field of battle,—while for two long days 25,000 troops under McClellan are idle at or near Alexandria: "Kearny's Division is the only one that has reached me from Alexandria. I shall push McDowell's Corps and Kearny's Division upon Longstreet's rear if I find my suspicions confirmed in the morning. Sigel's Corps is composed of some of the best fighting material; but they will never do much under that officer". Kearny's judgment on the competency of the Generals is proving itself! Jealousy! Ebullitions of temper! Nonsense! Sound military judgment of a man whose theory of military science placed knowledge of men—intuitive judgment of men—above all the tools of war.

Then Pope believes,—how innocent he is!—on August 25th that General Sumner was "detained by a gale; Sumner's troops cannot be with me till tomorrow." That tomorrow will never come, General Pope! Remember Sumner at Williamsburg with his thirty thousand supine troops; and the whole army except Sumner at Seven Pines within sound of Kearny's guns twiddling or nosing their thumbs across the Chickahominy!

But where, pray, is Brother Hooker! No one has been able to find the Handsome "winning" soldier, now made more desirable if possible with an illustrious military reputation, since Hooker's arrival from the hard fighting on the Peninsula. Phil. knows Joe well socially—"always a distinguished gentleman"—and often "played with him, a charming companion on many occasions." And now missing his Military and Social Twin, he conjectures that—but let somebody else tell the story. Mr. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, wires Kearny on the 25th that: Hooker was at Alexandria last night; "will send to Willard's Hotel to see if he is there!" And Watson adds: "I do not know of any other place he frequents"! Phil. did; and

gave Watson a few hints! None the less Watson despairs and wires: "that if Hooker is not heard from within the next hour direct your orders to the next officer under him that they may have their men ready." Then Hooker—hearing the guns, but not Watson!—turns up on the field of battle; fights now as always successfully on the 27th—with Kearny's Division—the second battle on the Plains of Manassas, with the same old boys at the same old stand: again the old-Army-of-the-Potomac-game! Hooker found himself! No other part of the Army of the Potomac was ever found except the brave Reynolds and "Puppy Set" Porter who was cashiered the Army; and fought only in one battle against Hooker's and Kearny's five. "Fatal Generals" indeed! Politics not War was Phil.'s syllabus of their conduct.

On January 27th, 1863, Pope reported that on the 25th of August the only forces that had joined him were in the neighborhood of 2,500 men of the Pennsylvania Reserves under Brigadier General Reynolds, and the Division of General Kearny, 4,500 strong, which had reached Warrenton on June 23rd; "on the 27th I estimated my entire effective force to be 54,000 men. Heintzelman had reached Warrenton on the 26th without wagons, artillery and with only 40 rounds of ammunition to the man; and without horses for the General and Field officers. Porter's Corps also had reached Warrenton with a very small supply of provisions and with but 40 rounds of ammunition for each man." Well, since—unbelievable—this is all of the Army of the Potomac that Pope is going to get, let's proceed to one of the most famous battles of the Civil War—the Second Battle of Bull Run; and the account we give is Kearny's own—unknown—account without reference to his official Report; new scenes, new lights on old![7]

Buried under a pile of autumn leaves on the shelves of public libraries by long odds the clearest—and only contemporary—history of Pope's battles on the Plains of Manassas by a participant in all the battles except one, presented with General Kearny's characteristic flair for the dramatic joined to his professional practice as lawyer and soldier in wielding military data, is Kearny's Biography—his Report—of Pope's Campaign as Jackson, Stuart, Ewell, Hill and Fitzhugh Lee debouch through Thoroughfare Gap, like apparitions to a startled nation, between Pope and his communications and Washington; reads like historical fiction; cleans up doubtful and challenged episodes in the drama—puts in new scenes—which places it high in value as an historical source.

[7] How Prof. Henderson computes eighty thousand men in Pope's Army is a mystery,—it is also not true. Such computations belong properly to "Mr. Allen" exclusively. Professor Henderson's book instructs West Pointers on this battle; it also hurts Pope's military reputation, also a West Pointer.

GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

The New York *Daily Tribune,* Wednesday, September 3rd, 1862, carried this headline, First Column, First Page: "THE WAR IN VIRGINIA,—SEVEREST ENGAGEMENT ON MONDAY NIGHT,—GENERALS KEARNY AND STEVENS KILLED, —OUR LOSS VERY HEAVY." Then followed in the underlying column a special despatch from Washington September 2nd, 1862: "General Kearny was killed last night. His body was this morning sent to our lines through a rebel Flag of Truce. General Kearny was killed in a desperate battle which took place last evening near Chantilly about two miles north of Fairfax Court House between a portion of General Pope's Army and Stonewall Jackson's forces. Our loss was heavy but the enemy was driven back a mile and we occupied the field of battle until three in the morning."—"Always victorious"—even in death!

Then this news from the tomb! "Before commencing my report as an eye witness I am able to give the following succinct account of the previous four days' fighting near Bull Run made to our correspondent by General Kearny's Chief of Staff, the General listening at the time and correcting as his Officer proceeded. The diagrams were drawn by the brave and the now lamented General Kearny's own hand, probably the last sketch ever made by him."

"THE BATTLES OF THE PLAINS",

By MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY

While General Pope was stationed at Warrenton, the rebels under Jackson, Ewell and Longstreet, Hill, Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee had conceived the strategic movement of marching the great mass of the Confederate Army around the head waters of the Rappahannock through Thoroughfare Gap and thence to Manassas hoping to cut off the Army of Virginia from its base of supplies and hoping thereby to starve it out and compel them to fight on their chosen battle field.

As soon as Pope was informed of this intended movement of the rebels, thinking their force smaller than it really was, Pope was set upon capturing the force between him and Washington, and to keep open the route from his army to his base of supplies. The first appearance of the Rebel Army after moving through Thoroughfare Gap was made at Bristoe's Station. General Reno's and Kearny's Divisions were despatched from Warrenton to Greenwich on the Turnpike north of Manassas to cut off the enemy if he should plan a retreat back again through Thoroughfare Gap.

To prevent a similar movement on the part of the enemy General Sigel was ordered to Gainesville, and General McDowell was despatched to Thoroughfare Gap. General Hooker was advanced along

the Railroad to Bristoe's Landing to attack the enemy in front, while General Banks was ordered to follow General Hooker as a reserve in case the enemy should defeat Hooker and cause our force to assume a retrograde movement.

The order to McDowell was also to keep Longstreet and Ewell from joining Jackson at Manassas by way of Thoroughfare Gap. McDowell was not able to prevent the enemy from being reinforced by the great mass of the rebel army. But to interrupt you, Phil., a moment! That's too kind of you; or perhaps you didn't then—or ever—know? McDowell was tried and convicted of failing to *try to prevent* the reinforcements you speak of,—fatal to you on the 29th! —from coming through the Gap. It killed Pope's campaign; jointly with McClellan's failure to turn up at all; and Porter's failure to fight although actually on the field.

The enemy in force arrived at Manassas on Wednesday evening, August 27th, when Ewell was sent to Bristoe's Station to destroy what Union supplies should be standing on the tracks. Ewell's force coming up was met by Hooker's coming down and also by Kearny who had arrived by way of Greenwich. The fight at this Station was a signal victory on the part of Hooker and Kearny.

Through the combined Infantry movement of Hooker, and artillery movement of Kearny, 700 prisoners were taken in this engagement besides small arms and accoutrements. The enemy was driven back and as night came on they took possession of the heights across Bull Run. Then both forces rested.

In this battle the loss of the enemy was heavy and among them were some of their finest officers. General Ewell was wounded in the leg by a shot from a rifle cannon and his leg was later amputated.[8]

So much for Kearny's "Report",—for the time being. Kearny still seems to glory in the joy of battle, in continued victory! But Kearny knew well the game Pope was up against! So did Pope for that matter.[9] Kearny we know had written Parker only three weeks before that Pope was a "goner" if McClellan didn't support Pope; his judgment still held! And Phil.'s conviction was that Porter now on the field would not support Pope; an opinion which he expressed to General Ricketts on the morning of the 29th, and which held true of course for McClellan and Franklin and all McClellan's "Puppy Clique". And Phil. was convinced, rightly or wrongly, that McClellan was coward, political trickster, impostor and traitor;—no room for military imbecility now! Kearny knew that in spirit McClellan

[8] Kearny thought so; but Ewell was struck the next night.

[9] A month earlier, Chase records in his diary, Pope told Lincoln that McClellan should be relieved for he would not support Pope; see *infra*.

would adopt the petulant counsel of his spouse and would not let himself or his army or any part of it, if he could help it, fight under General Pope. "The influence of women on History"! Yet here was warfare; here were brave doings! Kearny "was in his element" [10] and he knew well that Pope was Battle Soldier! Kearny knew, too, that one of the great betrayals of history was being "pulled"!

So Kearny tingles with glee as he reads Pope's quickening message written August 27th, at 9 in the evening:

At the very earliest blush of dawn push forward with your command with all speed to Manassas. You cannot be more than three or four miles distant. Jackson, A. P. Hill and Ewell are in front of us. McDowell marches on Manassas Junction at daybreak tomorrow. Reno upon the same place at the same hour. I want you here at dawn if possible and we shall bag the whole crowd! Be prompt and expeditious, and never mind wagon trains or roads, till this affair is over. Lieutenant Brooks will deliver you this communication; he has one for General Reno and General McDowell.

In the meantime, General Jackson had passed through Thoroughfare Gap—one of the great crimes of the war,—and reached Bristoe's Station on the night of the 26th.

Notwithstanding the "nigger-black darkness" of the night of the 26th and the long arduous march of the day—and Jackson's dumbness on the Peninsula—Stonewall determined to lose no time in capturing the depot of the Federal Army at Manassas Junction 7 miles east on the road to Alexandria! General Trimble offered to advance at once; and Jackson "accepted the gallant offer" and Jeb Stuart went with him, and as ranking Trimble, assumed command. At midnight Stuart was in possession of Pope's base of supplies which he took with no difficulty; together with eight pieces of artillery, with the horses and ammunition and equipment; 300 prisoners; 175 cavalry horses, besides artillery horses; 200 new tents; and immense quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores—including Kearny's supplies—and 1,000 barrels of corned beef, 2,000 barrels of flour and 2,000 barrels of salt pork, etc., etc.

Then General Jackson left Ewell and his Division at Bristoe's Station where he fought Phil. and Joe; and marched with the balance of the army rapidly to Manassas Junction where he arrived early in the morning of the 27th. It was at this juncture at the Junction that Kearny's New Jersey Brigade under the ever loyal and zealous Taylor, ordered by Halleck personally to quit the laggard Franklin and to proceed without cavalry or equipment to Manassas, advances

[10] Comte de Paris, *infra.*

toward the Rebel force. Taylor, not having the least idea that with one regiment he was making war against two of the greatest soldiers of the Confederacy backed by 22,000 men, advanced on Centreville, and fought the first battle of the Second Bull Run—and the first battle of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, under Pope,—at Bull Run Bridge!

Taylor's object was to recapture the stores; but of course his force was routed after a most heroic struggle and the intrepid Taylor was mortally wounded during the pursuit. General Kearny's Division as we know already had fought on the afternoon of the 27th the second battle of Pope's Campaign on the Plains![11]

General Jackson remained at Manassas Junction the rest of the day of the 27th; his men supplied themselves from the captured stores and then all the balance of the immense mass of Pope's supplies of every character were burned and destroyed! Had Sumner and Franklin,—instead of the heroic Taylor alone—been on the field no part of these stores would have been touched.

Pursuant to Pope's orders Kearny springs toward Jackson at Manassas, and arrived just as the rear guard of Jackson's troops were retiring towards Centreville. Kearny now marched in hot pursuit toward Centreville where the enemy was reported to be posted in considerable force. Berry's Brigade advanced and drove in the enemy's videttes. One mile beyond the Bridge on a commanding height Kearny took position with his troops sending out skirmishers to right and left. Then Kearny continues his "History" through his Amanuensis of the *Tribune:*

THE BATTLES OF THE PLAINS—(*Con.*)

By KEARNY

After the arrival of Kearny's Advance within a mile and a half of Centreville they met a Regiment of the enemy's Cavalry who immediately charged them. Our cavalry skirmishers—two companies of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry—turned and fled, the enemy in hot pursuit. On arriving near our Infantry line the Cavalry was met by a heavy fire from our Infantry skirmishers, on the right and left of a wood, and thrown back in confusion.

General Birney here came near being taken prisoner. The rebel cavalry seeing him in front, noticed his shoulder straps, and then commenced a scrub race for life, of a cavalier on the one hand, and a General on the other! However General Birney escaped!

Kearny's Division now advanced to Centreville and occupied the

[11] New Jersey should glorify the name of Taylor. Two Hundred Dollars of the profits of this book are contributed to a fund to effect this object: to place a memorial on the spot where he fell at Bull Run's Bridge.

works without molestation encamping three miles in the rear on Thursday night the 28th; Sigel also coming up from the direction of Manassas. But now to fill in some gaps in Phil.'s story:

On August 28th at 10 in the evening Kearny gets a view of the "military whole"; the setup Phil. was to play in and his role in the coming battle; and the story which the day has developed. Kearny is to take the lead against Jackson; Hooker in support. General Pope wires: "General McDowell has intercepted the retreat of Jackson between Thoroughfare Gap and Manassas."—Nonsense! —"Sigel is immediately on his right and I see no possibility of his escape.[12] I have instructed Kearny to push forward cautiously at 1 o'clock tonight until he drives in the enemy pickets and to assault the enemy vigorously at daylight. It is of the last importance that Hooker shall march at 3 o'clock tonight taking the turnpike from Centreville to Warrenton and resting on that road 1½ miles beyond Centreville as a reserve for General Kearny."

At this stage of Pope's military proceedings he sent a famous despatch around which controversy raged for 20 years, firing Porter from the Army. For Porter did not obey its directions and so lost Kearny—and the North—Kearny's victory on the 29th; and ended in Pope's rout which never would have happened had Porter and McClellan supported Pope. Pope writes Porter:

General Pope directs you to march upon Centreville at the first dawn of day. Porter did not march until the battle was over on the 29th when darkness had fallen over the field. Why? Read his Court Martial! Read, too, his "White Wash"—like Phil.'s "Black Beauty" at Fort Gibson now a quarter of a century ago!

Obedient to orders, Kearny advanced early in the morning of the 29th; but let Kearny continue his *Tribune* report:

Kearny found Sigel's troops in line of battle, their right resting on Leesburg Road, and their left on Bull Run. General Berry's Brigade of Kearny's Division was first on the field of actual battle of the Army of the Potomac!

Kearny immediately formed his troops to the right of Sigel, his right resting on Bull Run,—the two Divisions making a curve. Hooker and Reno were in reserve. Interrupting Kearny: A private tells us in his journal: "Our Corps is assigned a position on the right of the army and our Division under the noble Kearny is sent to support the beaten center." But this was not until later in the day; for Kearny continues: At 10 o'clock on Friday the 29th the enemy

[12] Unless Lee was "informed"—directly or indirectly—from McClellan's disloyal tongue that McClellan was to betray Pope by disobeying Lincoln's orders to support him, no greater blunder was staged in the war than Lee's subjection of Jackson to certain annihilation,—which would have been realized if Franklin and Sumner had turned up. Jackson would have been, as Pope said, "bagged".

was attacked by Sigel's right under Carl Schurz which resulted in driving them some distance. On two occasions Schurz was hard pressed and was only able to stand the shocks of the enemy through the superior bravery of the First, Third and Eighth Regiments of Kearny's Division.

"VICTORY IN THE HOLLOW OF OUR HAND."
—LINCOLN.

At 10:30 the enemy advanced in great force and Hooker's Division of Heintzelman's Corps was ordered to the front. Grover's Brigade of Hooker's Division fought the enemy for about two hours desperately; but being overpowered by superior numbers for the first time in the war, Hooker fell back!—Not, however, till this movement had exposed his flank. The back movement of our troops from their position exposed the left flank of General Kearny. The rebels were now behind the embankment of a new railroad, and Kearny leaving one Brigade—the 63rd Pennsylvania—to hold the right flank of the Union forces immediately changed front and led two Brigades to the assault attacking the enemy in the flank.

This cross fire drove the enemy across the railroad and through the woods! Randolph's and Graham's batteries of Kearny's Division now let fire and sent the enemy backward in precipitate retreat.

The rebels were now driven from the corn fields beyond the railroad from the woods; and pressed hard by Berry's Brigade on to the heights beyond! Night coming on further progress of the Union forces was impeded; but with the assistance of two regiments of Stevens' Brigade, Kearny maintained his advance position during the night. Morning found them on the field![18]

During the night of Friday the 29th and early Saturday morning the 30th McDowell and Porter arrived. Porter was sent to turn the enemy's right; and Rickett's Division of McDowell's Corps relieved Kearny in Front.

The morning of the 30th opened with light skirmishing from Rickett's Division. At two o'clock Porter opened the attack. The cannonading soon became general; the enemy replying with heavy rifled pieces.

The fighting now became severe along the enemy's right under

[18] In the "Second Battle of Manassas" by the Rebel Colonel Robert M. Mayer, then fleeing the embankment, we read: "The charge of the Federals was unsurpassed in gallantry by any made during the war and was not exceeded by Pickett's at Gettysburg. To have broken the 'Stonewall Brigade' composed of troops equal to Napoleon's Old Guard was an act of gallantry not to be surpassed by any troops of any army. The dead lay peculiarly thick just in front of the embankment, one on top of the other. General Brockenbrough wrote: 'The Stonewall Brigade was broken and scattered through the woods.'"

Porter, Sigel and Reno; and after a desperate fight the enemy forced McDowell's left and the left of the whole army through the woods.

The fight now became general. The artillery shook the country beyond! And the battle field was the wrestle with death! Rickett's was attacked, the enemy advancing in line under a cover of three batteries; and after a severe fight McDowell's Corps fell back owing to the concentration of superior numbers on their decimated ranks. The whole infantry line of the left flank now seemed to be in retreat; but they were simply changing their position under orders from General Pope. The breaking of the left also made it necessary to change the position of the right; and Kearny on the extreme right was ordered to cover this movement and to hold the enemy now advancing in check. This was successfully accomplished by a charge of the main Regiment of Birney's Brigade.

Rickett's Division was now rallied on the hill with Kearny's; and Kearny, Rickett, Gibbon and Reno were all that were left to dispute the advance of the enemy towards the bridge; where unknown to Kearny lay the dead of his noble New Jersey Brigade who had heard the voice of his guns.

Reno soon became engaged on the left and gallantly drove the enemy back. Rickett's at 7 o'clock in the evening under orders from General Pope fell back to the heights at Centreville; Reno following at a later hour.

This left Kearny without his support; and with Gibbon quietly withdrew to Centreville Heights commanding the Plains beyond. Firing had ceased and the Union Army lay drawn out all the night; but no enemy made his appearance!

Such Kearny's History of his military doings through his Chief of Staff, presented to the *Tribune* correspondent, himself standing by offering suggestions and correcting. The despatch in the Tribune is dated Headquarters of the Army, Centreville Heights Virginia, September 1st, 1862. At Chantilly, two days later we shall let the Tribune correspondent report for Kearny who delivered no report, save this, of this battle.

Kearny's document covers several new episodes; and points of controversy. Kearny's *simple* map of the Field, "per se" a classic document, now published for the second time, burns to bits the complex topographs of the Books; makes the whole field so easy to understand. Besides it has been written that the success of Kearny's assault, as his Brigades' escape at Seven Pines, was based on his reconnoissance in March 1862: At no point in McDowell's Court of Inquiry was the Ewell phase of the object of the order to McDowell revealed: To keep Ewell from joining Jackson. Kearny's leading part at "Bristoe's" Station is now written into history. The closeness

Kearney forded Bull Run one mile above the bridge, which was destroyed, and found Sigel's troops in line of battle, their right resting on Leesburg road and their left on Bull Run.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD



Kearney immediately formed his troops to the right of Sigel, his right resting on Bull Run, the two Divisions making a curve. Hooker and Reno were the reserve. At 10 o'clock on Friday the enemy were attacked by Sigel's right, under Carl Schurz, which resulted in driving them some distance.

On two occasions Schurz was hardly pressed, and was only able to stand the shocks of the enemy through the superior bravery of the 1st, 2d, and 8th New-York Regiments of Kearney's Division.

At 10:30 the enemy advanced in great force, and Heintzelman's and Hooker's divisions of Heintzelman's corps, were ordered to the front. Augur's brigade of Greenough's division fought the enemy for about two hours desperately, but being overpowered by superior numbers, for the first time in the war, Hooker *fell back*—not, however, until Augur's brigade had exposed his flank. The back movement of our troops from their position exposed the left of Kearney. The Rebels were now behind the embankment of a new railroad. Kearney, leaving one brigade to hold the right flank of the Union forces, immediately changed front and led two brigades to the assault, attacking the enemy in the flank, thus:



This cross fire drove the enemy across the railroad and through the woods.

Randolph's and Graham's Batteries now let fire, and sent the enemy backward in a precipitate retreat.

The Rebels were now driven through the cornfield beyond the railroad from the woods, and pressed hard by Birney's Brigade on to the hights beyond. Night coming on, the further progress of the Union forces was impeded; but with the assistance of two regiments of Stephens's Brigade, Kearney maintained his advanced position during the night. Morning found them on the field.

Plan of the Battlefield Drawn by Kearny for the *New York Tribune* the Day of His Death (*New York Tribune*, September 4th, 1862).





of Kearny's pursuit—therefore the Federal Army's pursuit—of Jackson's retreating forces, generally slurred over as hours apart, is emphasized in Kearny's driving in their videttes; and then the Cavalry-Infantry battle near Centreville—"the Battle of Centreville" for identification—where Stuart's Dragoons' defeat is revealed. General Birney's "capture" is a scene which teases the fancy,—a General in a scrub race!

The topographical and other details of the great assault on the 29th are chronicled—never before revealed;—for Kearny died before completing his Report. Only two Brigades led the assault; a cross fire drove the enemy across the railroad embankment. Randall's and the great Graham's batteries sent the enemy in precipitate flight; and the Rebels driven through the cornfields as far as Groveton Heights! Then Kearny left without supports, "withdrawing quietly" to Centreville where he had fought the third battle—of "Centreville"—of the Army of the Potomac, and of Pope's army, on the Plains of Manassas. And to go back to a controverted point: Kearny's Division, in the Brigade of General Berry, arrived on the field the first of the troops of the Army of the Potomac, at seven o'clock on the 29th. No delay as Heintzelman suggested in his report after Kearny's death. Kearny moved forward about 1 o'clock in the morning as Pope requested him.

All this time while Kearny was fighting, General Sumner with his Corps, was within sound of Kearny's guns as at Williamsburg. Sumner did not this time as at Seven Pines respond to the cry of Kearny's cannon! To Captain Sumner exactly a quarter of a century ago, August 9th, 1837, Second Lieut. Kearny had made his first report about his first assignment: 'Escort to seventy-five Pottawattomies"! Phil. now makes his last report. Phil. signed his Sumner report; this report was not signed. General Birney turned it in with an endorsement that it was Philip Kearny's, "Dead in Battle." But as Phil.'s first, so Phil.'s last Report is of historic and personal interest.

REPORT OF BATTLES, GROVETON TO BULL RUN

By PHILIP KEARNY

I report the part taken by my Division in the battles of the two previous days.

On the 29th on my arrival I was assigned to the holding of the right wing, my left on the Leesburg Road.

At five o'clock, thinking—though at the risk of exposing my fighting line to being enfiladed—that I might drive the enemy by an unexpected assault through the woods, I brought up additional troops of Birney's regiments—the Fourth Maine, Colonel Walker and Lieu-

tenant Colonel Carver; the 40th New York, Colonel Egan; First New York, Major Burt, and 101st New York, Lieut-Colonel Gesner—and changed front to the left, to sweep with a rush the first line of the enemy.

This was most successful; the enemy rolled up on his own right. It presaged a victory. Still our force was too light.

My loss in killed and wounded is over 750,—about 1 in three; in some regiments engaged a great deal severer. None taken prisoners except my Engineer Officer, who returned to a house supposed to be held by the Troops alluded to,—who had ceded ground "without warning us."

It makes me proud to dwell on the renewed efforts of my Generals of Brigade, Birney and Robinson.

The loss of officers has been great; that of Colonel Brown can hardly be replaced. Brave, skillful, a disciplinarian and a charming gentleman, his 20th Indiana must miss him! The country misses in him one who promised to fill worthy high trusts.

The Third Michigan, ever faithful to their name, under Colonel Champlin and Major Pierce, lost 140 out of 260 combatants.

Colonel Champlin is again disabled.

The staunch 4th Maine, under Colonel Walker, true men of a rare type, drove on through the stream of battle irresistibly.

The Pennsylvania Volunteers were not wanting. They are Pennsylvania Mountain men—again have they been fearfully decimated. The desperate charge of these regiments sustains the past history of this Division.

On the 27th with two sections of Robinson's First Brigade Captain Randolph had powerfully contributed to General Hooker's success at Bristoe's Station.

Captain Graham, First United States Artillery, put at General Sigel's disposition, as repeatedly drove the enemy back into the woods as the giving way of that Infantry left the front unobstructed. His practice was beautifully correct and proved irresistible and rendered important service with General Reno, detached thereto, firing late into the night.[14]

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Commanding First Division.

To Colonel George D. Ruggles,
Chief of Staff to Major
General Pope.

[14] Captain Graham became a distinguished Major General. His father, Colonel J. D. Graham, had served Kearny as faithfully—as Kearny did his son in exalting him—in this report—by recommending Kearny to the Saumurian Commis-

Kearny's assault on the Confederate position at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th was the high light of the campaign and the Sign of Victory. The scene is worth a close-up from among a cloud of witnesses, professional and secular.

General Pope singles out Kearny's attack as the hour of Destiny for his Army! Pope was as fiercely, as justly bitter in his denunciation of Porter—McClellan's Sacramental Symbol—and no doubt disturbs the modern Soldier *on Paper* that if Franklin's or Sumner's Corps of McClellan's Army—3 hours away since the 26th—had been on the field that day,—or had Porter used his Corps already on the field—the war would have ended between Thoroughfare Gap and Centreville! Had McClellan left Harrison's Landing August 4th, Pope would have been driving Lee towards Richmond, anticipating Grant's Campaign two years later!

Lincoln thought and wrote of and apprehended these very consequences of McClellan excluding all but his "Puppy Clique" from his counsels and had warned of the danger. According to his honest Secretary of the Treasury—the Boswell of the Johnsons of Lincoln's Cabinet—a meticulous Reporter, clothing his characters in the leaves of his Diary with the silken garment of Truth, Lincoln attributed Pope's failure to cinch the hour of Kearny's triumph, to a Concert of *McClellan, Franklin and Porter,* to stay Kearny's hand from biting in its masterly vice "the victory" which Lincoln said "was in its hollow," when five o'clock struck its music on McClellan's ears who was "lying" supine, like a *wingless* fly with Franklin at Willard's Bar!

Pope reports: About 5:30 P.M. when General Porter under orders to march at dawn—twice repeated—was expected to be coming into action, I directed General Kearny to assault the left of Jackson's position on the railroad embankment.[15] The attack was made with great gallantry and the *whole of Jackson's left was doubled back towards its center:* After a sharp conflict of one and one-half hours *General Kearny* occupied the *field of battle* with the dead and wounded of the enemy in our hands. At 8 P.M. the greater part of the field of battle was occupied by our Army.

Nothing was heard from General Porter up to that time; and his

sion which resulted in Kearny's becoming instinct with the French Cavalry Genius; and it is a pleasure to note that Prof. Carroll Storrs Alden of the Naval Academy has written a fascinating biography of Commodore Kearny published in the Fall, 1936. Prof. Alden's charming wife is a daughter of Capt. Graham!

[15] What must have been Kearny's thoughts when he received this order "knowing" Porter would fail him. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die!" The confederate—distinguished soldier of the Prussian Dragoons—serving on the embankment, Heros Von Borcke, states: "at five o'clock the advance of Longstreet's Corps made its appearance". Porter's claim that Longstreet arrived about noon is not tenable; see *infra.*

force took no part in the action but was suffered by him to remain idle within sight and sound of the battle. If he had attacked at any time before 8 we should have crushed Jackson. And yet all this time a fierce battle was raging in his immediate presence.[16]

The Confederate Captain Bartell, in his Military Record of Louisiana—Soldier opposing Kearny—knew Lincoln was right:

On the 29th of August, the turning point of the battle, a heavy attack by General Kearny on Jackson's flank about 6 o'clock P.M. was successful enough to double up Jackson's left upon his center. Captain Picard who studied exhaustively Pope's Campaign in Virginia, wrote his conclusions from the Confederate standpoint in a book of that name: Pope ordered Kearny to attack on the left; and Jackson's entire left was doubled up and broken by Kearny's men who seized the railroad cut behind which Jackson was entrenched. Major Woodward of the Second Pennsylvania Reserves writing "Our Campaign" from notes made on the field of battle summarizes them in the paragraph that: "the attack was made with great gallantry at 5 in the afternoon and the whole of the left was doubled back against the center."

The Comte de Paris in his Civil War in America tells us that Kearny on the right who had taken Hooker's place advanced under a most terrific fire. Kearny making a change of front charged the extreme left of the enemy's line, broke it and hurled it back upon its center and took possession of the railroad embankment.

A Confederate Chaplain succoring the wounded at the "Bloody Embankment" furnishes us through his magnifying glass of the Blue and the Gray, a close-up of the Charge:

"The Charge was one of the most gallant and determined of the War. Kearny's attack had nearly turned Hill's lines and as General Hill says: 'the chances of victory trembled in the balance'"! Major General de Trobriand, writing from the Embankment bears his true witness:

Kearny played an active and brilliant part in the series of combats which Pope had to fight. At Manassas he attacked the enemy so vigorously that he drove the enemy beyond the railroad which covered him. This partial success ought to have given us victory. In fact Kearny's attack should have coincided with an attack by Porter's Corps on the right of the Confederates. But Porter had not come into action and left the enemy at liberty to send reinforcements to his

[16] The true fault in Pope's military conduct was his attacking at all, when he knew, and had long known, and had so stated to the most responsible officer in the Government, that McClellan would not join him. His Adjutant wrote Mrs. Kearny that Pope attacked only because "of the certainty of Franklin's joining him", now revealed for the first time. See *infra*. Here Lincoln's letter on the Peninsula: "you consult with nobody but Porter and Franklin" is revealing.

outflanked wing. Kearny was compelled to abandon the ground he had gained; and then the words full of tragedy: "and fortune turned against us"!

The importance Lee attached to the fierceness of this attack,—to its dangerous success,—is well attested: "General Lee had ordered Longstreet to attack the enemy's left on his arrival on the field about noon;[17] but the latter according to his own statement had insisted on taking time to recuperate."[18] A Confederate officer under an official rebel imprimatur who was present at the scene has written, "that Lee with all the emotion of his heroic nature urged Longstreet to participate and help Jackson but he refused."[19]

GENERAL GIBBON'S RENDEZVOUS AT NIGHT WITH KEARNY ON THE BATTLEFIELD

A white flame of fiery and just indignation against McClellan, Porter and Franklin, burned in Kearny's wounded spirit—made his stump jerk—when at 10 on the fatal night of the 30th, this Chasseur d'Afrique, and of the Imperial Guard, looked across the deserted field of battle groaning with its wounded, and beyond to the comfortable Headquarters of the Commander in Chief of the Army of the Potomac, and his "Political Strategians and Tacticians," with stacked cards scattered over the top of the topographical map of the Plains of Manassas, gambling now for a whole week to the music of Phil.'s guns jockeying for power and position with Pope's Army and the North; and their discards in the present game: 8,000 dead and shrieking wounded youths on the battle field! And at this very moment Phil. runs into the ever noble General Gibbon who tells of the rendezvous after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century: While waiting in position I heard some one inquire in a short quick tone "Whose command is this?" and turning to look I recognized General Phil. Kearny. I walked up to him and told him I was directed to act as Rear Guard. He was a soldierly looking figure as he sat straight as an arrow on his horse; his empty sleeve pinned to his breast.

[17] A most careful analysis of the Key-testimony—about which no doubt exists—convinces that Longstreet did not arrive till late in the afternoon, destroying the apparent—but not the real—defense offered by Porter. See Von Borcke: *supra.*

[18] The recuperating feature is pretense. Longstreet—his whole force—was not on the field,—only the head of the column, Hood's Texas troops. See Von Borcke.

[19] Mr. Henry's revised Story,—1936,—of the Confederacy contradicts without apparent cited authority, these confessed reasons for Longstreet's failure to act. Henry says Porter kept him quiescent.

Turning toward me he said in his curt way: "You must wait for my command, Sir!" "Yes" I replied, "I will wait for all of our troops to pass to the rear. Where is your command, General?" "Off on the right—don't you hear my guns? You must wait for Reno too." "Where is he?" "On the left—you hear his guns? He is keeping up the fight and I am doing all I can to help."

Then in a short bitter tone he broke out with: "I suppose you appreciate the condition of affairs? It's another Bull Run, Sir; it's another Bull Run." "Oh," I said, "I hope not quite so bad as that, General." "Perhaps not. Reno is keeping up the fight—he is not stampeded. I am not stampeded; you are not stampeded. That is about all, Sir. My God! That is about all!"

It is impossible to describe the extreme bitterness and vehemence with which he uttered these words as he rode away towards his command. Some two days afterwards, September 1st, General Kearny was killed at Chantilly. I have seen one of the last letters he ever wrote, dated the 31st, in which he thus alludes to the Battle of Bull Run: "The army ran like sheep all but General Hooker and a General Gibbon." And in a letter dated the next day he says: "On the 30th nine-tenths of the troops disgracefully fled. I held the entire right until 10 P.M. as Reno did the left and Gibbon the main road." On reaching the stone bridge over Bull Run I began to realize the truth of what Kearny had said—that it *was* a second Bull Run!

The next morning we were awakened early by the entrance of Colonel J. H. Taylor, General Sumner's Adjutant General, who announced the arrival of the Second Corps. As Franklin with the Sixth Corps had arrived the day before, the 30th, the long deferred consolidation with the Army of the Potomac had now been effected; but unfortunately not until the conflict between our divided forces and the enemy had taken place.

Gibbon saw Kearny on the night of the 30th. On the 29th General Carl Shurz, German patriot and soldier; splendid type of German American,—of American!—tells of Phil. in his Journal entry for that date. We see Kearny the Soldier and the way he impressed the European. Schurz present on the field adds his witness to Kearny's assault later that afternoon.

KEARNY AT THE BLOODY EMBANKMENT

By SCHURZ

At about 10 o'clock in the morning an officer announces that General Kearny of the Army of the Potomac had arrived in my rear and is looking for me. I find him in the open just outside my door; a

strikingly fine soldierly figure! One arm, thin face, fiery eyes, his cap somewhat tipped over the left side of his head, looking much as we might expect a French General to look. He asked me about the state of the action and the position of my Command and requests me to shorten my line a little towards my left so as to make room for his Division on my right and I gladly promised to do so.

About two o'clock in the afternoon when the fight had dwindled into mere exchange of shots between skirmishers, I am advised by General Sigel that my Division is to be relieved by the troops of Generals Kearny and Hooker and that we are to be put on the reserve. Pursuant to General Sigel's order, I withdraw my regiments from the first line where their places are filled by the two Divisions of the Army of the Potomac commanded by two of the most renowned fighters of the army, Kearny and Hooker. They delivered during the afternoon various attacks upon the enemy, some of which were very brilliant, Kearny actually succeeding in "doubling up" Stonewall Jackson's extreme left. Then General Schurz writes an "introduction" to Lincoln's charge of a concert of McClellan & Co. to defeat Pope:

Fitzjohn Porter was cashiered for failure to obey Pope's orders on the 29th. There was a widespread impression in the North that the Army of the Potomac, representing the West Pointers in the army, when called back from the Peninsula, was seriously disinclined to come to Pope's aid; in fact that they secretly wished to see him beaten and humiliated. I had personal experience of this:

On the retreat on August 31st we found the Army Corps of Sumner and Franklin at Centreville. There we fell in with a company of some brigadiers who *expressed their pleasure at Pope's discomfiture* without the slightest concealment. Some friends informed me that they passed through similar experiences.[20]

Kearny was bitter when he left the field and the word "justly" has been rightly used,—*justly* bitter! Kearny of course wrote no letters on the subject; he didn't have time; it must have taken him half a day to write his report and to settle his Headquarters; and he is again assigned, on September first, some more rear guard business as at Frayser's Farm—this time to save Pope's fleeing Army! But his oral expressions of scorn and hatred for McClellan's cowardice and

[20] Kearny was one without distinction,—as being of the old Regular Army,—with the West Pointers. But McClellan's "puppy clique" was of a different order! Pope was West Pointer, yet like other Potomac Corps Commanders—excluded from McClellan's crowd. The Clique was political principally,—not military. For Kearny—as Lincoln wrote "A Republican,"—or for the Administration to win prestige, was out of the question. Don't let others win the war, was McClellan's motto; for I neither can nor want to!

treason were "Kearny,"[21]—no possibility now of "Military Imbecility!" From Maine to California every city and hamlet heard for days the roar of Pope's guns. Phil.'s judgment had been vindicated! Phil. had fought, kept the faith, and the crown of national glory was assured him. But again was Kearny right? Was further proof offered? What had happened to McClellan's 90,000 men—since Kearny's arrival on the battle field now exactly 8 days ago—not taking in nine days' time a journey which took Kearny two; and only two hours' journey from Alexandria to the battle field! Something wrong with that picture! Halleck, Lincoln, Stanton and McClellan tell the whole story, a story in telegrams. These despatches need no interpreting,—they speak for themselves. But to save time the persistent despatches to McClellan August 3rd to 23rd and from the day of his arrival the 23rd-24th at Alexandria to send forward Franklin's and on the 25th Sumner's Corps will be omitted and we will go forward to the 27th, after two days of deliberate idleness.

A JOURNAL OF McCLELLAN'S MILITARY AND MENTAL MOVEMENTS—*Cont.*

On August 27th Halleck wired McClellan within five hours' marching distance to have Franklin's Corps march in the direction of Manassas as soon as possible. At 10:40 in the morning McClellan replied that he had sent orders to Franklin to prepare to march, and seeks to be informed as to his means of transportation.

At 12 o'clock noon on the 27th—when Kearny's Brigade of Franklin's Corps had obeyed Halleck, not Franklin, and had trailed the roar of Kearny's guns,—and Taylor was dying in Alexandria,—Halleck wired that Franklin's Corps should move by forced marches, carrying three or four days' provisions. To which McClellan replied that Franklin had gone to Washington. McClellan adds: will it not be well to push Sumner's Corps? Can Franklin, without his Artillery and Cavalry effect any useful purpose in front? Should not Burnside evacuate his position and cover the retreat of the Army of the Potomac; "for I do not see we have force enough to form a connection with Pope whose exact plans we do not know." Since August 3rd he had known Pope's plan from Halleck,—to be joined by McClellan!

On the morning of August 28th Halleck wires directly to Franklin: "On parting with McClellan at 2 A.M. it was understood you were to drive the enemy from Manassas. I have just learned that General McClellan has not yet returned to Alexandria. If you have not re-

[21] Soon weightier voices than Kearny's will make his characterization sound like the grunts of suckling pigs.

ceived his order act at once." Franklin on the 27th, McClellan on the 28th, in Washington, while decisive battles are being fought!

At 1:05 in the afternoon McClellan, not Franklin, answered: "The moment Franklin can start with a reasonable amount of artillery he will go."

At 3:30 Halleck telegraphs McClellan: Not a moment must be lost in pushing as large a force as possible to Manassas so as to communicate with Pope before the enemy is reinforced.—Still Franklin does not move; so at 8:40 P.M. Halleck tells McClellan: "there must be no further delay in moving Franklin's Corps towards Manassas. They must go tomorrow morning, ready or not ready. If we delay too long to get them ready there will be no necessity to go at all. If there is a want of wagons, the men must carry provisions with them." To which McClellan replies at 10 P.M.: "Franklin's Corps has been ordered to march at 6 tomorrow morning. Sumner with his 14,000 Infantry with Cavalry and Artillery is here!"

On August 29th, McClellan wires Halleck: "Franklin's Corps is in motion. If Sumner moves to support Franklin it leaves us without any reliable troops in or near Washington. What shall we do? I do not think Franklin is in a situation to accomplish much if he meets strong opposition. I should not have moved him but for your pressing orders of last night." At 12 noon August 29th McClellan telegraphs Halleck: "Do you wish the movement of Franklin's Corps to continue? He is without reserve ammunition and without transportation." Turn back now to Pope's report as to the "material de bataille" with which Kearny and Hooker—and Porter even—came to the field!

And now McClellan to Halleck, "Franklin has 10 to 12,000 men ready. How far do you wish him to advance?"

Franklin started and then McClellan wires: What shall I do with the troops here?

At 3 P.M. Halleck musters nerve to tell the young Napoleon: I want Franklin's Corps to go far enough to find out something about the enemy. At 2:45 P.M. General McClellan, in answering a despatch from the President himself, asks: What news from the direction of Manassas Junction? While all the day long and each hour and each minute and split second of each hour the thunder of the roar of 300 pieces of artillery shook the ground under McClellan's feet and all the citizens of Alexandria—and of course McClellan —knew where the enemy was; and where the fighting was;—certainly Kearny's Brigade knew!—but McClellan adds: "The last news I received from Manassas was from stragglers to the effect that the enemy was evacuating Centreville and retiring towards Thoroughfare Gap. This is by no means reliable." Then follows McClellan's his-

toric phrase: "I am convinced that we should use all our available forces to open up communications with Pope or to leave Pope to *get out of his scrape;* and at once use all means to protect the Capital. Tell me what you want to do and I will do it. It will not do to delay any longer." !!

Tell me what you wish to do! Why, for two days and a half—actually 26 days—the wires have not ceased their monotonous throbbing under reiterated orders to send Franklin, Sumner and the whole army forward and yet McClellan wires: "I ask for nothing but will obey whatever orders you give!" The common report was that Lincoln fell in his chair in a swoon!

Halleck now wires McClellan: I have just been told that Franklin's Corps stopped at Annandale and that he was this afternoon at Alexandria. This is all contrary to my orders. Investigate and report the facts of his disobedience. Franklin's Corps must push forward as I directed.

Franklin's Corps ordered to move on the 27th—the day our record begins—with but 24 miles between him and the battle field had at the end of three days achieved six miles. Can you blame people for wondering?

Saturday, August 30th, General Pope telegraphed Halleck: "I think you had better send Franklin's, Cox's and Sturgis' Regiments to Centreville." Then this brilliant appeal from Franklin to Pope! Safety first! "I received a telegram from Franklin that he would send forward supplies as soon as I would send a Cavalry Escort to take out his trains"!

On August 30th—Franklin having advanced and halted—Halleck wires McClellan: Very wrong for Franklin to stop at Annandale; also I am advised by the Quartermaster at Centreville that at all times there was plenty of transportation which could have been given Franklin if he had applied for it.

At 11 A.M., August 30th, with the thunder of battle in his ears for two days from one direction, McClellan wants to know "which way he will move"? Halleck's answer is crushing: "Send them where the fighting is."

On the same day at 2:15 P.M. Halleck wires: "Franklin and Sumner's Corps should be pushed forward with all possible despatch. They must use their legs and make forced marches. Time is everything."

Then comes the tragic news when the "Revolutionists"—as Asst. Secty. of War Watson had called the "Puppy Clique"—had accomplished their purpose: "Our troops are all here and in position though much used up. I think it would have been greatly better if Franklin's

and Sumner's Corps had been here at Manassas three or four days ago. John Pope, Commanding."

Before the committee on the Conduct of the War McClellan was asked under oath: "Had the Army of the Potomac been brought to cooperate with the Army of Virginia with the utmost energy, in your judgment as military man, would it not have resulted in a victory instead of defeat?" McClellan's reply—*listen intently:* "I thought so at the time and I still think so"!

During these days Gurowski is recording in his Journal: "The reinforcements from McClellan are slow in coming. His pets may not object to see Pope defeated!"

The *World,* September 2nd, carried this—for the *World*—remarkable editorial:

General McClellan is universally blamed for this reverse. If his troops had been sent forward when ordered, Pope would not have been compelled to fight with half his army.[22]

Kearny left the field at 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th. The next morning Colonel Gorman, an intimate friend of the son of the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, Captain Robert E. Lee, Jr., followed Kearny's bleeding footprints on the 29th—not a pleasant scene—but still a part of Kearny's Biography. Captain Lee vouches for the truth of Gorman's story in his introduction to Gorman's Diary:

THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE AT THE BLOODY EMBANKMENT

Here we had a good opportunity of observing the marked and striking differences between the Federals and Confederates who remained unburied for 24 hours, or more, after being killed. While the Confederates underwent no perceptible change in color or otherwise; the Federals on the contrary became much swollen and discolored. This was of course attributed to the differences in the food and drink. The Confederates owing to their simple fare could endure and did endure more hardships than the Federals, who were overfed and accustomed to regular and full rations.

The hot August sun had parched the grass to a crisp, and it was frequently ignited by bursting shells. In this way the clothes of the dead were sometimes burnt off and their bodies partially roasted.

On Sunday the 31st we went over portions of the battle field. In

[22] Of course to repeat a Peninsula observation, no measure of Lee as soldier may be rightly taken, if it be true that he was not fighting Pope—and Kearny—as enemies; but cooperating with McClellan, known political ally, intent on making accommodations with his "Enemies" in the friendly Democratic South; see *infra.*

front of the railroad cut, and not more than fifty yards from it, where Jackson's old Division had been attacked, at least three quarters of the men who made the charge had been killed and lay in line as they had fallen. I looked over and examined the ground carefully and was confident that I could have walked a quarter of a mile almost in a straight line on their dead bodies without putting a foot to the ground! By such evidence as this our minds had been entirely disabused of the idea that the Northerners would not fight!

Dr. Ellis, a Federal Surgeon, passing through the Federal Lines to the Confederates' to succor the wounded, met Colonel Gorman on the field; and on that part of the field where Kearny had fought, he reported that there was a place one quarter of a mile wide near an excavation thrcugh which the Manassas Gap railroad passed, behind which a large force of the enemy were posted and against which Kearny's Division had been advanced and that the dead lay in a continuous line where they fell.

Some of the most interesting personal incidents amid a mass of such material recorded in Letter, Newspaper and Diary,—the real history of the campaign—reveal phases of Kearny's character, and of his thought as he fought on that criminal field! Captain McGilvery, who had brought a battery thirty-four miles in 16 hours to reach Heintzelman in support—in which Phil. gloried—tells in his Journal that during the fight of the 29th General Kearny rode up to him and called out: "You are getting the value out of your ammunition; you are giving them just what they need!"

On the morning of the battle of the 29th Phil. "knew" with his illative vision that Porter was to fail Pope. General Ricketts testified after Kearny's death at Porter's court-martial that at 1 o'clock, August 29th, General Roberts, Pope's Adjutant, became satisfied that Porter was not doing his duty in good faith to General Pope; General Roberts arrived at that conclusion as well from his alleged disobedience to the order to march at 1 A.M. "as from a declaration of General Philip Kearny." General Ricketts had previously held General Porter in high estimation. When mentioning this fact to General Kearny, General Kearny said: "You do not known him and he will fail General Pope." Kearny wasn't gulled by these military racketeers!

What the soldiers of Pope's Army thought of McClellan's obligation to support Pope; and how it was believed that Kearny's arrival on the field on the 23rd meant the discharge of that debt, is illustrated in Captain Noyes' Diary whose troops huzzahed wildly when they catch sight of a one-armed soldier: "I don't wonder at their cheers for now we are assured that McClellan has succeeded in extricating himself from the perilous position in the Peninsula, and that our

connection was fully established. For one I had now not a particle of doubt that every man in that army, in *whose rescue we had been undergoing* the fatigue and danger of the past three weeks, was flying to reinforce us." Then he adds,—"What the result of all this fight; how Hooker and Kearny drove back the enemy's left, swinging our right forward *to occupy their former position*, all are familiar."

Then when none other than Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions of the Army of the Potomac arrived except the heroic Reynolds' 2500, and Porter's Corps who didn't fight; and McDowell quits and his Corps lets Longstreet without a struggle pass through Thoroughfare Gap, to join Jackson, McDowell became a Symbol of the whole Bunch of Shirkers to the 8,000 dead and wounded in and around the plains of Manassas! What were those men's thoughts as they lay a-dying,—as they shrieked out in pain from the abandoned field? Were their actual feelings like Kearny's?[23] Did they know now that only Kearny and Hooker and Reynolds were paying off McClellan's debt to Pope's Army, as Captain Noyes rightly interpreted it! So strong was the hatred for McDowell that Lincoln told Welles it would be perilous for him to join his Corps![24]

Colonel Broadhead was found on the field of battle using his last little strength to write his bloody testament—a letter which became the occasion of McDowell's Court of Inquiry. McDowell wrote to the President: "To his Excellency, the President; I have been informed by a Senator that he had seen a note in pencil written by a Colonel of Cavalry, mortally wounded in the recent battle, stating among other causes that he was dying a victim to McDowell's treachery;—and that his dying request was that this note might be shown to you. This solemn accusation from the grave of a gallant officer who died for his country is entitled to great consideration and I feel called upon to endeavor to meet it. And I therefore beg you to please cause a court to be instituted for its investigation that this act of alleged disloyalty may be inquired into."

Colonel Broadhead, a few minutes before his death—his body pierced with two balls—wrote from his earthen death bed on the field, this letter,—"the original of which was bathed with his blood".

Dear Brother and Sister: I am passing now from earth but send you love from my dying couch, the field of battle. For all your love and kindness may you be rewarded. I have fought manfully and now die fearlessly. I am one of the victims of McDowell's treason. Tell the President, would he save the country, he must not give our hallowed flag into such hands.

[23] The only value of Kearny's thought—and feeling—is that it was "Every-Man's" true thought.

[24] See *infra.*

But the old flag will triumph yet; the soldiers will regild its pole now polluted by imbecility and treason. John, you owe a duty to your country; write, show up McDowell's infamy and fence him from places where they can send brave men to assured destruction. I had hoped to live longer but I die amidst the dangers of battle as I would wish. In you and the noble officers of my regiment I confide my wife and children.

A Court of Inquiry was called; undisputed proof was offered that General McDowell absented himself from his Corps at the very hour when Longstreet was doing the "impossible" by advancing through Thoroughfare Gap.[25] General Ricketts at the mouth of the Gap made feeble resistance. General King further to the East on the main turnpike towards Jackson's position, upon hearing of Ricketts' withdrawal, and after a battle forced upon him by General Jackson, *retired towards Centreville;* and these two Divisions of McDowell's Corps, without a commander, left the vital artery open through which the life blood of the Confederacy passed into Jackson's military veins, without which he would have bled to death, with what results we have seen. As General Early wrote: at that point Pope lost his campaign. Upon these facts being presented to the Court of Inquiry McDowell was "Censured"! And Porter ultimately "whitewashed" when the voices of the dead—when Kearny's invincible voice—were silent.

In a private letter of an officer in Heintzelman's Corps who was with Phil. on the 30th, a most significant conversation with him was chronicled: I said to Phil.: "This is the last day which is to decide the battle, is it not?" "No," said he, "don't say it's so to anyone else; but the chance of success was thrown away yesterday. Had Pope supported my flank attack by a vigorous attack on the enemy's front we must have overwhelmed Jackson's forces. It is too bad for I lost many fine fellows in gaining the ground we can now never recover." Of course Phil. did not then know of Pope's innocence and Porter's guilt.

Then the mystery of Kearny's report: His sole Engineer prisoner! This is how it happened and the hero of the tale was Lieutenant Briscoe, a Dublin University Graduate, whom Kearny had called

[25] The Charleston *Daily Courier,* September 10th, speaks through its army correspondent then on the field—the ablest of the southern correspondents in the war—to this effect: The Gap is a place which 1,000 determined troops and a battery of artillery could hold at bay for weeks ten times their number. . . . A singular belief prevails that McDowell is playing into our hands and will not fight if he can avoid it. . . . At five o'clock heavy fighting has commenced on our front. Signed, Personne. The very hour Von Borcke said Longstreet's head of column arrived.

to his staff incident to Briscoe's retort about building trenches at Seven Pines.

Briscoe was directed by General Kearny and General Birney to accompany them to a house which Phil. had selected as headquarters.

"That house is in the possession of the enemy," said Briscoe;—"Nonsense," said Kearny; "you are timid, Lieutenant, come ahead." "Well," rejoined Briscoe, "if you think I am mistaken, let me ride in advance. If our men hold the house I will fire my pistol." "All right," replied Kearny; and Briscoe rode forward into the rebel lines! Of this Kearny tells us in his letters; he makes the incident an amusing one. But he does not tell the last chapter.

Young Briscoe had the distinguished honor of being sent to the notorious Libby Prison—among the first from that field—and in after years Briscoe gloried in the episode; he had actually saved Kearny's and Birney's lives! See Kearny's last letter.

Sergeant Crotty of the Third Michigan Regiment which had lost 160 out of their 240 men, tells us that as the remnant of his regiment passed General Kearny, Phil. cried out: "Oh, what has become of my gallant Third." . . . "I shall never forget his look of anguish as he asked the question; and the tears rolled down his manly cheek. 'Get back to the rear,' he says, for he knows our ranks are too thin to be of more service, at least in this battle. The Red Diamond Division of the Command of one-armed Phil. Kearny is ready to contest with the rebels if they attack!" Which was to be done at Chantilly! Again saving the heroic fleeing army, betrayed and swindled by its "Guides" blinded by political and military ambition! Rebel wolves in sheep's clothing! The Gray hidden under Union Suits! The deliberate judgment of the Chief Justice of the United States—soon-to-be by Lincoln's appointment—that the Chief Blind Guide ought to be shot! Not shot like Kearny's heroic Pennsylvanians, in the "Charge of the Three Hundred," by the honest open enemies of the United States, but by the survivors of Kearny's Brigade at Bull Run Bridge, and of his glorious Third Michigan, and heroic 63rd Pennsylvanians, in the Assault on the 29th.

In "Under the Red Patch", for three hundred of the 63rd Pennsylvanians,—all that was left of the original eleven hundred of whom Kearny took command at Yorktown—the honor is justly claimed for a feat equal to any in the Civil War.

THE CHARGE OF THE 63RD PENNSYLVANIANS AT BULL RUN

We moved into the woods and halted. Colonel Hays was sitting on his horse at the left of our line. Just then we saw a body of men

move in a direction that would bring them across our left. But owing to the thick underbrush and trees, we could not see them distinctly. We supposed from that position, that they were our own men and did not pay much attention to them. General Kearny had ridden up and was conversing with Colonel Hays, when a member of Company B, who had been sent out as a Flanker, came running up breathless pointing to a force moving in our direction, and exclaimed: "General Kearny, get out of this. They are Rebels and you will be shot." Kearny leaned down to his horse's neck, and peering under the branches of the trees exclaimed in his well-known jerky style: "What are those, Rebels?"—"Yes, General, and there are lots of them." Kearny studied a moment and then exclaimed, "Move your regiment until the right rests where the left now is and charge and the day is ours!"

This was a terrible order, sending three hundred men to charge a rebel force of several thousand with no supports available, as the battle was raging in all parts of the field and so we were left to fight it alone!

Sergeant Nesbit was directed by Colonel Hays to advance to what he considered the length of the regiment and halt as a marker. He did so, and we moved forward by the left flank until we reached where he stood. Halting and fronting face, we dressed the line and as the word "Charge" rang out from the Colonel we dashed forward with loud yells led by the gallant Hays! It was desperate work! The enemy waited until we got close up and then poured such a withering fire into our line that it seemed to shrivel up and automatically reel back. Rapidly rallying we made another effort to face the war storm and again approached their positions. But the fire was too murderous and we were again compelled to fall back leaving many men, and among them Colonel Hays, seriously wounded, having one leg shattered and compelled to retire. Major Kirkwood assumed command of the regiment and after a short breathing spell, we again charged. This time we almost reached their line; but the fire was simply terrible! We broke rank and every man took to a tree, sheltering himself as well as he could loading and firing as rapidly as possible. Many a poor fellow, as he stepped from behind a tree to deliver his fire, dropped dead in his tracks! The rebel line began to overlap our flanks and enfilading warned us that we must get out of this quickly or none would escape. Major Kirkwood was wounded and Captain Ryan assumed command. Another charge was made and Captain Ryan was wounded. Flesh and blood could stand such butchery no longer, and the cry was made, "Rally to the Colors"! This was done and the remnant of the regiment carrying

those colors, promptly moved off as the sun was setting on the field, worn out with desperate fighting, with only 85 men fit for duty.

"The Charge of the Light Brigade has been immortalized in song and story; but looking at it calmly, the 'Charge of the Three Hundred' of the Sixty-Third Regiment against the entrenched line of the enemy, over 5,000 strong at Second Bull Run, was every bit as desperate and daring. They, as well as Captain Nolan's Six Hundred men, knew it was a mistake; but they nobly obeyed the orders that hurled them, a mere handful, against overwhelming numbers, not once but three times and they never faltered."—But had Porter attacked, or had McClellan's 50,000 idle troops been in action on that field the 63rd would have in a true sense won the war! For although their Historian construed Kearny's order as a mistake it was in reality an essential part of his assault on the Embankment. Turn back to his "Amanuensis Report", and read the record necessarily unknown to this Historian: "Leaving one Brigade—the 63rd—to hold the right flank, Kearny led two Brigades to the assault . . . and after attacking the enemy . . . and turning Jackson's flank, morning found them still on the Battlefield!"

The eye of the Humanitarian turns away blinded—his heart unwilling to be hurt—from the record of Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions![26] We have just seen the 63rd pared down, 1100 to 75! Largely viewed and in the distance, without statistics blurring the record, Kearny's Division—and take this for Hooker's too, if we believe Heintzelman—engaged in twelve major or important battles which was four times as many battles on the average as any other Division save Sumner's Divisions fought; and two and a half times as many as any Division in Sumner's Corps; three times as many battles as any Division in Franklin's Corps; four and a half times more than any in Keyes'; four times more than any Division in Porter's; four and a half times more than any in McCall's; and in six battles Williamsburg to Glendale to Chantilly—Hooker's Division excepted—the brunt of the fighting in each battle had been borne by Kearny's Division, placed always at the critical point and always victorious! Such the record and on this record the report of General Heintzelman is a sad and appalling commentary:

"General Hooker's Division had about 10,000 men when it landed at Yorktown last April; and after the battle of Seven Pines was reinforced by 3,000 more. At Fairfax Station, September 1st, it

[26] Remember, too, at Williamsburg and Seven Pines only a fragment of Kearny's Division participated. Next to Kearny's losses owing to Porter's disaster—all of his three divisions engaged—alike at Gaines' Mill and Second Bull Run, his losses were nearly as great as Kearny's and Hooker's—Heintzelman's Corps.

drew rations for 2400 men. General Kearny's Division suffered as much; and then Pope writes this commentary:

By the time the Corps of Franklin and Sumner joined us 19,000 strong at Centreville, the original Army of Virginia, as well as the Divisions of Kearny and Hooker, and the Division of Reynolds, had been so much cut up by the severe actions in which they had been engaged, and was so much broken down and diminished in number by the constant and excessive service they had performed that they were in little condition for any effective service whatever, and required and "should have had some days of rest to put them in anything like condition to perform their duties in the field." And yet tomorrow see the army rushing to the side of the Centreville Turnpike to see Kearny's Division marching off the field as on parade! Kearny's letters now reveal for the first time what were his actual losses—14,000 men preparing the way for McClellan to travel to Richmond upon a road upon which McClellan, when Kearny was ready to proceed, "Flashed the Red"!

And these battles on the Plains of Manassas emphasize with slight caricature the startling truths that McClellan possessing 13—plus or minus,—Divisions fought the several battles of the Peninsula Campaign principally with only three or four, and all the time blaming Lincoln for not reinforcing him! And of these Divisions two were Kearny's and Hooker's aided by Sumner's two divisions which fought almost at the tail end of Williamsburg and Seven Pines. Although conducting an offensive campaign with vastly superior numbers—gradually increasing in his favor during the great retreat—against the enemy's Capital City, McClellan took the initiative—offensive—in no battle except at Oak Ridge. And, mirabile dictu, while crying aloud for reinforcements—now plainly a political cry to shift the blame as at Gaines' Mill to Lincoln's shoulders—he possessed 115,000 troops at Yorktown against Magruder's 11,000 yet he lay down to a seige! At least 100,000 ready for action, probably 130,000—total 193,000!—against Johnston's 30 to 47,000 at Manassas in late 1861 to 62; and yet no offensive except Kearny's battle—on his own initiative—at Sangster's Station. With 115,000 at Williamsburg against Johnston's 53,000; a like number against 60,000 at Seven Pines; and with 105,000 against 85,000 in the Richmond offensive at Oak Ridge; and during the Retreat with an increasing proportion in his favor through Lee's loss of larger numbers; yet no attack save Kearny's battle at Oak Ridge! And never commanding in person if commanding at all! Yet through all this period he asserts with the apparent confidence of a man convinced of a great Truth that the enemy forces were either vastly superior to, or double his own,—Read Kearny's letters!

The conclusion is invincible that McClellan had a motive and the motives assigned in Kearny's letters, one or the other, now excluding military imbecility, is the key to his numbers! How could Kearny know, who had no Intelligence Service, how could Kearny know, and so write to Parker, relatively the true numbers and McClellan be ignorant! Let's don't be gulled, as McClellan would have his army gulled in the great retreat about reinforcements at hand at Harrison's Landing! McClellan was playing a game of Politics; shifting the blame to Lincoln! Either that or read Kearny's letters.

The scorn and contempt which Hooker—the dauntless Captain!—after Kearny's death, felt for McClellan shot like tongues of flame in McClellan's face in reply to McClellan's call for Kearny's and Hooker's Divisions to march with McClellan to Antietam, who Hooker well knew had betrayed the Nation and Pope's Army—had personally betrayed Hooker and Kearny:

Your despatch to General Heintzelman has been presented to me. It is my duty to report that Kearny's and my Divisions are in no condition to march and from their *great losses in battle* are in no condition to engage the enemy. I have lost all my valuable officers and what my Division did not lose on the James,—that for you, General McClellan!—was destroyed in our late detour into the country. Kearny's is not much better. Joseph Hooker, Major General.

In the course of our travels during the four days of Pope's Manassas campaign, "Kearny's New Jersey Brigade" figures pre-eminently in the news all over the world! London and Paris newspapers are full of it and the South headlines the story. It was as we know the first battle on the Plains of Manassas; it was the first battle with Pope of the troops of the Army of the Potomac.

The Brigade had been sent forward by General Halleck personally to see what was happening on the plains of Manassas, against the protest of its "Puppy Set" Corps Commander who had abandoned it on the Chickahominy.[27]

Little did the Brigade know that Jackson, Stuart and Trimble were their opponents, with about 25,000 men. But Jackson knew it! And he did all in his power to save his old friend's brigade from its obvious error. It was on this occasion that the remark was elicited from him: "Give me a Division like Kearny's Brigade and I will take Washington in a day!"

The most unique version of the affair is a Confederate one—singular in many respects—making real Jackson's sentiment that he had really tried to save the Brigade. The Brigade, however, we shall see, did not try to save Jackson!

[27] Reread Kearny's letter.

Half a century later, Lieutenant Moore wrote the Story of a Cannoneer; he saw the engagement; participated in it.

KEARNY'S BRIGADE FIGHTS STONEWALL'S BRIGADE AT BULL RUN BRIDGE

As we moved quietly along with General Jackson there appeared about a mile ahead of us, a line of bayonets glistening in the sun. As we halted, I heard General Jackson, and those about him, questioning one another and speculating as to what troops they could be, whether friend or foeman? Their bayonets were evidently too bright for our war-worn weapons; and the direction from which they came, and a little later the color of their uniforms being distinguishable, no longer left room for doubt. It proved to be a Brigade of New Jersey Infantry who had just arrived by rail from Alexandria.

Jackson ordered us to fire on them with canister which we did; and very rapidly as they passed. The Federals moved on in perfect order. Suddenly the Federals broke and retired; and most singular of all Jackson ordered Rodes' Division back and let them pass! It was as fine a sample of a sham battle as ever I saw and the only shot they fired was one at General Jackson! A member of our detachment picked up a canteen of whiskey which the Jersey men had thrown aside in their flight. We each took a turn and my friend began criticising our gunners' bad shooting!

Fitzhugh Lee, years later, wrote of this engagement: That General Jackson had tried to save the New Jersey troops from slaughter who had come up from Alexandria and had attacked near Manassas Junction in the belief that it was encountering only a raiding party, "but they rushed in and had been wrecked."

The *Journal des Débats* reported the engagement: "The Separatists have taken near Fairfax Court House the larger part de la brigade du New Jersey. To take nearly an entire Brigade it must have been the people of the south present in force." Indeed it must have been!

The Richmond *Inquirer* under late Northern News in the first column: The First New Jersey Brigade, General Kearny,—the Brigade, even in the Southland, "Kearny's Brigade!"—are reported to have engaged the enemy near Bull Run Bridge, where a desperate struggle was maintained on our part to hold it. The Bridge is still said to be in our possession although the Brigade of General Kearny is reported as having been terribly cut up.

But now Hail and Farewell!

The Brigade fought for the last time at Glendale—Frayser's Farm—under the command of General Kearny; and its Biographer records the Farewell: The news of Kearny's death was confirmed by official

report. The Brigade was deeply moved by the sad news. Every man in the Regiment felt his death as a personal loss! Kearny's career in the Army of the Potomac had been so full of conspicuous deeds that his death was a great blow to the Government. "It is now known,—1910,—that had he lived two days longer, he would have been appointed to the command of the two armies."

In the battle of Bristoe's Station, General Ewell again crosses Phil.'s path; loses his leg the next day; Phil. thought at the Station. As Phil. his arm with Ewell in Mexico where Ewell had two horses shot under him and had received under Phil.—as we know—his Baptism of Fire! Ewell's leg was amputated almost upon the very grounds of the Ewells' ancestral home, "Stony Lonesome," four miles from Bristoe's Station where his sister Rebecca, Kearny's hostess at Williamsburg, remained during a year or two of changing occupation, —first Federal, then Confederate.[28]

But now on to Chantilly. But before we go, let's look back at Phil. with the Victory in the Hollow of his Hand. In the New York *Times,* of August 31, 1862, is an editorial: In the afternoon of the 29th the fight became desperate; the enemy seemed determined to drive back our troops. After his usual fashion, Kearny was at the head of his Division; cheering on his men and throwing destruction at the rebels! The contest lasted till dark and the enemy having been driven a mile from their original position, Kearny slept upon the field of battle. (Signed) Whit.

[28] A personal letter from Dr. Percy G. Hamlin; *supra.*

CHAPTER XVI

DEATH IN BATTLE

KEARNY bids goodnight to General Gibbon—actually adios—and establishes himself in a small cottage near Centerville, early in the morning of the 31st. He prepares his Report of the battle which was not signed; being turned in by General Birney with this endorsement: Report forwarded as the final Report drawn up by the late General Philip Kearny and intended to have been signed by him the day of his death. D.H.B.

Kearny would not have liked that! The Report, though splendid, factually, was not one of his finished military classics, such as twenty-nine years ago he had "Dissertated" at Columbia on the Influence of Literature on the Character of Nations!

Kearny, later in the day, was in council with General Pope; counseling Pope to take the offensive; a plan which Pope successfully adopted. Kearny then was visited by the special War Correspondent for the New York *Tribune;* and Kearny's aide dictated a History—already in the record—of the battles of the four preceding days.

Meanwhile, Phil.'s tiny orderly was summoned; let him tell the story, going back to the battle field to begin it—we see Philip actually writing his last report, his last letters—letters testamentary:

> During the engagement the General had occasion to write orders which he did on his knee while I steadied the papers with my fingers. When noticing that I trembled he asked me what was the matter? I replied, "Nothing", only I was a little frightened. He said, "You must never get frightened at anything".
>
> After we returned to Centerville early on the morning of the 31st he called me into his room; he was then quartered in a small cottage. I found him in bed; he gave me some official document and a letter addressed to Mrs. Kearny, which I believe was the last letter he wrote, and three or four gold dollars and some silver to defray my expenses and told me to post them in Alexandria. "He gave me a pass through the lines. This was the last time I ever saw General Kearny alive or dead."

Pope's plans developing on the 1st of September, Kearny directs his Division to proceed to its assigned position marching through Centerville on its journey, where Franklin's, Sumner's and other corps of the Army—too late for the battle—had seen Pope's panic

stricken army flee from the field. Then comes Kearny's Division! But on this important last day of Phil.'s life let's not paraphrase about this thrilling scene but see the sights through General Curtis' eyes along the wayside:

"KEARNY'S DIVISION! THIRD CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC"!

A body of troops marching down the road in so orderly and soldierly a manner, and appearing so different from others which had come from the front, great interest was awakened in them; and the soldiers of Slocum's Division rushed to the side of the road along which they were marching, and called out, "What troops are these?" They answered "Kearny's Division, Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac", in a tone and spirit indicating the pride and satisfaction in belonging to a Division which no one of its members ever mentioned without a feeling of exultation in a Corps which enjoyed the respect and confidence of its associates and commanders; and above all, a Division led by one of the ablest and most popular officers in the Army. Cheer upon cheer were given; and when General Kearny approached, riding in the *rear* of his column, he was greeted most enthusiastically and given a welcome which was spontaneous and compelling.

Now comes Dr. Ellis in his book of "Leaves" in which he presses this finely textured flower: Franklin's Corps arrived at the battle ground when the fortunes of the day had been decided! When the beaten troops came back, numbers of the stragglers attempted to fall in with Kearny's Division which came back in fine order, and march off the field with them. But they were repulsed and kept out of the ranks of these old steady veterans "who did not desire the companionship of men like Franklin," who would not face the enemy by their sides on the field of battle.

Then a diarist of the Fifth Maine, and aide of General Stoneman, makes us hope that the last day was a joyous day for this hard-ridden "Hero of the Army of the Potomac": General Kearny's last day was perhaps the proudest! When he rode with a few orderlies along Centerville Heights what a splendid ovation he received from the troops without regard to Divisions or Corps! They rushed from all sides and greeted him with the wildest huzzahs. "Five hours after he had ridden boldly, as became Phil. Kearny, to his death!"

The entire Federal Army is now routed, retreating,—fleeing,—to the Fortifications of Washington; although on the battle field Franklin's and Sumner's Corps remain—of course—supine; and Pope assigned Kearny, Hooker and Reno and the great Isaac Stevens to save

his routed army—and its trains—from annihilation, which he knows Lee intends, and that Jackson and Longstreet are bound at this moment on that mission,—a mission not *quite* successful by the same men in the same business against Kearny and Hooker at Frayser's Farm! Always Kearny and Hooker!! The fact is that in dangerous crises neither Pope nor anybody else had a scintilla of confidence in any other Captains or Divisions of the Army of the Potomac when the salvation of the Union, of the Army and of the Nation was at stake—Williamsburg, Seven Pines—but what's the use of repeating: Always the brunt of the battle borne by the archetype West Point Battle Soldier, Joseph Hooker, and the Soldier of the Old Army—and of the Cavalry West Point at Fort Leavenworth—Philip Kearny. But before we go to battle, certainly imminent, let's go to Kearny's Headquarters where we find him, on September 1st, in earnest talk with Chaplain Marks: First talk after Williamsburg, a Soldier's subject. Obedience; Last talk on the Priest's Professional Subject: The life with God!

For this particular Soldier and for this particular Priest it was to be Hail and Farewell. The Levite felt Kearny went to his death walking before God, as in the olden days before man trespassed, with a goodly, perhaps a perfect heart. Both de Peyster and Dr. Marks felt that Kearny had "changed"; Kearny's drift in his heart at least, was to God. "Changed" they said—another word in the Angles' speech for what the Latins call "Conversion".

At all events, Phil.'s distinguishing love of glory in face of its price, was questioned—no man could have lived Phil.'s Peninsula life without a conversion, whether to or from God. Kearny was no fool to say, not in his mind, but in his heart "there is no God". He still followed Fame but with a difference. In chivalric days—Kearny's particular days—a great Engineer, who had built the King, "His Havens, Halls and the Queen her Bowers" was also—unlike McClellan—Bard and knew the starry heavens, and his final valuation of fame was probably Kearny's in seeking it: that Fame was half disfame and counterchanged with darkness; yet use gave Merlin Fame—as Kearny—and Fame gave Merlin further use—as Kearny. At all events, Marks has a good tale to tell and he knows how to tell it.

PHIL. AND THE POWER BY WHICH THE BLOOD BEATS AND THE BLOSSOM BLOWS!

During the course of our conversation he spoke of the causes which led to the disastrous defeat of Saturday; and then of the spirit which animated the South; and for the first time in our intercourse, he spoke of religion!

He regretted that it had been so little his study; but said his knowledge of the World and experience had taught him that the only hope of the future was in the Gospel of our Lord; and that everything else would signally fail in producing good will amongst men. He said the scene in which we were living more deeply impressed him with the value of the teaching of the Bible.

We parted and in the savage struggle of the evening Kearny fell; and "with him a thousand hopes for the country and the Army."

Within a month Watts had questioned Phil.—a thing never to be done—on the subject of his religion; it was plainly none of the beloved questioner's business and of course he knew it; but Kearny had answered mightily even as became a Soldier: "Responsibility increases with the development of our knowledge! As for myself I can answer with the veteran Hugh Brady: 'My knapsack is always packed and I hold myself ever ready for the order to march'." [1]

Kearny's grandson was supping one night as "Pat" Collier's guest at the Riding Club,[2] East 58th St., New York City. A friend tapped Kearny on the shoulder: "Mr. Collier has fallen against the elevator door and his head is bleeding." Kearny, Mr. Hazard, President of the Polo Association and René La Montagne, Polo Internationalist, fellow guests, hastened to the dying Publisher. A year later Bob Collier sent "To Tom Kearny" a precious memorial volume for "the way" —nothing at all under the circumstances—"you served Father a year ago." And Bob had written on the fly leaf: Father worked and played and dealt with his Fellow Man with a strong sense of responsibility to his Maker. That was another Irishman's Religion! "Pat"! Phil. Kearny salutes you! [3]

[1] General Brady was one of the outstanding soldiers of the early Frontier. Fort Brady, Michigan, was named for him, which he helped to found. No nobler type of man ever existed. And yet nobody in the Army knows of him today!

[2] Peter Collier; Founder and owner of *Collier's Weekly;* of all men the most lovable.

[3] Once having heard Mr. Collier say that should he be seriously hurt on the hunting field, he would want a priest to administer the last rites, the author recognizing that death was imminent, went to the cathedral and Father Byrne eagerly came and fulfilled his wish. This may serve as an introduction to the fascinating story of Mrs. (General) Kearny's (Diana Bullitt's) conversion to Catholicism at Orléans France by the illustrious Bishop Dupanloup, where the General's son (later General John Watts Kearny) was at School. See the history of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Diana brought up all her children as Catholics and one of General Kearny's children became a Religious of the Carmelite Order in France—the Order of the Little Flower. Distinguished Jewish, Catholic and Episcopal prelates, consulted on the introduction of Kearny's Romance, each agreed it was necessary—the Catholic Bishop characteristically remarking: Through Diana's divorce God turned Evil into Good —she becoming Catholic; and Phil. expiating his error—'sin, if so be, in him'—by 'a Martyr's Death in Battle'—which is the origin of the Title to this chapter! See bibliography for Monseigneur Lelievre's thrilling account of Diana's conversion.

Kearny is now on his way to the head of his Division, marching to its post on the field of Chantilly, to fight off the rebel Army even as at Frayser's Farm. He is riding with an officer who wrote of the ride, September 12th: I rode with him an hour before his death as he passed along the lines and received the cheers and plaudits of every regiment he passed; not only his own but troops of other Corps. Two days before in a long talk I had with him he said: "Ah well, when the war is over after a quiet sojourn at my Jersey home I will go to Paris and lead a happy life and make up for all this discomfort which surrounds me here."

Then great enemy columns are approaching. Heintzelman's Third Corps—Sumner, McDowell and Franklin, all within a mile!—was ordered to move toward Chantilly where our troops were already contending with the rebels for the road over which our trains, equipment and troops were traveling. When the Second Division under General Hooker was in line of march, and about to march, the First Division, General Kearny's, had already moved; and General Kearny seeing the rear of his Division well on the way, spurred his horse to hasten forward; and as his companion on the ride wrote, so that he might reach the head of his command; for it is well known that Kearny was always restless when not at that post:

"As Kearny passed along the lines of Hooker's Division, he received such a salvo of cheers from that command, each regiment taking up the cheer in succession and all swelling into a universal acclamation which rang again and again, that it proved to all within miles that a favorite and appreciated general was passing. This was a compliment indeed from a rival Division which had fought side by side with Phil. Kearny for months in the Peninsula. Kearny showed how much he appreciated the compliment intended, by letting drop the reins; and holding his little military cap in his hand and bowing low, even to the saddle bow, with head uncovered—his horse galloping at the top of his speed—he acknowledged the truly heart-felt demonstration in his favor."

Phil. is now at the head of his Division; the Federal troops are engaged! General Birney gallops up at lightning speed and reports a danger; that General Stevens—the glorious Stevens—had been killed and that his Division—so Birney reported—"had cowardly retreated leaving a gap of one-half a mile on Birney's right." Birney asked General Kearny for Berry's Brigade to fill it! Kearny replied that he had ordered the Colonel commanding Berry's Brigade to report to General Birney and he was indignant at the delay. General Kearny then said to General Birney that it was impossible that Reno was such a fool as to permit such a gap and that Birney must be mistaken;

that there was certainly troops there "of ours". Birney answered there were not!

At this time it was raining; a fierce thunder-storm, one of the worst the countryside had ever seen, was in the offing; and the smoke from the batteries being low, General Birney galloped down to send in a regiment to his left. Kearny accompanied him and as the two leaped a ditch Phil.'s horse shied; and Phil. remarked to Birney "How disagreeable to have a horse behave that way in battle"! Kearny then galloped to the right and General Birney saw him no more! Later General Birney returned to the battle expecting to find him. Phil. had not been seen. Birney writes: I presumed he was a prisoner; but I had the entire battle field searched for him during the night.

Phil. is now alone; evidently he is pushing forward to verify for himself Birney's statement; at least that would be Kearny. Within a short time he is seen, still alone, riding in the direction of the enemy; he is challenged; doesn't answer! Lieutenant Colonel Berryman 2nd U. S. Artillery, let us see Phil. as he flashes past—as of old in Gouverneur!—not 20 feet away: I saw General Kearny ride past, galloping swiftly, probably between eight and nine o'clock. I called to warn him that the troops had been withdrawn but he didn't hear. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, I heard in that direction two musket shots, followed by a straggling volley of perhaps 30 shots or less.—

But now let's leave Phil. flashing towards his rendezvous with Death and view the battle:

Despite the rout, Kearny had proposed and Pope accepted, the Offensive—Defensive; which as the event proved was so "unsuspected" that Longstreet and Jackson were driven off the field,—certainly Jackson!

General Pope's Official Report reveals the plan of the battle of Chantilly as concocted by Pope, Hooker, and Kearny.

THE BATTLE PLAN AT CHANTILLY

The main body of our forces was so much broken down and so completely exhausted that they were in no condition even on September 1st, for any active operation against the enemy; but it was determined to attack in front of Chantilly! The movement of the enemy had become so developed and was so evidently directed to Fairfax Court House with a view of turning my right, that I made the necessary disposition to fight a battle on the road from Centerville to Fairfax Court House. Reno was to push forward to the North in the direction of Centerville. Heintzelman's Corps was directed to take post in the rear of Reno. Just before sunset on the 1st the

enemy attacked us on the right but was met by a counter-attack by Kearny and Hooker. A very severe action ensued and the enemy was driven back and did not again attack.

THE FOUR GREAT SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY FIGHT PHIL. TO DEATH

But now let's go to Lee's tent and follow the battle from the Confederate side; for both Division Commanders, strange to say the first two Major Generals of the Civil War to be killed, are not reporting; a fact which Longstreet notes; and we may also see two scenes of vital interest: Longstreet sees Kearny fall; and the Confederate Commander has a talk with Jackson about the effect of the counter-offensive and Kearny's assault on Jackson's column!

Early in the morning of the 31st Lee called General Jackson to his Headquarters, after Lee and Longstreet had planned a movement upon the Federal rear. Lee greeted Jackson with a congratulatory salutation upon the part he had played during "His separation from the main army"! Then suddenly: "Cross Bull Run; and try to intercept the enemy's march." To which Jackson replied, "Good," and away he went without another word or even a smile; "but it was commonly said that a suggestion of a smile always hung about his features, never fully developed!" Although those very near him used to say that he always smiled at the mere mention of the names of the Federal Leaders whom he used to meet in the Shenandoah Valley, —among whom was the commander in Chief of the Armies of the Bear Flag Republic.[4]

On the 1st of September accordingly, the Confederates resumed their march. At Ox Hill—the name the Confederates gave the battle of Chantilly—were stationed as we know the Divisions of Hooker, Kearny, Stevens and Reno, and upon these Divisions Stonewall Jackson marched late in the afternoon and deployed for battle! General A. P. Hill's Division was on Stonewall Jackson's right; in the center Ewell's Division now under Lawton, since General Ewell had lost his leg; and "Jeb" Stuart on the left. Two of Hill's Brigades were thrown out to find the enemy and were soon met by a furious attack which drove them back in disorder! The Federals thought it necessary to follow the opportunity, "by giving battle in order to hold Jackson away from the Warrenton Turnpike." Then Longstreet—

[4] In the Charleston (South Carolina) *Courier* of June 23rd, this item was carried under the caption, "The Yankee Pathfinder": "Fremont has not proved as successful a pathfinder in the Valley of Virginia as he did in his Expeditions into the Rockies. He is accused in the *Journal of Commerce* of making an enormous blunder by taking the route he did." Fremont never found any path!

whose account we are following—continues: "Kearny always ready to second any courageous move, joined in the daring battle."!

At the critical moment, as Longstreet viewed it, a thunderstorm burst with great violence upon the combatants, the high wind beating the storm in the faces of the Confederates. So fierce "was the unexpected battle that part of Jackson's line yielded to the onslaught. At one moment, Jackson's artillery seemed in danger! General Stevens was killed. I rode up at this moment and met General Jackson and remarked to him upon the number of his men going to the rear. 'General, your men don't appear to work well today.'—'No', he replied, 'But I hope it will prove a victory in the morning'"!

Jackson's troops were relieved as Longstreet's came up to give them respite till the morning. While my "relief was going around, General Philip Kearny rode to the lines in search of his Division. Finding himself in the presence of the Confederates, Phil. wheeled his horse and put spurs, preferring the danger of a musket ball to humiliating surrender! Several challenges were called; but not heeded; and were followed by the ring of half a dozen muskets when he fell mortally wounded. And so perished one of the most gallant and dashing of the Union Generals. On September 2nd Lee sent his body through the lines under a Flag."

Of course, Kearny made no report of *this* battle, either in good or bad English. But let's follow through with General Kearny's Amanuensis—who has caught Kearny's spirit—and let him continue Kearny's Report, as seems his right, of the Battle of Chantilly, fought on the very day the *Herald Tribune* imprimatured the first installment of Phil.'s "History of the Second Bull Run" by the same hand, the day of Kearny's death. On Thursday, September 4th, 1862, the *Tribune* reads first page, first column, under the caption "The War in Virginia," "Account of General Kearny's Death" in the second headline; then follows: Washington, September 2nd, 1862. From *Major* Birney, Commanding the 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who took a Flag of Truce to receive the body of General Kearny and is escorting the remains to the North, we have obtained the first authoritative account of the time and circumstances of his death. A dozen versions have been given; some asserting that the General died of heart disease; others that he was killed by a shell from our own batteries; and still others that he was struck by a rebel shell which ricocheted on a hill top and took him on the first bounce. The facts are as follows:

The battle on Monday evening, September 1st,—the Amanuensis talking—lasted four hours after nightfall. The rain began to pour down in torrents; with heavy peals of thunder and terrific flashes of lightning. For a time neither horse nor man could breast the storm;

and the firing which had been going on for some time slackened until a lull in the storm permitted its resumption. Birney's Brigade of Kearny's Division was ordered out in line of battle. They had not been in place long before General Birney observed that one or two regiments on his right belonging to some other Brigade had left their position and retired from the field. The fact was reported to General Kearny and more troops asked for to fill the dangerous gap. Kearny declared it impossible that such an unwarranted movement should have been made; but to satisfy himself he galloped off to reconnoiter. He inadvertently passed through and beyond our lines and was seen no more alive!

General Birney, father to Major Birney, turned to bring up the 38th New York and put them in that part of the front; and having filled the line of battle repulsed the enemy at the point of the bayonet and drove him from the field! Hours passed but Phil. Kearny did not appear! Early the next morning a Flag of Truce came in from General Lee with a message that Kearny's body would be delivered up. General Heintzelman at once detailed Major Birney, commanding the 57th Pennsylvania, to receive it; and the Major started with a Flag, and an escort of Infantry and Cavalry. But before reaching the outpost he met a party having the remains in charge. They had been informally delivered up to our men without waiting for the usual escort to come up. The body had been rifled of sword, pistol, watch, diamond brooch, finger ring and the pocketbook in which the General always kept a large amount of money. For a wonder the thieves had not stolen his boots nor his coat.

The body was carried to our rear and escorted by Major Birney to Washington where it was embalmed. The remains went to Newark, N. J., by the five o'clock train in charge of Major Birney.

"Among the visitors today to see the remains of General Kearny was the colored servant of General Kearny, who burst into an agony of grief on taking a parting look at the body of his dead master!"

Kearny, in his last letter, tells of his supper on the battle field—chicken and claret at 2 A.M.—*not* served by his servant who had beaten it!!

General Taylor, Lee's able Adjutant General of the Army of northern Virginia, who accompanied Kearny's body through the lines, chronicles these chivalric thoughts so characteristic of him: Under orders from Lee, I delivered Gen. Kearny's body at the Federal Lines. It was a sad duty. There was no place for exultation at the death of so gallant a man! And as I accompanied his remains, I was conscious of a feeling of deep respect and great admiration for the brave soldier who as General Pope stated, had died as he wished to die and as became his heroic character.

As late as September 3rd, in New York and New Jersey, doubt was thrown on Kearny's death; and in the *Evening Post* for that day, it was said that "we are informed that Mr. Cortlandt Parker of Newark, this morning received a despatch from Captain Sturgis at Washington dated September 2nd stating that General Kearny was not killed but a prisoner in the hands of the enemy and unhurt."

Then General Pope—grateful beyond all reckoning—writes this Report of Kearny and his Victory,—too bad Kearny couldn't read it. At any rate the Grave had no victory; Death no sting for such a spirit:

Just before sunset on the 1st the enemy attacked but was met by Hooker's, Reno's and Kearny's Divisions of Heintzelman Corps. The enemy was driven back entirely from our front but during that engagement we lost two of the best and one of the most distinguished of our general officers—Major General Stevens and Major General Kearny.

It is unnecessary for me to say one word in commendation of two officers who were so well and so widely known to the country. Words cannot express my sense of the zeal, the gallantry and the sympathy of that most earnest and accomplished soldier, Major General Kearny. In him the country has suffered a loss which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to repair. He died as he would wish to die; and as became his heroic character. John Pope, commanding.

From within the Federal positions, the last picture snapped of Kearny showed him riding, light—swift, towards the enemy's lines, apparently moving towards the Posts which our troops had vacated. Then a Union soldier—at the very moment of his death—was the last person who heard Phil.'s voice!

In the driving storm, Phil. drove his blinded horse forward against it. Suddenly Phil. finds himself in the presence of troops—his own troops of course—that's where they should have been. Riding up to the side of an officer in blue Phil. inquired: "Captain, what troops are these? I am looking for my command". The soldier in blue Kearny addressed was Major Hawks, brother of Major General P. Hawks, who had also mistakenly entered the enemy's lines just a moment before Kearny rode up; was taken prisoner, was paroled and wrote his brother about it later. Swift as lightning and in a whisper, the major replied:

"General Kearny, this is a Confederate line and we are both securely in their power. It is sure death to attempt to escape; please sir, do not attempt it both for your own and the country's sake!" Kearny looking around him said gayly:[5] "Sir, I have a good horse here; and can depend on him every time; he'll carry me through!"

[5] "Go in Gayly."

As Phil. turned his horse, a Confederate officer called out: "You are crazy, man; you can't get 10 feet. Don't be foolish!" General Kearny muttered something about they couldn't hit a barn.

Kearny's black colt wheeled, Kearny threw himself forward and close upon the animal's back! Twenty shots rang out! Kearny falls! Then springs towards Kearny a Confederate officer, with many others, to the point where he lay; not supposing that his wound was a mortal one. Just as the officer reached Kearny's body, however, his limbs gave one convulsive quiver and then all was over! Seeing that he was a Major General, word was sent to Headquarters; and General Jackson coming to the spot immediately, gave one glance at the dead officer's features and exclaimed: "My God, boys, you know who you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States Army. This is Phil. Kearny, who lost his arm in the Mexican War." He then involuntarily lifted his hat; every officer in the group followed his example; and for a moment reverential silence was observed by all. Subsequently, the body of the dead soldier was placed upon two boards; and when removed to Headquarters was followed by General Jackson and other officers while a Regimental Band preceded it playing a dead march.

Lee sent an aide to safeguard his friend's body; a guard was ordered; the body taken to the Stuart House "Chantilly" at Ox Hill. The Aide returns to General Lee after taking from Phil.'s pockets all the papers, Lee looks them over; remarks that they are "private papers," burns them without inspection; and directs his aide to see that no harm is done to Kearny's person; and dictates a memorandum *"to General Hooker"* that the body will be sent through the lines under escort.[6]

The Stuart House had been converted into a Hospital and most of the rebel troops viewed Phil.'s remains; and several of them tell the story: General Kearny was a large handsome man and as he lay there, buttoned in his uniform, presented a splendid specimen of manly strength. The Rebels crowded around to view the Yankee General. One poor ragged bare-footed fellow cast a longing look at the fine Cavalry boots Kearny had on, remarking as he did so, "No. 9s —just fit for me," and turned over in his bed, no doubt thinking as he did so a great hardship that he was not permitted to appropriate them to his own use.

A diarist records: I overheard a conversation: "Do you believe a hog would eat a dead Yankee". "No, I don't", said the other. "Well, look there". I looked also. There were two dead Yankees lying

[6] Hooker so stated as a fact to de Peyster when the latter was writing Phil.'s biography,—it was Lee's noble way of complimenting his "two fighting enemies."

close to the fence; one had his breast torn open and the greater portion of his liver was hanging out. Two or three hogs were at work on it tearing it to pieces and eating away with great satisfaction.

Another Historian of the stormful night Kearny's body lay in the Stuart "Morgue" chronicles that the beautiful Stuart House was shot to pieces, and in its awful halls Kearny's body lay in state. The rooms were so defaced and defiled that it discounted a hog pen in filth. In this space lay many wounded and dead, among others General Philip Kearny, the most brilliant, chivalrous, dashing officer in the Yankee Army. He was killed in a charge and rode in the advance with his sword in his hand, and the bridle held in his teeth, for he had but one arm. He was a brave, ideal soldier. Most of our soldiers viewed his dead body.[7]

The remains were brought to Washington on the 2nd of September under charge of Captain G. W. Mindil, Assistant A. A. G., for General Kearny and Captain Fitz Hugh Birney, Assistant Adjutant General to General Birney. The body was embalmed in Drs. Brown & Alexander's place of business in Washington. The Secretary of War granted a furlough which he wrote "with his own hand" to Captain Birney for five days to take the body to Bellegrove. Birney proceeded to Newark; arrived there in the early morning hours; and the physical remnants of Philip Kearny were in "Kearny's Castle" at 4 o'clock the next morning,—Journey's End!

Speculation was rife as to how Kearny met his end! First a prisoner. Then vulgar gossip! No blood stains disfigured his spotless body to mark the point of penetration—at least so the report was—a report so firmly fixed in tradition that General McCoskry Butt, and General Hugh Scott, told Kearny's grandson that it was generally thought in the Army that the bullet had penetrated the anus. This was not so; and to still the strife of tongues, Drs. Alexander & Brown, the embalmers, on September 5th, published the story—during the next several weeks reported in most of the papers in the large cities of America:

THE EMBALMMENT OF PHIL.'S PERSON

Noting a prevailing error in regard to the wound upon the body of General Philip Kearny in the newspapers, we thought it a duty to the public and to the friends of General Kearny to give a true statement of the facts:

A Minié rifle-ball of large calibre entered the body through the

[7] The Charleston (South Carolina) *Courier,* September 17th, gives the following from a letter from Captain W. K. Backman of the German Artillery Volunteers: "This morning I saw the body of General Kearny, a fine looking gallant officer, who lost his arm in Mexico." See Gibbon's Recollections.

gluteous muscles a little back of the hip joint; hit the pelvis; penetrated the os innominata; passed through the abdominal viscera to a point well above the umbilical cord; and slid up between the skin and the sternum just under the skin to the centre of the breast.

We cut the ball out which was much flattened and abraded in the resistance it met passing through the bones.

We placed the missile in the hands of Captain Morford of General Kearny's staff to be delivered over to his family who will no doubt keep it as the most valuable record bequeathed to them by their ancestor.

(Signed) Drs. Alexander & Brown, Embalmers for the dead.

Kearny's effects, now gathered up at Alexandria, were taken to Washington and on September 11th Captains Morford and Sturgis of Phil.'s staff started to Bellegrove with them and a newspaper adds this interesting story:

They bear with them the Decoration of the Legion of Honor given to the lamented General by the Emperor Napoleon. It is a very beautiful badge and this distinguished honor has never before been bestowed upon an American Officer.

Flashed all over the country the news of Kearny's death; and the Nation, through its myriad tongues, joins the whole Army on Centerville Heights in a paean of praise in which Southern and Northern voices join the chorus.

THE ACHILLES OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

The *Tribune,* September 4th, editorializes:

The death of General Kearny is a national loss! He was an accomplished and gallant soldier and an able Commander. A stranger to fear, he never spared his person in the hour of danger; he was always in the front of the thickest of the fight. He was a terror to the Rebels, who distinguished him by the sobriquet: "the one-armed devil". His presence in a battle was an inspiration to his troops! He was brave to rashness; and had made so many hair-breadth escapes he was considered the invincible Achilles of the American Army. Rebel prisoners had heard so much of him that they never failed to ask to see him, etc. etc.

ENGLAND APPRAISES KEARNY AND STUART AS DRAGOONS

The London *Times* on September 20th, had this to say:

At Chantilly fell one of the most gallant officers of the Federal Army, General Kearny. This General, Englishmen who passed last

March in Washington, and especially those who witnessed General McDowell's Review near Alexandria, will well remember his alert, soldier-like form, his empty sleeve telling of the Mexican War; and his gray charger,[8] the partner of his Mexican battle fields. No better or more dashing officer served with the Federal Army; no one more adapted to conduct those raids which have made Stuart so famous.

Throughout this lamentable war, there has never been on the Federal side any disposition to search out men peculiarly adapted for special service; and to detail them to the discharge of congenial duties. Had any such disposition existed General Kearny would not have fallen without leaving a reputation behind him commensurate with his worth and unexampled ability as a soldier. From the time of his death the retreat has been rapid and certain.

The *Sentinel of Freedom,* the Voice of New Jersey and of Kearny's Brigade, reported that the flags dropping at half mast, with the stolid faces of the people, show in their silent sadness, how tenderly, truly, he has sunk into every heart. It is the death he longed for; to die fighting for his country; doing all his duty; doing it so as to reflect the highest glory on that military profession which he idolized.

KEARNY IDEALIZED AND REALIZED

Philip Kearny exhibited every talent of a great Commander. Methodically exact; rejoicing in all the details of his official duty; submitting to hardships for the benefit of his men, he required every officer to follow his example. Soon his soldiers found out that he was devoted to their service and they worshipped him. He became eminently "the Hero of the Army of the Potomac." He *saved the army* at Williamsburg, after he had broken in on Manassas. He helped more than perhaps any other General to save it at Fair Oaks. Throughout the dreadful seven days of fighting when McClellan was retreating to Harrison's Landing, General Kearny was constantly engaged; almost omnipresent, *"always victorious."* In last Friday's fight, he was the *chief actor* and secured the *only advantage* we claimed. McDowell's Corps, fell back; but the right, where Kearny and Hooker were, the lines stood firm.

There is no soldier alive, never was one, more remarkable for courage, self-sacrifice, martial spirit, courtliness to the foe, and all the qualities which History ascribes to Bayard and the Cid. His in-

[8] Thus Moscow received international recognition! Distinguished and fiery in movement as Moscow was; yet Bayard excelled in sheer loveliness, and was no less showy on the battlefield. Above all, like his rider, he loved to sniff the powder of the guns. See Miller's remarkable pictorial history of the Civil War; *supra.*

trepidity was so great, his forgetfulness of danger so constant, that this halo actually hid to a degree the perfection of his more solid qualities as Soldier. His perfected Brigade showed his more solid talent for organization; so did his Division. But he was not in a position where he could exhibit to mankind his strategic skill, his instinctive grasp of situations; his rapid irrepressible power of execution. If he had been placed at the head of a Department we think the issue of things would have been different. Perhaps he, himself, would have been spared!

We are informed that his correspondence during the war exhibited wonderful foresight and prophecy. All the movements of the campaign which *now* seem blunders, one by one have been *penned beforehand;* and their result prophesied long before the event proved his contention. He ought long ago to have been in high command! His experience entitled him to it. His country, had they known him, would have demanded it! No other officer had his opportunities or his mastery of the art of war. Long on the frontier; serving in a campaign in Algiers; and then in Italy he won everywhere the highest praise for every soldierly quality. He was in love with his profession and the fighting brand of it; and he studied it, even when fighting the enemy with zeal and always with success.

PHILIP KEARNY: THUNDERBOLT

The St. Louis *Republican* approached Kearny from a T. N. T. viewpoint: With General Pope goes Philip Kearny, the Thunderbolt, the One-Armed Demon of Battle, the incarnate Bravery, who hacked in desperate fury the lintels of the Bedlam gate at San Antonio, till a shower of grape blew his horse to fragments, and shattered his left arm! A man who would any night leave a banquet for a battle, as better fun!

Harper's Weekly had it this way: Studying with unflagging zeal every movement of the Army at Solferino and Magenta in the Italian campaign, he was preparing himself for his future position. In the Army of the Potomac no officer had won higher praise than Philip Kearny. General McClellan is said to have wept when he heard of his death and to have said: "Who can replace Phil. Kearny".

A PRO-McCLELLAN EDITOR LOOKS AT PHIL.[9]

Before the commencement of the present struggle, his dwelling in Paris was the rendezvous of all the American Officers passing through France. His hospitality was unbounded; his courtesy that

[9] Bennett: *Herald.*

of a high-toned gentleman. We have seen gathered around his table there those now prominent in the Rebel army,—Beauregard, Lee, the Johnstons, Stonewall Jackson, Magruder and others; and no doubt many a pang will visit their hearts when they learn that Philip Kearny was their victim! We are assured that these Rebel leaders repeatedly expressed in their letters to secessionists in Paris their dread of the military skill and dash of "Brave Philip Kearny", and their wonder that he was not long since appointed to some high and responsible post.

In the Richmond, Va., *Enquirer* for Tuesday Morning, September 9th, 1862, in the first column, first page, are the headlines: AUTHENTIC AND OFFICIAL FROM THE SEAT OF WAR. LETTERS OF GENERAL LEE TO THE PRESIDENT. GENERAL KEARNY KILLED.[10]

Three foreign Captains—two on McClellan's staff; one on the field of battle—who personally beheld Kearny,—Sangster's Station to Malvern Hill,—writing authoritatively on the campaign in their native tongue—their works now outranked by none in authority—actually are swept off their feet by Kearny's impetuous assaults. The Comte de Paris wrote:

FIGURE D'OISEAU DE PROIE: THE COMTE DE PARIS

Thus ended that noble and brilliant career which had commenced fifteen years before with the intrepid charge of the Captain of Dragoons against the Gates of Mexico. Vigilant, untiring, always ready to take the lead, he could not bear inaction. Battle was his element! When balls began to whistle, his face of a bird of prey—of an eagle—[11] figure d'oiseau de proie—and clear eye assumed a

[10] Richmond *Dispatch* of September 10th gives an editorial view of the southern people's distress after Kearny's death under the caption, "Death of General Kearny": "General Kearny's death struck all classes with sadness; for of all the officers engaged, the death of none will be more deeply lamented." Colonel Ham Chamberlayne wrote: "On September 1st, Kearny and Stevens fell; volunteer officers worth the battle." Ham Chamberlayne, by his son, 1932. On September 2nd, 9th, 12th and 13th, notices of Kearny's death appeared alike in the Charleston *Courier* and *Mercury*. On the latter date—*Courier*—Kearny's body lay in state in Newark and was to be buried with great ceremonies.

[11] The distinguished Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, who bears for Phil. Kearny the highest admiration, in Phil.'s combination of "Military Scientist" and Battle Soldier,—as he has written this author,—himself possessing this splendid synthesis, has by singular coincidence a physical kinship for Phil.! It has not infrequently been observed that each of these fearless soldiers might be said to have the "face of an eagle"! General Bullard himself on one occasion, upon his ascribing to Kearny the Comte de Paris' famous phrase—possibly thinking that his grandson might feel an unmeant force in the phrase "bird of prey"—told the author of what others had sometimes said of him.

resolute expression which inspired confidence in those around him. He was naturally fault-finding and caustic; but his high toned mind and generosity of heart made compensation for the defects of his character. Frequently quarreling with his chiefs, he knew how to make himself beloved by his companions, and was always true to his personal friends, among whom the author is proud in being able to count himself. Philip Kearny stands in the first rank among the illustrious victims of this fratricidal war.

THE CHIEF GLORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

Major General Comte de Trobriand mourned aloud that among all the reports, true or false, that were told to him during that ill-omened night, there was one, the sad impression of which never left him,—Kearny had been killed that evening! This was not only a sorrow to his friends, it was a great loss for the Army and the Country:

Philip Kearny belonged to a highly esteemed Family, which had already supplied a Major General to the United States Army. None possessed to a greater degree the tastes and qualities of a soldier. To these natural gifts and to a splendid military education, he had joined besides an experience which very few of the officers of our army had received. He left the Service for a time to enjoy his large fortune. In 1861 he resided in Paris where at his home his friends and countrymen always found a cordial welcome and elegant hospitality. Politics interested him but little! When the War broke out he did not hesitate in the fulfillment of his duty and at the first sound of the cannon, renouncing family joys and the tranquil comforts of the rich man, he left immediately to ask employment from the Federal Government.

The public grief at his death was very great; especially in New York where the funeral exercises were imposing. But nowhere was his loss so deeply felt as in the Army of the Potomac, of which he had been its chief glory, and where the thousand tales told at the campfires finished by giving to his memory the Proportions of a Legendary Hero.[12]

Thus speak Historian; the Public Voice; Personal Friend; the Great of the World;—the foreign Military Scientists. Now the unknown Soldier—Changarnier's "Soldât inconnu", of Kearny's Algerian Campaign—speaks in Letter and Diary from the field of battle—the little man, the Forgotten Military Man who never forgot Kearny, alike Confederate and Federal. The Blue and the Gray wrote from the Stuart House at Chantilly. "The Federals were called upon to mourn the loss of one of the finest officers ever enlisted

[12] Four years with the Army of the Potomac.

in their service. The gallant Kearny fell while moving his lines upon the Confederates. This officer, who was the pride of his command, was highly respected by the foes who opposed him and many regrets were expressed over his fall by the Confederates. True courage is always admired and in this man the Federal Army could boast of as gallant an officer as ever buckled on his armor." And the "Enemy" Chaplain writing alongside of Gerrish, felt that Philip Kearny's death, cast a deep gloom over the Army of the Potomac. He was the beau ideal of the American soldier. Tall, slight of build, erect, quick, recklessly brave, yet skillful, he had no rival on the battle field during his brief but glorious career. He was ready for any deed of heroic daring;—with flashing sword, plumed hat, and bridle rein in his teeth, he dashed through the smoke and flame of battle, the personification of all that was brilliant and brave! His soldiers almost worshipped him; "the Confederates admiring the reckless daring of their gallant foeman."

Then these most interesting representative thoughts—found in many records—run through the mind of a Sergeant in Kearny's Michigan troops.[13] When the rebel Chief saw whom he had killed, he wept like a child for he thought of bygone days in the battle of Mexico! Oh, what a difference in the two men! One died for his country that it may be saved from traitors and disunion. The other fighting to destroy the country that gave him all that he ever possessed. Fare-thee-well, our gallant old General! Thy memory will remain as long as the country will endure in the hearts of all the good and true in the land; while the memory of your late Mexican Comrade in Arms will forever be a shame and a disgrace in that land that nurtured him. For the name of Robert E. Lee will go down to generations unborn as the great rebel Chief that wanted to destroy the greatest nation on the globe; while the name of Philip Kearny will be exalted to the sky as one who died for his country that it might be the home of all who are oppressed in every clime. "Our Division is now without a Commander and suffering terribly from the late battles."

On September 3rd, Dr. Oakley of the Kearny Chapel incident at Alexandria Seminary, wrote home: It was supposed General Kearny died from heart-disease, but of course, he was shot in battle. His

13 "Representative" yes! For until the contemporaneous personal private records,—diary and letter,—are researched it is impossible to imagine the fierce rage of the representative loyal northern opinion against the military leaders in the South who had received freely their education at West Point for the service of the Union. The physical history of an age is trivial—indeed meaningless—severed from the psychical. See also: *Tribune*, Sept. 13. Also Three Years with the Army of the Potomac, by Blake. Of course—assuming the rightness of their constitutional interpretations—Lee and Co. were as sublime and noble —and that, too, as "Union Soldiers"—as Kearny and his ilk.

death is a great loss to our Cause. He was the Hero of the War.

General Pickett's reaction to the bad-good news of Friend Phil.'s death was written at the head of our first Chapter. But three private soldiers of the Brigades that fought under him wrote into history their views of the death of their ancient "enemy." From Kershaw's Brigade, practically annihilated in the Peninsula, comes this paragraph: At Ox Hill the enemy under Kearny and Stevens fighting for the safety of their great ordnance and supply trains displayed extraordinary tenacity and courage. These two Division Commanders threw all their columns headlong upon those of Jackson without a thought of the danger and risks such acts incurred. Both were killed in the battle. Philip Kearny had gained a national reputation for his enterprising war far away in Mexico, and it was with unfeigned sorrow and regret that the two armies heard of the sad death of this veteran Hero.

But let's forget it, and go to Phil.'s Wake, and so make him Irishman instead of French De Lancey, Scotch Watts, Dutch Van Cortlandt, English Colden or Nicoll, or what not, or what have you! As de Peyster would make him, to make him a de Peyster!

The *Evening Post* first page, spread over four columns with Jumbo type, headlined:

IN GENERAL KEARNY'S HONOR—MARTIAL POMP FILLS THE BUSY STREETS DOWNTOWN—BODY OF GALLANT SOLDIER WHO FELL AT CHANTILLY IS BORNE FROM TRINITY CHURCH THROUGH WAITING THRONGS TO LIE IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL AND REST AT LAST AT ARLINGTON.

To Arlington?—Lee's place in Virginia?—Why, Lee has just got Phil. off his hands! The date! The *Evening Post,* April 11th, 1912! Let's attend one of Phil.'s three funerals at a time and turn back 50 years to September 8th, 1862, and read the *Evening Post* for that day.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL KEARNY

Bellegrove, the Family residence of the Kearny Family, is one of the most elegant and stately edifices in the State of New Jersey. The grounds are elegantly laid out; and an avenue a quarter of a mile long, and bordered by pine trees and shrubbery, leads to the Mansion.

The noble features of the great soldier wore a natural expression. On the lid of the coffin was the inscription "Major General Philip



"Under orders of General Lee, I delivered Kearny's body at the Federal Lines. It was a sad duty. There was no place for exultation at the death of so gallant a man. And as I accompanied his remains I was conscious of a feeling of deep respect and great admiration for the brave soldier who as General Pope stated, had died as he wished to die and as became his heroic character." General Walter H. Taylor. Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia. Courtesy of Union League Club. Painting by Julian Story, 1884



Kearny, killed on the field of battle, September 1st, 1862, 47 years, 2 months and 30 days."

During the fore-noon thousands of the citizens of Newark wended their way to Bellegrove to take a last look at the mortal remains of the brave Kearny.

Over the lower half of the coffin were thrown the Stars and Stripes upon which rested the Sword and Belt presented Captain Kearny by members of the Union Club of New York for his bravery at the battle of Churubusco on the 20th of August, 1847.

A friend who saw Kearny lying in his coffin so peacefully after the battles remarked that: "His bronzed features, death-silent, seemed to smile defiance even at the last Conqueror!"

At noon the coffin was removed to the hearse, which was drawn by six richly caparisoned horses, under escort of the Guard of Honor. The cortege proceeded to the city of Newark, upon entering which the minute-guns fired, and the bells of the city tolled, while from the public buildings, at half-mast floated the flag.

Down Market street wended the half mile long procession to the Plank Road to Jersey City. Along all the streets of Newark the stores were closed and many houses were draped in mourning; near the toll bridge over the River was a house bearing in large letters the words: "We mourn the loss of the Hero of the Army of the Potomac."

At Jersey City the cortege was met by a detachment of Regulars and a band, and escorted over the Ferry to Kearny's native city. Arriving at the foot of Cortlandt Street the procession passed in front of the 5th and 8th Regiments, New York State Militia, drawn up with the men at present arms. Then counter-marching the cortege moved up to Broadway; thence to Trinity Church.

The procession halted in front of the church amid the peals of the chimes which rang forth Pleynel's hymn. The organ poured out appropriate music as the remains were borne into the church escorted to the chancel by Dr. Ogilby and Dr. Watson—who had heard break from Phil.'s school boy lips "Dulce et Decorum est—to die for one's country"—and by Choristers in white surplices. Dr. Watson read the Lesson. The Funeral Service was conducted by Dr. Ogilby. Then Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was chanted: "Happy and Blessed are they who have endured; aye happy are they; though the body dies the soul shall live forever!" At the conclusion of the services the body was removed to the burying ground and interred in the Kearny Family Vault in the Southwest corner of the yard; the Regulars firing three volleys of musketry over the grave.

Thus closed the last tribute of respect to a brave man who freely offered up his life on the altar of his country.

Now Solemn Music: "DIRGE TO A SOLDIER: PHILIP KEARNY"!

From the field of Chantilly George Boker culled the Purple Leaf of his many-colored paged book of classic stanzas—an elegy called by Holmes the "finest in the English language!" [14] Certainly in solemnity of movement; in exaltation of spirit; in its exact pace to a Soldier's—to Kearny's—martial death-tread, no stanzas in the English language excel it.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER
PHILIP KEARNY

I

Close his eyes, his work is done,
What to him are friend or foeman;
Rise of moon, or set of sun;
Hand of man or kiss of woman!

REFRAIN

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow.
What cares he! He may not know!
Lay Him low, Lay Him low.

II

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor.
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.

REFRAIN

III

Fold him in his country's Stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our Wars!
What but death-begotten folly.

REFRAIN

[14] Stedman said that it was certain to become "eternal" as American battle literature, and wrote to Boker accordingly, saying he wished he had written it. See Boker by Bradley, 1928, for both comments.

IV

Trust him to God's loving eye,
Leave him to the Hand that made him!
Human grief stands idly by,
Only God has power to aid him.

REFRAIN [15]

Shortly after Phil.'s death, Agnes wrote Robert asking him if he would send "Phil.'s sword and horse to Bellegrove." The result was a celebrated correspondence,—and now two letters by General Lee to Mrs. Kearny never before published. Until McClellan received a letter about these things, he had not the slightest idea—of course she had read Phil.'s letters!—that Colonel Ingalls, Quartermaster General, had visited Bellegrove; received Agnes' request and a letter to Lee. He saw to it that the request found Lee's eye—also his ear. McClellan had no part in it! Unexpectedly McClellan gets a letter from Lee:

October 4, 1862
Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia

Major General George B. McClellan,
Commanding Army of the Potomac

General:

I have the honor to enclose a letter to Mrs. Philip Kearny, and at the same time commit to your care the sword, horse and saddle of Major General Kearny which fell into our hands at the time of his death. Mrs. Kearny expressed a great desire to obtain the sword and horse of her husband; and I beg leave to hope that it may be convenient to you to forward them to her.

The horse has accompanied the march of the army since its capture and may have suffered from the journey. The bridle was either lost at the time of the capture or has not been recovered.

I am, most respectfully

Your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee
General Commanding

[15] Pass down the years. Phil. Kearny's great-grandchild goes to school one morning from her home in the former Capital of the Confederacy. A text book of poems, to be memorized in part, is given her;—she has her choice of selecting four. Of the fifty in the book used at a fashionable school in Richmond, she selects "Kearny at Seven Pines," and "The Dirge for a Soldier, Philip Kearny"! She goes back to her mother's house at 1810 Monument Avenue—her mother, Lucy Kearny Hill—and while memorizing the poems, she looks down the street at the massive equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson. She didn't recall Lincoln's words, for the lovely little child, 10 years old, didn't know them: "At that moment, Kearny had the victory in the hollow of his hand." Certainly this beautiful child is between two fires: Phil. and Thomas!

McClellan then writes Lee on October 5th:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst, enclosing a letter to Mrs. Philip Kearny; and at the same time committing to my care the sword, horse and saddle of Major General Kearny to the end that in accordance with the expressed wish of Mrs. Kearny they may be placed in her keeping. The articles have been received and will be forwarded with a letter to Mrs. Kearny at the earliest opportunity.

I beg you to accept my thanks for your courteous and humane attention to the request of the widow of this lamented officer. I shall be happy to reciprocate the courtesy when circumstances shall place it in my power to do so.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN
Major General Commanding [16]

Mrs. Kearny opened this letter and read:

Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia
October 2, 1862

Dear Madam:

In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in sending you the sword, horse and saddle of Major General Philip Kearny.

General Kearny fell in front of the brigade of Colonel E. S. Thomas, apparently in the act of putting in position one of his own Brigades; and these articles have been recovered by Colonel Thomas and compose everything that fell into his hands.

I am, with highest respect,

R. E. LEE

To Mrs. Philip Kearny
Bellegrove, E. Newark, N. J.

In the meantime, Lee had written his Secretary of War:

Headquarters, Army of Northern Va.
Camp near Winchester, Va.
October 4, 1862

Honorable George W. Randolph
Secretary of War,
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

Mrs. Philip Kearny has applied for the sword and horse of Major General Philip Kearny, which were captured at the time that officer

[16] This letter may have "covered" McClellan's proposal to Lee to sweep Lincoln out of power.

was killed near Chantilly. The horse and saddle had been turned over to the Quartermaster of the Army; and the sword to the Chief of Ordnance. I would send them at once as our evidence of the sympathy felt for her bereavement and as a testimony of the appreciation of a gallant soldier; but I have looked upon such articles as public property; and that I had no right to dispose of them except for the benefit of the Service. In this case, however, I should like to depart from this rule provided it is not considered improper by the Department; and I therefore refer the matter for your decision. An early reply is requested. I am

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE

On this letter on *October 8th* 1862 was the following endorsement: "The return of the horse and sword is authorized. G. W. Randolph."

But the movements of the Confederate troops caused Lee to act; and on October 6th, without hearing from Randolph, Lee wrote the Secretary the following letter:

Headquarters, Army of N. V.
October 6, 1862

Honorable George Randolph,
Secretary of War
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

In view of the probability of the movements of the Army which would render it inconvenient to return the horse and equipment and sword of the late General Kearny to his widow, in view of her request as communicated to you in my letter of the 4th inst., I have caused those articles to be sent within the enemy's lines to be forwarded to Mrs. Kearny without waiting for your reply to my letter. Before doing so, I caused the horse and equipment to be appraised by a Board; and the price fixed for them has been paid to the Quartermaster to await your decision upon the question of returning these articles as submitted to you in my letter above referred to.

The sword which was a light one with a leather scabbard suitable for a disabled person, I regarded as constituting part of General Kearny's private property and as such proper to be returned to his family in accordance with the approved usage under the circumstances. Its value will also be paid to the Ordnance Department should you not approve of its return.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE

A mystery circles the scabbard of Kearny's sword. Scabbard, Scabbard, who has the Scabbard;—we are jesting but not so Kearny. To him very serious business! For Kearny's scabbard, as Lee wrote, was for a disabled person; the only one to fit his sword; and *days before his death,* the loss of the scabbard, which he had had made for him in Paris just before he sailed for America, impressed him "as an omen foreboding evil!"

The weight of the metal in his sword had been distributed in such a way that it balanced in the hand so that he could manage both weapon and reins with one arm. When the scabbard was lost or shot away from his side he is reported to have remarked that if it had been picked up and carried into Richmond as a trophy "he would follow it thither as prisoner." If lost and left upon the field of battle "his body in like manner would be found among the dead!"

The scabbard was lost; and his body found among the dead. Coincidence, prophecy realized,—an omen? Anyway, the facts!

Lee writes Mc. and Agnes, sending the sword, horse and saddle, which fell into his hands at the time of Kearny's death. No scabbard fell into "our hands". How did Lee find the scabbard? Plainly, one way: Picked up several days before and turned into the Ordnance Department; and when the sword arrived, sword and scabbard fit,—and Lee writes about them.

But in writing the Secretary of War, Lee remarked that he had the horse and equipment appraised and paid for; but had taken the sword which was "a light one with a leather scabbard suited for a disabled person," which was regarded as constituting part of General Kearny's private property,—and as such property to be returned to his family in accordance with usage. This sword and scabbard were not appraised; not paid for; the horse and equipment only. Randolph approved the return of horse and sword only; no mention of scabbard, equipment or saddle.

Lee gets back his money, paid conditionally, for the horse and equipment leaving him out of pocket for the saddle and equipment $50.00, and in possession of sword and scabbard, horse and saddle. He sends all except the scabbard to Mrs. Kearny. Hence, the mystery of the scabbard!

Everything received was ultimately presented to the State of New Jersey; all are found today but of course no scabbard—for Lee never sent it!

Lee, therefore is in possession of the scabbard, presumably authorized to be returned by Randolph as private property not belonging to the Confederacy; and probably by an oversight not sent to Mrs. Kearny.

Lee's question: "What shall I do with it?" Of all trophies Lee ever possessed, this unique scabbard of his friend the "one armed Hero of the Army of the Potomac," if not his most precious, was surely one of his most singular battle trophies! To open the negotiations to send the scabbard, Nonsense! But still, what became of it?

Lee sent Mrs. Kearny Phil.'s battle-tools. But a strange turn of events drew Lee to Phil.'s Bellegrove—and to Phil.'s widow! Lee's famous letters to "Dearest Markie", his charming and youthful cousin, Martha Custis Williams, years his junior, were recently published—to whom from her babyhood almost, he bore the deepest affection—an undying affection not even interrupted by the Civil War and the opposition of their then positions on its vital questions. Lee later visited Bellegrove, recalled by Mr. Kenny, Speaker of the New Jersey Legislature, one time Town Counsel of Kearny, New Jersey—really the historian of the town—who wrote—and told this author—that he met General Lee on one of his visits—the only one of which he ever heard—after the marriage of Phil.'s widow to Admiral Upshur,[17] then Captain Upshur. For Captain Upshur had married, first the sister of "Markie", and upon his wife's death following the shock attendant upon the execution of her brother Orton Williams as a spy, to whom Lee confided one of the highest trusts in his army, "Markie" took care of Captain Upshur's children and it is said for a time lived at, and certainly often visited Bellegrove.

The fate of the soldiers whom Phil. measured in his letters fulfilled his measurements and faded from the front page of history. Casey was beaten to a frazzle. Porter was beaten at Gaines' Mill; court-martialed, and justly dismissed the Army for his conduct at Bull Run. Franklin for repeating his "strategy" by only peeping in on the field of battle at Fredericksburg, was relieved from further participation in the operations of the Army of the Potomac. Heintzelman went to the Defenses of Washington! McDowell was censured by a Court of Inquiry—as we know—for abandoning the right-of-way to Longstreet at Manassas;—and so with the others—and nobody but Hancock whom his Biographer, Colonel Walker says did not fight his "proportionate" share of the battles of the Peninsula—really was active in no major battle—remained to tell Kearny he was wrong! Of course McClellan was certainly tacitly censured in a Military Court for repeating—and so for not supporting the troops at Harper's Ferry; and was ultimately relieved of command for

[17] For a splendid thumb-nail biography of Admiral Upshur, see: D. A. B. His life was one of public service and social distinction. He commanded the Pacific Fleet and his biographer lays emphasis upon the distinguished position which he held in the Metropolitan Club in Washington. He died in 1917 within three months after the death of Mrs. Upshur.

reasons which Kearny's letters fully illustrate—as do the sayings of every member of Lincoln's cabinet. The men of *character* and military competence whom Phil. loved, Hancock, Sumner, Graham, Sedgwick, Meade, Slocum, etc., reached the roster of historic fame. And the lesser names, Meagher, Berry, Birney, Walker, Jameson, Poe, Hays, and innumerable others, typified in the great Hopkins, fill the records, for those who search below the surface in our National annals.

When news reached the War Office in Richmond that Lee had delivered the sword, horse and saddle of General Kearny to General McClellan, Clerk Jones in Randolph's War Office who opened Lee's letters, made a memorandum in his Diary: General Lee states that in view of certain movements he has in mind, without waiting for our instructions he had delivered the articles to Mrs. Kearny. The movements referred to we shall know of in a few days.—The clerk was disappointed! McClellan never again forced Lee to make any movements, as Lee prophesied in Richmond—see *infra.*

And now for Phil.'s last letters—two the day before he died; preceded by Lee's letter to Mrs. Kearny—initiating the Sword-Saddle-Horse incident—hitherto unpublished; and then letters from Generals Scott, Halleck, Birney, Pope,—and Roberts and Meline of Pope's Staff!

Headquarters Army of No. Va.
September 28th, 1862.

Mrs. Philip Kearny
Madame:

In reply to your note of the 5th inst. which I have just received I can only say that early on the morning of September 2nd, it was reported to me that a general officer killed the night previous had been brought to one of our hospitals, and was believed to be General Kearny.

I dispatched a staff officer to make arrangements for conveying his remains to Headquarters of General Pope.

I inquired particularly if his person had been disturbed and was informed that his uniform did not appear to have been disturbed; but that he was lying under care of a guard in the condition in which he was brought from the field without his side arms and hat.

I heard nothing relative to his horse or sword and supposed that the horse had been killed or escaped and the latter lost in the confusion of battle. I will now make particular inquiry concerning him and if they can possibly be found will take great pleasure in restoring them.

A few papers found in the pocket of his coat were brought to me;

but presuming them to be of a private nature I ordered them to be burned without being read.

Your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee, General Commanding

West Point,
Sept. 7, 1862.

Dear Sir:

I am much grieved that I did not know of the time and place of the funeral of Major General Kearny till the receipt of your note yesterday noon, when it was impossible for me to reach New York in time; or cripple as I am, I should certainly have made every effort to be present to assist in doing honor to the memory of an old Staff officer of mine; and recently a highly distinguished general, the bravest among the brave, whom the whole nation admired on the field of battle while living; and now mourns among the dead. I look upon his fall, in this present crisis, as a national calamity.

Sincerely,
Winfield Scott.

To Edward Kearny

Headquarters of the Army
Washington, Sept. 10, 1862.

My dear Madame:

I deeply sympathize in your loss and that of the whole country. I knew your husband for many years; a braver man never lived. His loss to our army cannot be repaired.

Halleck, General-in-Chief

Seminary
September 11, 1862

Dear Madame:

During the battle of Chantilly my Brigade was actively engaged.

I notice that General Stevens' Division had cowardly retreated leaving a gap of one-half a mile on my right. I asked General Kearny for Berry's Brigade to fill it. He stated that he had ordered the colonel commanding to report to me; and was indignant at the delay. But he said it was impossible that Reno was such a fool as to permit such a gap; and that I must be mistaken; that there certainly were troops there of ours; I answered General Kearny that there were not.

At this time it was raining and the smoke from the battery being low, I galloped down to send in a regiment to my left. Kearny accompanied me; and as we leaped a ditch his horse shied; and he remarked: "how disagreeable to have a horse behave that way in battle"! He then galloped to the right. I saw no more of him.

I returned to the battle expecting to find him; but he had not been seen. I presumed he was a prisoner; but I had the entire battlefield searched for him during the night. He had galloped through our lines, and into the enemy, who called on him to surrender; but bending low on his horse, and spurring him, attempted to escape.

Signed
Birney

St. Paul, Wisconsin
Oct. 20, 1862.

Dear Mrs. Kearny:

Your gallant husband was full of chivalry and of zeal in the cause of his country. He died as he would have wished and as became his heroic character. It will be the most gratifying remembrance of my life that I had the opportunity to know and appreciate him; and that on the last day of his distinguished life I had the assurance from his own lips of his regard and confidence.

Respectfully,
John Pope

This letter should be read into the Record of Phil.'s attack on Jackson on the 29th. Pope's aide "knew" Phil. "saved the army on the verge of destruction":

Headquarters of the Army of the N.W.
October 2, 1862.

Dear Madame:

It was my purpose to have written you from the front, to express my grief to you at the loss of your husband.

His loss was a public calamity. I regarded him as being by far the most brilliant of all our generals in the field. It was your husband that turned the day on Friday and saved the Army on the verge of destruction. The Country knows this, and of his military merit as a general without fault; as an officer of spotless and irreproachable honor and as a gentleman. B. S. Roberts, aide to the commanding officer: General Pope.

This letter, too, is part of the Record on the 29th:—now first published:—as are all of these letters.

Headq. Dept. of the North West
St. Paul, Nov. 17th, 1862

Dear Madam: (Mrs. Philip Kearny)

At the close of the four days' battle at Manassas and Chantilly I wrote to my wife: "it was on the certainty of General Franklin's

joining him that Pope went into action. They could have been up Wednesday or Thursday or Friday or even as late as 6 P.M. on Saturday, and this would have given us a magnificent victory.

And then poor Kearny's death! The grand noble fellow. I shall congratulate myself to my dying day as having fought with such a hero. I saw him in the fight on Friday and Saturday. He was glorious! I have since spoken of the sympathetic electric effect of his bearing and presence which all who approached him felt.

Signed T. F. Meline
Major and A. V. D.
Staff of General Pope

Then Phil.'s last two letters written on his knee, while his little Bugler steadied the sheet and who mailed them in Alexandria,—and which was received the day after Phil.'s death. Kearny's justification of Pope, after the lapse of three quarters of a century, is glorious!

Centerville
August 31, 1862

Dearest Love:

I wrote you yesterday morning. Since then there has been a sort of Bull Run episode. It is dangerous work to fight in this army; you have to fight ten times your share; and to expose yourself to prevent the demoralizing effect of almost cowardice in others. Hooker's Division is almost the only exception. This army ran like sheep; all but General Reno and General Gibbon. As for myself I was abandoned shamefully. My only salvation depended on holding a certain hill and house in the rear adjoining me. In the darkness of twilight the enemy came and fired a few trifling shots and Stevens' people ran; we alongside never dreaming of it.

I had a staff officer taken prisoner and I was only a few yards behind him. It was perfectly ridiculous; but he was so unsuspicious that I could not help him as scouts were stealing in all around me; he was so surprised; it was very funny. I will tell you some other time.[18]

My regiments behaved like perfect loves—so beautifully steady. I stayed for more than three hours after all the Americans but Reno and Stevens had left; and Reno was as much to the left as I was to the right behaving very handsomely. My friend, Towers, was wounded. This disaster is not Pope's fault but rather in the other generals in places they are not fit for.

It is tiresome to have one's victory ignored; as at Sangsters Sta-

[18] This incident is given in detail in the text. The officer was Lieutenant Briscoe.

tion and Williamsburg and in the New Market Road and to be ignored, though fighting hard and successfully; and exposing myself, as my nature unfortunately is, in other people's defeats.

Yesterday would have been ridiculous, if not so sad for our cause. Our men would not fight one bit; it was amusing to watch them. I foresaw it all three hours before it took place. But I am sorry for our cause.

Kisses for the children; love

Phil.

August 31, 1862

Dearest Love:

Yesterday I held my position. Again I am a little disgusted at having to fight for other people. In the night about 2 in the morning I had two pieces of cold chicken and a bottle of Claret; and all because my man James had run away.

Phil.

CHAPTER XVII

"POLITICS,—NOT WAR"? "COWARD OR TRAITOR"? KEARNY

PREFACING Kearny's letters on the Peninsula, we have had Professor Myers, McClellan's great biographer, tell a short story of McClellan's political conduct, and of McClellan's "treason" as interpreted by McClellan's great personal friend, W. F. Smith. Now from the mouths of Lincoln and his Cabinet—each member of it—we draw the material not—for whatever reason—built into the structure of McClellan's character by Professor Myers, to fill in the story, first of Political Trickster, then "Traitor"; and so edit Kearny and Kearny's letters.

Doctor Myers brings forth upon the bed of his desk in his professorial study at Princeton University, the man-child of his Biography: "the Real McClellan"; the McClellan not of McClellan's "Own Story", but McClellan "Himself", alike Soldier and Presidential Candidate; and has written, wittingly of course, McClellan's "Dooms-Day Book." And the intriguing part about Myers' story is the very thing that intrigues in Boswell's Life of Johnson who lets Johnson speak for himself. McClellan like Balaam's Ass dooms himself out of his own bray in his dispatches and letters.

Opening our biography again on the day of the Battle of Gaines' Mill, let's read alongside of Kearny's letters and Kearny's conduct on that day Myers's "editorial comment":

"McClellan on June 28, 1862 at 12:30 A.M. sent Secretary Stanton a telegram that was the first of a series of fatal mistakes. He said that he lost the desperate struggle of the 27th because his forces were too small; McClellan writing: 'I feel too earnestly tonight. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel other than that the Government has not sustained the Army. If you do not do so the game is lost. If I save the Army now, I tell you plainly, I owe no thanks to you or any other person in Washington'. It is probable that no other general could have retained his command twenty-four hours but the mental perturbation which pierced through the incoherence of this message filled the President with such dismay that its monstrous insolence was wholly overlooked."[1]

[1] It was said that McClellan committed "Posthumous Hari-Kari" in his "Own Story"! Gurowski records in His Diary:

Mr. Lincoln almost daily comes into McClellan's Library and sits there unnoted. Several times McClellan let the President wait with other common individuals.

After Malvern Hill and before his departure from the Peninsula, McClellan wrote a letter to the President, of which the following is an excerpt: "A system of constitutional limitations would receive the support of almost all truly loyal men and women. . . . The military forces should not be dispersed but collected into masses and brought to bear upon the Confederate States"—of which we read the balance at Harrison's Landing.

Professor Myers observes "the Abolitionists looked upon this letter as part of a deep-laid plot of McClellan and his friends to go before the people of the country as the rival of Lincoln; and the enemies of McClellan regarded it as a proclamation of political principles and a platform for the Presidential nomination."

Lincoln showed this letter—according to Dr. Myers—to his friends, and its contents were freely discussed, and soon a selected public knew of McClellan's political ambition. The circumstances under which Lincoln received the letter were interesting. When Lincoln visited Harrison's Landing after the Great Retreat, McClellan met him on the President's "yacht." Lincoln read it when McClellan personally handed it to him; made no comment, but this: "All right"; then folded it up and placed it in his pocket!

So much, for the time being, of McClellan playing the role not of Soldier but of Politician. But now we are in a position to know the thoughts that were passing through the minds—had reached the final, "infallible" judgment—of the men who guarded the destinies of the nation; the men responsible for the selection of the soldiers to fight its wars; and the men whose communications were "secret-served" and perfect from every little rivulet and mighty stream of information flowing alike from the battlefront and from every heart and hearthstone in every hamlet and city, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada to Mexico. And the singular good fortune is ours of a later day—Kearny had to rely on intuition principally; the man of the world, knowing the world, his business—to be able to read the thoughts of these responsible men, into the ocean of whose thought poured all the streams of information upon which the soundest minds available to Lincoln passed their judgments.

These men were Chase, Governor of Ohio; Secretary of the Treasury, Chief Justice of the United States-to-be by Lincoln's appointment. Stanton, Secretary of War; a Justice of the Supreme Court, dying before he took his seat. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; a man of the purest character; slander unknown to him; cautious in statement; and rightly the confidant of Mr. Lincoln and all his associates. Bates, Attorney General; Presidential candidate; able and rich lawyer; dreamer and idealist; a great friend

of the poet, Stedman, who saw him daily, and wrote beautifully of his "gentle-manly" qualities. Smith, able politician, square as they make them. Blair,—enemy of Fremont,—of a famous Missouri family, swaying Missouri politics for years. The distinguished Seward, long a national name; Secretary of State; Governor of New York, winning the Presidential nomination at the Republican Convention over Lincoln during the first several ballots. The *Tribune* had an "extra" declaring him nominated;—and then Lincoln. And the source from which the opinions of these witnesses reach our page is the Diary of Gideon Welles, who daily made his entries—or if not daily, while the events were still verbatim in his memory—and generally conceded to be an exact image of the political scene. And first for one of the last entries we shall use in Welles's Diary:

October 15, 1862.—A letter has been shown about and is today published purporting to be from General Kearny who fell at Chantilly. The letter is addressed to O. S. Halstead of New Jersey. It expresses his views and shows his feelings towards McClellan, whom he says, "positively has no talents". How many officers have written similar private letters is unknown. "We have no generals," says this letter of Kearny's.

The letter referred to by Secretary Welles was published—as we know—throughout the country on or about October 15th, 1862.

"Harrison's Landing, August 4th, 1862. Dear Pet: I thank you for your kind long letter.

"We have no generals. McClellan is the failure I have ever proclaimed him to be. He will only get us into more follies; more waste of blood; fighting by driblets. He has lost the confidence of all. Nor has he a single officer around him capable of bettering us.

"But if the infatuate North are weak enough to let this crisis be managed by small men of small motives, I am not willing to be their puppet. As for McClellan, he is burnt out! Never once on a battle field; you have nothing to hope from him as a leader of a column. How do they expect Pope to beat, with a very inferior force, the veterans of Ewell and Jackson?

"McClellan is dangerous, from the want of digesting his plans. Get me and my 'Fighting Division' with Pope. With best regards, Kearny."

So much for Kearny's voice while living—pouring out its golden judgments—now proven—into the privileged ears of Cortlandt and Agnes and of "Pet" Halstead Parker's friend, and Kearny's neighbor at Bellegrove, who was Kearny's secular advocate with the President, whom "Pet" saw with tears of sorrow in his eyes bemoaning, "Mr.

Kerney's" death, "his General's" death, which had robbed him of a successor to McClellan and Pope. A voice now crying from the tomb to the people for whom Lincoln was to tell Phil.'s spirit at Gettysburg, he had given the last full measure of devotion!—crying now no longer in the Wilderness as at Malvern Hill, but heard wherever men read newspapers, to drive out McClellan and his fleeing hirelings whose own the sheep were not—not as cowards but "military imbeciles," and so to save the nation! Old stuff to us, who have read Kearny's letters! But Kearny's words were music to the ears of Stanton, Chase, Halleck, Bates and Lincoln—and brought out from the strings of the lesser instruments responsive chords—and at length swelled into a mighty chorus of public opinion, and within three weeks, despite McClellan's quasi-victory at Antietam, Lincoln —now backed by the voice of a National hero—relieved him from command; and McClellan soon came forth fully clothed in the habit of his real Peninsula Person: Presidential Candidate against his Commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln! And now for the voices of Lincoln and his Cabinet promised to be produced at Williamsburg.

WELLES' DIARY

August 31st.—Yesterday, Saturday P.M., the 30th, Chase called on me with a protest addressed to the President, signed by himself, against continuing McClellan in command and demanding his immediate dismissal. Certain grave offenses were enumerated. Chase said Stanton had seen and approved and would sign in turn. I told him I preferred a different course; but if asked by the President I was prepared to expose my opinion which, as he knew, had long been averse to McClellan's dilatory course, and it was much aggravated by what I had recently heard from the War Department; that I did not choose to denounce McClellan for incapacity or to *pronounce him a traitor as declared in this paper;* but would say that I believed his removal from command was demanded by public sentiment; and the best interests of the country.

Chase said that was not sufficient; that the time had arrived when either the Government or McClellan must go down. He then proceeded to expose certain acts, some of which I had previously known and others new and more startling, of which I was ignorant. There might be, therefore, propriety in their stating *what they knew.* I told Chase I could not sign though I wished McClellan removed after what I had heard; and should have no hesitancy in saying so at the proper place and time and in what I considered the right way.

August 31st.—Stanton said McClellan delayed in carrying out his orders to support Pope for thirteen days and never did comply until

General Burnside had been sent to supersede him if he did not move. Since his arrival at Alexandria there had been only delay and embarrassment by General McClellan. General Halleck personally commanded General Franklin to support Pope at Manassas. Franklin got as far as Annandale when he was stopped by McClellan against orders from Headquarters!

For twenty-four hours that large force remained stationary, hearing the whole time the guns of the battle that was raging at the front. In consequence of that delay by Commander McClellan against specific instructions, he apprehended our army would be compelled to fall back. Stanton said after Smith left that Pope had telegraphed to McClellan for supplies and the latter informed Pope that they were in Alexandria, and if Pope would lend him a cavalry escort he could have them! A general fighting in the field of battle to send to a general in the rear and in repose an escort!

Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, repeated to me this last fact and *reaffirmed the others.* We heard this Sunday morning that our army had fallen back to Centreville. The rebels were largely reinforced while our troops detained at Annandale by McClellan's order, did not arrive to support our weakened and exhausted men. McClellan telegraphed from the rear, "Pope is badly cut up". It is sad to feel the crimes of some men; perhaps the crimes of some men who have been trusted. We need better generals; but we could have no better army. There is great want of capacity and will among our military leaders; much latent disloyalty in Washington.[2]

September 1st.—Chase called in today with a more carefully prepared and less exceptionable address to the President, stating the signers did not deem it *safe that* McClellan *should be entrusted with the army,* and that if required the signers would give their reasons against continuing him in command. The paper was in the hand of the Attorney General, Bates, and was signed by Stanton, Bates, Chase and Smith. Stanton and Chase are determined to destroy McClellan, *and Seward and Stanton* act *in concert.*

September 1st.—Chase said he deliberately believed that McClellan ought to be shot, and should write the President that he thought McClellan had shaken confidence in his reliability and efficiency; for he was not deficient in sagacity and intelligence. I did not at *an earlier date think* as Chase now says he does, and as I hear others do think, that McClellan is an imbecile, a coward and a traitor. I thought he was not a fighting man; but some statements by Stanton, and *some recent acts,* indicate failings and delinquencies of a far

[2] A minister in one of the fashionable churches refused to pray for the success of McClellan's army!

more serious character. The country is greatly incensed against McClellan but he has the confidence of the army, I hear.

September 2d.—At Cabinet meeting the general feeling is that Pope is a failure here; and there is a belief on all hands that he has not been seconded and sustained as he should have been by McClellan, Franklin and Porter, perhaps some others. Some who were dissatisfied with McClellan's inaction felt that there was nothing to do but acquiesce. Yet these earnestly and emphatically stated that his *continuance in command would be a national calamity.*

September 2d.—McClellan would never have struck a blow at Richmond.

September 3d.—I sometimes fear McClellan's heart is not earnest in the cause. It flatters him to have on his Staff the French Princes and men of wealth and position. The study of military operations amuses him; he likes show and parade and power. Wishes to outgeneral the rebels, not kill or destroy them.

I cannot relieve my mind of the belief that to him in a great degree, and to his example and influence and conduct, are to be attributed some portion of our late reverses, more than to any other person on *either side.* His reluctance to move, his inactivity, his detention of Franklin, his refusal to send forward supplies until we would send a cavalry escort from the battlefield, and the tone of his dispatches, all show a moody state of feeling.

September 5th.—Pope declares all his misfortunes are owing to persistent determination of McClellan, Franklin and Porter who were aided by Ricketts, Griffin and some others, who were predetermined he should not be successful. They preferred, he said, that the country should be ruined rather than that he should be successful.

September 7th.—In a brief conversation with the President as we were walking together on Friday, the President said with great emphasis: "There has been a design, a purpose of breaking down Pope without regard of consequences to the country. It is shocking to see and know this, but there is no remedy at present. McClellan has the army with him." My convictions are with the President that McClellan and his generals are stronger than the Administration with a considerable portion of the Army of the Potomac. It is not so everywhere with the soldiers, or in the country, where McClellan has lost favor. The President spoke favorably of Pope.

Interrupting the Diary for a moment, challenged by the President's statement as well as by Pope's statement—and recalling Kearny's judgment in regard to Porter's supporting Pope—let's let Secretary Chase speak through his Diary on June 27th: "President profoundly concerned; determined to take some definite steps as to military action. General Pope said he regarded it as necessary for the safety

and success of his operations that there should be a change in the command of the Army of the Potomac. He believed that General McClellan's incompetency, and indisposition to active movement, was so great, that if in Pope's operations he should need assistance, he could not expect it of McClellan. He had urged upon the President the need of superseding McClellan." Now to return to Secretary Welles:

September 7th.—To have placed any other general than McClellan or one of his circle in command would be to risk disaster. It is painful to entertain the idea that the country is in the hands of such men. I hope I mistake them.

September 8th.—The President called on me. He expressed himself in decided terms concerning the mismanagement of the army, "We had the enemy in the hollow of our hand on Friday, if our generals who are vexed with Pope had done their duty. All our present difficulties and reverses have been brought upon us by the quarrels of our generals."

In a conversation with Chase he said my failure to sign the protest was productive of good. If I had done it McClellan would have been disposed of; but it might have been hazardous in view of conditions in the army to have dismissed him.

September 10th.—Secretary Watson tells me of a conspiracy on foot among certain generals for a revolution and the establishment of a provisional government.[3] He obtained information from one of McClellan's staff. Watson is sure. Secretary Smith said he had heard of this movement. McClellan certainly committed an error if not a crime of remaining supine while a great battle was going on in front; and he imparted his own disappointed feeling to his subordinates.

September 11th.—Lincoln said that when McClellan went up the Peninsula there was not a single reason why he should have been detained a single day at Yorktown; but he waited and gave the enemy time to gather his forces and strengthen his position.

[3] The notorious Vallandigham, tried for treason and driven from the country for planning to organize an independent republic out of the Northwestern States, ultimately to be joined to the South, organized a treasonable Society to effect it, called in the East "Minute Men," who advocated McClellan's Presidential election. Vallandigham proposed the plank adopted by the Democratic Party on which McClellan stood, declaring the war a failure and advocating accommodations with the South. He then seconded McClellan's nomination for the Presidency. McClellan accepted, but faced both ways in a letter of acceptance! One of the most famous cartoons of political literature represents him in a circus ring with feet placed on two horses each violently pulling in opposite directions. A "leading historian" justifies him as being for the war because while his *first* draft—of letter—stood on the platform, his *final* draft blew him off it! Imagine trusting such a Union Soldier!

So much for the testimony of Lincoln and his Cabinet through Secretary Welles; now let Chase speak, whose voice on June 27th we have already heard.

July 22d.—A letter from Colonel Key in which he stated that he had reason to believe that if General McClellan found he could not otherwise sustain himself in Virginia, he would declare the slaves free; and that the President would not dare to interfere with the order. I showed the President this and urged upon him an immediate change in the command of the army.[4]

August 29th.—The Secretary of War called on me in reference to McClellan. He has long believed and so have I that McClellan ought not to be entrusted with the command of any army of the Union, and the events of the last few days have greatly strengthened our judgment.

August 30th.—Judge Bates called and he concurred in our judgment. Afterwards I went to the War Department where Watson showed me a paper expressing it.

August 31st.—Fitz-John Porter not in the battle, nor Franklin nor Sumner, with whose corps the battle would have been very different.

September 2d.—Blair thought that McClellan could not be safely trusted with the chief command. Giving command to McClellan, he said, was equivalent to giving Washington to the rebels. His omission to send troops forward to the battle of Friday and Saturday evinced a spirit which rendered him unworthy of trust. Other members concurred.

September 5th.—The President stated that Porter, Franklin and Griffin would be relieved of command and brought before a Court of Inquiry. The President said the clamor against McDowell was so great that he could not lead his troops unless something was done to restore confidence.[5]

September 11th.—Two weeks since Hooker drove Ewell at Bristoe Station and what weeks! Pope defeated at Bull Run because the Administration persisted in keeping McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac after full warning that under his lead and influence that army would not cooperate effectually with Pope.

September 25th.—Hooker said it was not true that the army was attached to McClellan save two corps; that other officers, he himself certainly, thought him not fit to lead a great army.

September 27th.—Hooker unequivocal in condemnation of McClellan.

The Attorney General with his characteristic humor, with his

[4] Colonel Key of the interview-to-be with General Howell Cobb.

[5] "Ebullitions," "jealousy," nonsense; sound military judgment.

penetrating sense, and with his power of analysis unequalled at the Bar of his day, covers the field in his Journal in this way:

March 13th, 1862.—Several days ago McClellan took the field with a mighty host, resolved to play the mischief with the great rebel army at Manassas. He advanced cautiously with "failing steps and slow"; all was silent and desolate with here and there the smoldering ashes of burnt haystacks and corn-cribs. In short, the enemy was gone bag and baggage, guns and all! The adverse general behaved foolishly. He did not send his card to General McClellan, P. P. C. to take leave which was the social custom. It was very unusual to treat our General so. If he had not relied upon the courtesy of the enemy to give him fair notice to quit, he certainly with two hundred thousand men at his back would have taken some steps to find out the plan and purpose of the enemy. But it seems our General went with his finger in his mouth on a fool's errand and that he had won a fool's reward.

For no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled "Ball" with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his house,
Before he knew she was with child.

So much for the judgment, undoubtedly correctly reported, of Lincoln and his entire cabinet. Certainly all, except *possibly* Welles, —possibly,—doubted McClellan's loyalty, and certainly four, if not all except Welles, concurred in Kearny's judgment that McClellan was Traitor; and all concurring with Kearny held him "a military imbecile" and that the army was ruled "by small men with small motives" and the universal judgment was that McClellan should be immediately deposed from command as unfit to command a Union Army. As for the failure to support Pope, the testimony is convincing.

The *Illustrated News* and many other former friends began to smell a rat—in fact a lot of them!

ILLUSTRATED NEWS

There is no longer any secret made of the fact that McClellan lost us the Peninsula campaign. His dread of the Foe, or his criminal fear that somebody would be hurt, led him to arm his soldiers with Pick and Spade to the neglect of Bayonet and Rifle. But the people and the army had adopted him as a pet and had no eyes for his blunders; no ears for those who tried to demonstrate his unfitness.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

It is a profound pity for the cause of the country that General McClellan is the favorite general of all those whose loyalty is lagging and who secretly wish the success of the Confederacy. Mr. Fernando Wood and the newspapers which strenuously labor to defeat the restoration of the Union are all the most vehement partisans of McClellan. Two of these newspapers have lately published under the form of letters from the camp insinuations that the army would not submit to the removal of McClellan.—And so with other organs of national opinion.

Then, too, McClellan's failure to support Pope was paralleled in principle in the pathetic incident of Colonel Miles—much then gossipped about—who was mortally wounded and carried off the field at the surrender of Harper's Ferry, October 4th, 1862. Veering public opinion found another illustration of McClellan's failure to support Pope—in fact, a Court of Inquiry undoubtedly tacitly censured McClellan.

A specific instance originating with Kearny's Brigade found its way into General Kearny's letters of McClellan's treasonable communications with the enemy. In 1864 when McClellan was candidate for the Presidency, denouncing the war as failure, Colonel Simpson of Kearny's New Jersey Brigade—then one of America's noted engineers—in response to the invitation of the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial,* enlarged on General Kearny's account which Colonel Simpson had contemporaneously reported to General Kearny and had formed the basis of General Kearny's narrative. A summary of Colonel Simpson's very detailed, very authoritative account —suppressed at the time—is revealed in a letter to Mr. Conkling, the Cincinnati editor:

COL. SIMPSON'S AND GENERAL KEARNY'S CHARGES

The First New Jersey Brigade, General Kearny's former command, during the middle of June 1862, was encamped about Mechanicsville to guard the right flank of the Federal army before Richmond. The Mechanicsville bridge was between Beaver Dam Creek and Meadow Bridge where the first battle of the Seven Days Battles occurred, and was about central between these two extremes.

On the day in question, the 15th day of June, Colonel Simpson was general field officer of the day and was told that a flag of truce was awaiting his presence at the Mechanicsville bridge to obtain the necessary permission to pass the Federal lines. Colonel Simpson

upon reaching the Mechanicsville bridge found a white flag flying, but to his astonishment, not on the south or Confederate, but on the north or our side of the Chickahominy and with it a small body of United States Dragoons. Colonel Simpson was very much surprised to find from an inquiry of a dragoon that a rebel general was in a nearby shanty within his lines, which had always been used as his picket headquarters. Feeling indignant that a parley should be held at such a place whence the enemy—unless blindfolded as was usual—could immediately look down upon our entrenchments—"as effectually as a spy could accomplish the same object"—which we had thrown up there a few nights before, Colonel Simpson immediately approached and entered.

He saw two officers, one of them dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the Federal army, the other in a suit of gray, frock coat and trousers, the uniform of a rebel officer. "I immediately introduced myself to the officer, apparently a Federal, as Colonel Simpson of Kearny's old brigade, remarking that I was in charge of the pickets. The Federal officer introduced himself as Colonel Key of General McClellan's staff, 'I am here holding a conversation with General Cobb', said he, 'to whom permit me to introduce you.' Though not recognizing the rebel officer at first on account of the great length and color of his beard—it was of a brown color as if burned by the sun—I at once did so as soon as his name was pronounced; and on Colonel Key's saying 'Colonel Simpson, General Cobb', we shook hands and I added, 'Formerly Secretary of the Treasury of the United States?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I once held that position.'"

Colonel Key then notifying Colonel Simpson that the interview was on the subject of exchange of prisoners, the two separated, believing that Colonel Key had sufficient credentials to hold his parley. Perhaps an hour elapsed when both Key and Cobb came out of the shanty together, and went to the Mechanicsville bridge, bidding each other adieu at this point; General Cobb walking over a plank across a broken span of the bridge to join the Confederates on the other side. Colonel Simpson then joined Key, "suspicious of the whole thing," and they rode together towards Mechanicsville.

"For a while" wrote Simpson, "Colonel Key seemed to be in quite a study, and then remarked coolly and deliberately as if just having become awakened to the fact, 'Those leaders on the other side talk as if they would fight'. 'Why, who ever doubted it,' I replied. 'Do you think,' continued he, 'that they reflect the opinion of the great mass of the people south?' 'Whether they do or not,' rejoined I, 'there is one thing certain, the masses cannot be reached until you've killed the leaders.' 'But,' continued he, 'do you think it would be better to raise the masses to their legitimate authority and

sink these fellows?' 'Yes,' I remarked, 'if you could do it. But how are you going to do it without war?' "

"This conversation on the part of Colonel Key, General McClellan's trusted aide, as he must have been to be singled out to hold a parley with the wily politician, Howell Cobb, I thought very remarkable, considering that the rebels had already resisted our army at Yorktown, Williamsburg and Fair Oaks." [6]

Colonel Key informed Colonel Simpson that it was originally intended to hold the interview at Doctor Garnett's house within the enemy's lines, but that they had objected. "Yes," I replied, "they object to our holding conversations with them within their lines while we permit Mrs. Lee and family to go all through ours and another lady also, and now," I added, "we allow General Howell Cobb to come and hold a conversation within our lines."

The next day Colonel Simpson made his customary written report as field officer of Kearny's brigade, which passed through General Slocum to General McClellan, "with strong reprobatory endorsement". In his report Colonel Simpson stated that he regretted that "the conference took place within our lines which would not have taken place had I been consulted about it." [7]

Then Colonel Simpson tells Editor Conkling of the Cincinnati paper: "As it is, Mrs. General Lee and family and another lady at another time going over the Meadow Bridge, and General Cobb over the Mechanicsville Bridge, our defenses, of course—well known to General McClellan—at both points had been exposed; and considering that we were at the right flank of our lines, and at best not very strongly fortified, the circumstances, to say the least, were unfortunate; and is emphasized by the fact that it was by the Meadow Bridge that General A. P. Hill, and by the Mechanicsville Bridge that General Longstreet of the rebel army *eleven days after* the occurrences above mentioned, crossed the Chickahominy on the 26th day of June, *and commenced the series of battles in which the Army of the Potomac was driven to Harrison's Landing.*" And then Colonel Simpson refers to his communication with the Cincinnati editor:

It is with great reluctance that I give Mr. Conkling on your solicitation this account. I will add, however, that it was on the day following *Mrs. Lee's passing unblindfolded through our lines after a sojourn of a month within our lines at the White House, that General*

[6] Who may doubt that McClellan through Colonel Key was sounding out one of the South's wiliest politicians—who with his brother "Tom", was called by Lee his closest and ablest volunteer adjutants—on McClellan's policy of Conciliation set forth in his Presidential letter of acceptance addressed to Wood on the Peninsula.

[7] McClellan must have felt that Kearny indorsed his Brigade Officer's judgment,—of course he did.

Stuart made his raid along the same road which Mrs. Lee had used.[8]

A postscript very illuminating now edits Colonel Simpson's and General Kearny's letters, through an entry in Gurowski's Journal—we have already read Key's name in Chase's Diary—"Colonel Key's disclosure concerning McClellan's program not to destroy the rebels and the Rebellion until the next presidential election, are interesting." [9]

Now comes the final stab at Lincoln. McClellan proposes to Lee that the Armies of the United and the Confederate States of America should jointly march on Washington, sweep Lincoln from power—and the Republican Party—and set up a revolutionary government! Lincoln's judgment—and Kearny's—was indeed prophetic!

Lee's propagandaed opinion of McClellan as par excellence the ideal ablest soldier in the North was exploited by the South's sympathizers in the North to keep a known incompetent, and in the South's universal judgment, proven Disloyalist in command of the Northern Armies; while southern opinion illustrated in the newspapers—and all the foreign correspondents in their uncensored dispatches—filled their columns with the truth supporting Kearny's and Gurowski's known opinions.[10] The *Picayune,* the Baltimore *Daily Sun,* the *Daily South Carolinian,* the Charleston *Mercury,* the Charleston *Courier* and the *Courier des Etats Unis* and the London *Times* and London *Index* support the opinions found in the following editorial column of the *Daily Dispatch* of Richmond, the quasi-official voice of Jefferson Davis:

THE DAILY DISPATCH—RICHMOND

May 7th: Editorial: Of all the slow coaches that ever had to do with the command of men, McClellan is the slowest! He has had the enemy in sight for nine months and never fought a battle. From Washington to Richmond by way of York is a journey of 24 hours with the aid of steam. He has been six weeks on the Peninsula and

[8] The real data supplied was doubtless about McClellan's southern sympathies.

[9] It is a most significant fact that this interview, of all the interviews on the Peninsula, apparently was the only one to reach the southern newspapers; and its tenor seemed to arouse the most serious interest of the editors. On July 5th, the Dispatch read: "A flag of truce was sent to the rebel camp on Tuesday to hold a conference with General Howell Cobb, on the subject of the exchange of prisoners. Colonel Key of McClellan's staff was the officer entrusted with the mission. Cobb never intended to argue the whole question of Secession, but found Colonel Key quite as ready to discuss the political as the military situation." Of course Key was McClellan's *alter ego.*

[10] "Always the same lies, *stories and humbugs* concerning the hundreds of thousands of rebels at Manassas. These lies are spread here at Washington by the *Southerners and by the Herald and Times;* and McClellan seems willing to swallow *the lies as they justify his inaction.*" Gurowski.

not fought a battle. He has been digging ever since! Napoleon kept his plans secret. Little Napoleon blabs them out to Bennett,[11] and Bennett to the rest of the world. We feel obliged to Bennett for this sketch of his leader's intention. Bennett has been kind enough to give us notice of our dangers.

May 21st, The New York correspondent of the London—England, —*Herald* writes on that date as quoted in the Despatch: "What I saw long ago about the incompetency of General McClellan is rapidly forcing itself into a great truth. The public in this city and in the North think he is traitor and that he will act the part enacted by Benedict Arnold. Others think he will not prove traitor but only fool; and that he will merely be whipped badly and then retire from the public service. He will probably be whipped in the Peninsula. It seems the greatest crime that with an army of 250,000 men he should have permitted 60,000 to leave the Potomac. His sympathies are with the Confederates, and while this lasts we shall get no serious victories. An able Commander would have ended the war months ago. It looks as if we have got to fight it all over with other commanders."

June 7th: We could not reconcile, with our notions of an honorable man, a compact to retain his salary as President of a Railroad while commanding the Army of the Yankees. We thought it a little inconsistent that McClellan should be declaring in private that he would much rather lead an army against Massachusetts than the South.

June 9th: In the early part of the War General McClellan wrote a distinguished officer in the South expressing a desire to serve in the Confederacy.

The Richmond *Whig,* June 10th. Editorial: MILITARY ADVENTURER. Then follows: In the early part of the war, General McClellan wrote to a distinguished officer in the South expressing his desire to serve in the Confederacy. If he dare deny the fact it can be demonstrated by such evidence as will close his lips in eternal silence. When at West Point he affected to fraternize with those exclusively from the South and had little sympathy with those from other states; but the bribe offered him by Lincoln was too much. After the battle of Rich Mountain, McClellan told Confederate prisoners that he would much rather be leading an Army against Massachusetts than Virginia. This can be proved by undeniable authority.

After the disastrous battles of the Retreat which resulted in Lincoln's call for 300,000 volunteers, the *Daily Dispatch* on August 7th and 8th comments: "McClellan continues inactive. All enthusiasm for

[11] New York *Herald.*

enlistment gone."! Then just at the time when McClellan's conduct was reacting favorably toward a Democratic "Peace-victory" in the coming elections, and his failures were checking enlistment, the Dispatch, September 23rd announced: "The New York Herald has discovered a conspiracy to depose Lincoln and put Fremont at the head of affairs. The Herald would be the first to act with a kick into obscurity." Thus the snakes of Watson's "revolutionary" movement hidden in Stanton's, Chase's, and Welles'—etc.—tongues—and recorded in Welles' Diary—now dare to rear their traitorous heads above the political grass, and come out into the open. McClellan's betrayal of the North was now openly propagandaed in the uncensored foreign press.[12]

Le Moniteur Universel, September 27th in a New York dispatch, dated September 13th declares that it believes "that the object of the Confederates is not to insure their independence but to renverser,—overthrow,—the Administration of Lincoln and to s'emparer du pouvoir supreme,"—to seize supreme power.

On the 29th the Moniteur stated that "It is asserted that if Congress has a majority of Democrats in the November election Lincoln will modify his opinions."

Such the background: such the stage setting, when the Battle of Antietam—McClellan's first possible claim to victory in command of the Army of the Potomac—is lauded as victory throughout the Democratic pro-Southern press. McClellan suddenly determines to use his "claimed" hold over the army—which compelled Lincoln to continue him in command to prevent a coup d'armée as chronicled in Welles' Diary!

Shortly after the Battle of Antietam, Lee calls Longstreet to his Headquarters and hands Longstreet a letter. "This is from McClellan"—as he hands the document to Longstreet. Longstreet reads it; Lee gives him a copy and requests him to take it to his tent and after careful consideration give Lee his opinion. Longstreet returns and tells Lee "that there is no other construction save one; that McClellan wants to end the war here and now."—General Lee immediately concurred: "That idea occurs to me also. But I am not the one to whom such a message must be sent".

Longstreet took his copy to his own Headquarters and showed it to General Cobb—Tom, brother of Howell of the Key-Cobb interview on the Peninsula.

Longstreet said no word as to the construction already placed on it.

[12] A strong moral and semi-official censorship existed in the North,—a real censorship in McClellan's Camp. The foreign correspondents tell a true story. Fulton, Associated Press and Baltimore *American* soon after reporting to Lincoln at the White House—at Lincoln's request—about the great retreat let leak out an item displeasing to Lincoln and he soon found himself thrown in jail!

General Cobb immediately replied: "McClellan proposes to march to Washington with the combined forces"! General Longstreet replied that he "thoroughly concurred in Cobb's views".

Longstreet then advised Lee to meet McClellan, but Lee stated that McClellan should rightly address Davis and not himself.

Lee shortly afterward visits Richmond; and the very adroit and significant correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* in a signed article written from Richmond shows the effect on Lee of McClellan's plans: "General Lee in a recent visit to the city stated that there was not the slightest possibility of McClellan making an attack; or of a general engagement; and that all the engagements around the Potomac were a mere sham! I believe the feeling of the Northern Democrats will be for peace."—*Charleston Courier* November 21st.

McClellan is now ordered by Lincoln to advance against Lee and the Richmond Despatch chronicles the truth: "McClellan was ordered to battle on the 6th of October. He didn't act at all. He is the future candidate of the Democratic Party. The need of the Administration is to attack and carry off a victory"; and after the election has gone heavily in favor of the Democrats, the Dispatch continues on November 7th: "McClellan actually waited till the election was over despite his orders to attack! The Republicans were resolved not to let another four months of winter pass without attacking; and it is known that McClellan does not intend to attack". The Charleston Courier quoting the New York Times of October 31st states: "We intend to have the war stopped whether Lincoln agrees or not. This infamous war must come to an end." [13]

No other alternative now remains but for the Administration to stiffen its will and to remove McClellan to save the North and the Nation! Undoubtedly all these proceedings were known to Stanton, Chase and Lincoln and were the undisclosed facts mentioned with apprehension—dread—but of course not recorded in Welles' Diary

[13] The account in the text is based upon the testimony of a person of the highest credentials, Bishop Kiely, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah, Georgia, who was an intimate friend of General Longstreet's and instrumental in his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. The Bishop had on many occasions narrated the history to a correspondent to whom he wrote the letter in which the statement is found published in the Baltimore *Sun*, January 11th, 1904. The latter commented on it editorially plainly justifying McClellan in what the editor interpreted to be McClellan's attempt to restore the Union—with a modified Constitution—by driving "Lincoln and the political hacks" in Washington out of power. Prefacing his account, the Bishop wrote: "that his recollection was clear; and that Longstreet told him the story more than once. Longstreet often visited me when I lived in Atlanta and we often talked of the war". The statement was never denied—although widely published—and in the carefully edited southern historical society papers under the caption "McClellan for Peace," Kiely states that Longstreet sent a copy of the letter to Lee's aide, Charles Marshall, who told the Bishop that he had mislaid it.

which were conveyed to Welles by these gentlemen as constituting their justification for saying—as Welles records—that the Army Clique, intended to set up a revolutionary government!

Then the *Charleston Courier* on November 15th sums up McClellan's conduct: "John Van Buren, the son of the former President, declared at a great Democratic meeting in New York that the removal had made McClellan President of the *whole* Union with a *modified* Constitution." On November 17th "the fury of the Democrats at McClellan's removal is intense!" [14] Of course it was!

"Ebullitions of temper. Jealousy." Fiddlesticks! Kearny had judged Just judgment, not by Appearances,—the Biblical injunction! "With full appreciation of the responsibility involved, I now declare that the order to retreat from Malvern Hill is prompted by cowardice or treason"! Not by cowardice! "Is prompted by Treason."

But the disillusionment—even to the uninitiate—leavened through the Nation; and the most representative account of the intelligent By-stander looking at McClellan and the scene, is in the person of Miss Eleanor Jay—niece of Phil.'s lawyer "boss" of 1835!—who kept a diary of the period. The evolution of her symbolic thought is a rare treat as the curtain is gradually drawn and the hero becomes villain!

MISS JAY'S DIARY

Monday, September 6th, McClellan has issued an order for the strict observance of the Sabbath; no military movements are to be made on that day.

April 30th, 1862.—Mrs. McClellan stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I was charmed with her gracious manner and sweet address.

June 7th.—If it hadn't been for the rain McClellan would already have been in Richmond. The battle was called the Battle of Fair Oaks.

June 25th.—Everyone on tiptoe in expectation of the final crash.

June 30th.—A terrible battle has taken place.

July 2d.—People felt very much better, being assured that the retreat was part of the masterly strategy on McClellan's part. Many do not hesitate to say that by the 4th of July the army will be in Richmond; but I would give him a little more time.

July 8th.—McClellan, it is universally admitted, is a great general. He is in an impregnable position and will advance shortly on Richmond.

Then Miss Eleanor is silent for a time on McClellan's greatness!

[14] Gourowski's Journal: *Political intriguers* surrounding McClellan are busily laying tracks for him to the *White House*.

He appears less and less on her stage. Then McClellan is demoted from command of the army; is publicly promoted,—newspapers, private letters, public meetings,—for the Democratic, pro-Southern, nomination for the Presidency; and to Miss Eleanor's amazement becomes Presidential candidate, nominated on a platform denouncing the war as failure; and on November 21st 1864 the curtain is torn down from her stage! "The first week of this month everyone was completely absorbed in the election and what it would bring forth. The Republican Headquarters was a scene of enthusiasm which baffled all description. Poor McClellan; when I think on what a pinnacle of glory and honor he once stood, adored alike by soldier and people, one feels like exclaiming 'how are the mighty fallen'; what littleness of character he has shown! Three years ago who would have believed he would be what he is today,—politically dead." A singular coincidence! Republican Headquarters were at 23rd Street and Broadway and the building belonged to Mrs. Macomb, Phil.'s sister!

The returns showed that McClellan carried three states, Delaware, Kentucky and, singularly enough, New Jersey, with a total of twenty-one electoral votes out of a total of two hundred twelve,—the worst contested defeat in history save Taft's.[15]

The army, too, was disgusted; it had lost its "idol"; feet of clay; and in the Republican Journal of Belford, Maine, a soldier of the Twentieth Maine Volunteers wrote, which revealed the mind of a great majority of McClellan's soldiers:

A great mistake of his life, the one his old soldiers can never forget was that when they were fighting in the trenches to preserve the life of a nation, he turned his back upon the army by accepting the presidential nomination from a party whose platform declared the war a failure; but notwithstanding this, so long as there are survivors of the old Army of the Potomac, so long will little Mac be lovingly remembered.

Lincoln—McClellan resigning the day of the election—commenting upon the campaign, characteristically remarked to the Secretary of the Treasury: "I am here by the blunders of the Democratic party! If instead of resolving that the war was a failure they had resolved I was a failure, and denounced me for not more vigorously prosecuting the war, I should not have been elected and would not have been in need of a Secretary of the Treasury."

McClellan's subsequent career; his search for public office; his rejection as the governor's nominee for Superintendent of Public Works in New York, the "political" transfer of his residence to New

[15] Adams' defeat was scarcely in a contested election. Since writing the above Mr. Roosevelt's astounding—and glorious—victory over Landon calls for a slight modification of the text.

Jersey; his selection there as Democratic candidate for governor by a political trick, are all fully analyzed by Doctor Myers.

Now read Kearny's letters; read the editorials in the newspapers: Not "ebullitions" of temper; though passionately expressed, yet subject to reason: Not wild-eyed views of his associates in the Peninsula campaign, but starry-clear vision. Not sentimental nonsense poured into the ears of his Beloved. Not hurt feelings flowing into Agnes' ears—not unfounded calumnies for Parker's deception—but reasoned judgments placed in the possession of one of the great lawyers of his age and used by him with an effect alike with the President, with the Secretary of War, and with the New Jersey Delegation in Congress—and with the most powerful editors of the age—to place the Army in the possession of a Master-Builder who could wield the tools,—"les armes aux talents" was the motto of his military spiritual ancestor. Had Lincoln followed the judgment of his advisors—and Parker plainly shows that he had developed to Lincoln and Stanton the source from which he had derived the data for his military judgments—the war might have been ended around Oak Ridge on June 25th;—but that's another story which will never be written!

As for McClellan, coward, or traitor in the legal sense;—Nonsense! Just another of those incompetents! And thoroughly aware of his incompetence—McClellan, as Chase stated, was wise; he knew, and knew that he knew, he was incompetent—and so thoroughly aware that he could not lift the massive military sledge hammer, and crush it down upon the head of a Master-Wielder of a two-edged sword, incomparably less effective than his own battle tool, but which could actually be put to use by Lee's hand who held it; and frightened out of his wits by his own incompetence in the presence of Master Soldier and Master Man, he "beat it" with unseemly haste crying "change of base"! Then an acknowledged failure, and recognizing just as surely as General Kearny that his fate was sealed as soldier, he eagerly turned actively to Politics. And it was in this field when he had actually raised the black flag—but there were a lot of other people doing it—that his blunders were, shall we say, in some sense "treasonable"! And if called upon to define that sense, not actual commerce with the enemy, not overt acts, two of which if proved could have successfully haled him into Aaron Burr's Court before another John Marshall, in this instance Chief Justice Taney. But "treason" in opposing or caring naught for the restoration of the Union; in negotiating *tacitly* with the South, "to let them go in peace"; and his justification is the justification written on Jefferson Davis's tomb in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia—where the *little* Julien Harrison Hill, great-grandson of Major General Philip Kearny lies—restlessly—buried—"MARTYR TO THE

CONSTITUTION". But from Phil.'s standpoint—from Lincoln's standpoint—from the standpoint of Webster's and Marshall's United States of America,—from the standpoint of commanding the Army of the Potomac—Traitor *and* a Coward, no "or" about it! From the synthetic "Northern-Southern" dogma of constitutional principle of "Let them go in peace", let the Union be dissolved, a "Jesuit in disguise"—in the command which he held—which was the unutterably false but current form of attack upon anybody in the Elizabethan Age who showed hostility to the Established Church, Puritan to "Papist"!

But now let's reread—in imagination—a few of Phil.'s letters in the light of these little histories; and in so doing "edit Philip Kearny"! Get to know Phil.; he's the goods.

CHAPTER XVIII

"PROPORTIONS OF A LEGENDARY HERO"

THAT Lincoln had chosen in "petto", secretly in his heart and mind and irrevocably, Major General Philip Kearny, First Division, Third Corps of the Army of the Potomac, to the Chief Command of the Eastern Armies, McClellan's and Pope's, succeeding McClellan and Pope—of this no doubt disturbs the judgment, logical and certain, of the inquirer founding it in oral and written "Tradition" which to millions is the basis upon which rests even infallible judgment. The formal documents, red-taped, at the time actually seen, are not *known* to be *now* in the record. And just precisely as Phil.'s Report at Manassas was suppressed to hide his glory under McClellan's incompetence, even now not the slightest aid is given to Phil.'s biographer to enable him to apply the Assistant Secretary of War's words that the Secretary, Mr. Stanton, had appointed Phil. to an office "no one else could fill"; which gives additional weight to the opinion that not to a West Pointer, but to a great Volunteer Soldier of the Old Regular Army—primarily fighters, without which "strategy" is barren fig tree—was accorded the honor of leading the Armies of the Republic in the darkest hour of his country's trials. No West Pointer had hitherto led any Army of the United States in any of her wars except against savages; few had commanded in chief on the field in any war.[1] The precedent was now to be repeated. "West Point" didn't like it.

Neither are Lincoln's unpublished letters available which undoubtedly reveal the secret; nor will they be till 1946; but the drift of all the facts points in Kearny's direction. In the first place public opinion founded on bed-rock was abroad in the land upon which to lay Phil.'s appointment. Conditions invincibly called for it.

The profound misgivings, reaching even to Treason, of Lincoln and his Cabinet—one and all of them—toward McClellan and his allies, whom Secretary of War Watson thought—as we know—were really Revolutionists intent upon setting up a Provisional government—a formula expressed by Kearny—is known from Gideon's story.

[1] Since writing this paragraph the writer has appealed to the President, who very kindly turned this letter over to his distinguished uncle, Mr. Frederic Delano, son of Mr. Warren Delano who helped Commodore Kearny open China to the traders of the world in 1842; and the Adjutant General has sent the author answers to thirty questions necessary to complete his manuscript.

The determination of the Cabinet to select a Battle Soldier was equally manifest; and on September *2nd* no such soldier was then alive! In short, no one capable of filling Kearny's "vacated" assignment. McClellan—and his clique—by adroit, certainly constructively treasonable manoeuvering, had really placed himself in command; fulfilling his prophecy at Harrison's Landing. And to that end no more necessary step in his concert with Porter and Franklin and their allies than the assassination, or its equivalent, "Death in Battle", of Philip Kearny; and the outfit deliberately created conditions to compass it; and how they succeeded! Then no resort—as Abe. told Gid.—save to the very man who had wrecked the Union Army;—unbelievable, Ripley, but true; and believe it or not you will have to after reading the record in this book.

Thus the appointment of the military—and patriotically—bankrupt McClellan, by itself—per se—identifies the "unique command" of Watson's letter. Strange situation this! No one to appoint save McClellan, acknowledged by the appointing power to be "military imbecile"—suspected of a coup d'Armée—[2] and denounced as traitor or its equivalent. Or: Philip Kearny, Patriot and Master Soldier!

And the trend of the opinion of newspapers of the day, the common voice of all men everywhere—and the "gossips of America"—now changed suddenly and absolutely, unconditionally; and they demand, even the pro-southern segment of the press, a proven battle soldier to drive the war car, like Kearny, naming him though dead as the ideal type! The era of "Man as Soldier"—of Meade, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, Thomas was approaching.

On September 6th the Times broke out this way—extraordinary for the Times in view of the history of its opinions: "The high commands should be filled by men who have shown ability in subordinate posts. Kearny had proved conclusively not only the bravest of the brave but a skillful and accomplished soldier and would have led a Corps or the Army with brilliant success. Let the President select the General who had handled his Division with steadfast and effective skill and give him command of the Army in Virginia and he will have taken the first and most needed step towards destroying the rebel army."

No words could more clearly point to Philip Kearny as the ideal choice for Chief Command. The Times article illustrates twenty others—the St. Louis Republican, the Sentinel of Freedom, the Cincinnati Commercial, the National Intelligencer, the Boston Transcript

[2] Reread Phil.'s letter urging Governor Olden to insist on the segregation of State troops to prevent nationalization; and so the use of the army by an unscrupulous military chieftain. That shoe now fits McClellan's foot to the heel and toe,—and snugly.

among them. Then alongside of this newspaper opinion came a famous poem by Clarence Stedman, author of "Kearny at Seven Pines" called "Wanted a Man", written before, published in the Tribune Sept. 9th, after Kearny's death; and which caused the Sentinel of Freedom to publish it with Kearny's picture illustrating it. Lincoln, deeply impressed, read the poem to his cabinet:

"WANTED A MAN"

By E. CLARENCE STEDMAN

—Author of "Kearny at Seven Pines"—

Back from the treble-crimsoned field;
Terrible words are thunder tossed.
Full of the wrath that will not yield!
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to the echo as it crossed
The Capital making faces wan;
End this murderous holocaust!
Abraham Lincoln, give us a Man!

Give us a Man of God's own mold—
Born to marshal his fellow man!
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen!
Give us a man of thousands ten—
Fit to do as well as to plan.
Give us a rallying cry and then—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a Man!

An editorial—very relevant—in the Times, September 6th, the day of Kearny's funeral, entitled "The Officers of the New Levies" read:

It is universally conceded that of all the Causes which have brought disgrace or failure on the National Armies, the weakness or incompetence of officers have been the most conspicuous and lamentable.[3]

Major General de Peyster, stricken by Phil.'s death, as his friends have written, almost mortally so that many feared a mental and physical collapse, wrote of the "Joan" voices unspoken yet heard by all the world:

[3] It is usually stated that the mutual jealousies of officers were unique in our war. Read the record—diary and letter—of the French Army in 1859 for far bitterer personal quarrels and jealousies.

Rarely an event of general importance which does not confirm the adage "coming events cast their shadows before"; and public opinion, those rumors which often fill the air—yet are not susceptible of being traced to any particular source—seem gradually to have embraced the conviction that the man best fitted to command the Army of the Potomac was the one-armed Philip Kearny, who combined the indomitable will of Grant, the dash of Philip Sheridan, the personal courage and winning manners of Hooker and the cultivated mind and military information of Meade.

According to the testimony of Cortlandt Parker, who was in constant communication with the President, the command of the Army of the Potomac would have been given General Kearny had he survived a few days longer to assume that responsible position. "I had," said Parker, "satisfactory grounds for believing that even a higher position than that alluded to, namely, the command of the Army of the Potomac, would have been his had he lived long enough to take Pope's place. Mr. Stanton had ceased to have any respect for the ability of General McClellan. With that great man halting and timorous hesitation and procrastination had no favor; while bravery, skill and constant success like Kearny's had overcome original prejudice and detraction[4] and converted him into admiration and confidence."

Seventy-five years after Kearny's death, Cortlandt Parker's son,[5] a distinguished member of the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey—who is the conduit of his father's unwritten lore of information—writes, December 23, 1935:

With regard to the appointment of "Phil. Kearny," there is a story about it in Mr. Colie's paper contained in the Cortlandt Parker Memorial Volume of which I am sending you a copy. I think it was well understood that President Lincoln was all ready to appoint Phil. Kearny to the command of the Army of the Potomac and was prevented by news of his death. Yours very truly, C. W. Parker.

"Pet" Halstead,—as we know—Kearny's neighbor at Bellegrove—and Phil.'s able, and through family connections, powerful advocate with the New Jersey Delegation in the Congress, and with President Lincoln for the appointment of Kearny to the Command of the New Jersey Brigade—and at the time of Phil.'s death to "the highest command," has left this written record of Lincoln's words—Lincoln's conduct—consequent upon Kearny's death:

[4] "Use your resolution, Phil! You owe her nothing but friendship! No man, no woman, has a right to wreck another's life."—*Supra.*

[5] Cortlandt Parker told this author categorically that Mr. Lincoln had appointed Kearny to command the Army.

LINCOLN LAMENTS, WITH TEARS, THE LOSS OF "HIS GENERAL"

The President, while lamenting in sad tones and with tears which freely testified to the depth and genuineness of his heart-felt sorrow at the sudden and terrible loss of "his General" as he was wont to call him, repeatedly assured me that had he reached Washington in safety he should have appointed him to the Supreme Command.

In the judgment of the President Kearny had established his great military genius and accomplishments; and Lincoln regarded him as the greatest fighter, and the foremost Marshal of the Army, who had fought and won his way into the hearts of soldiers and people; and was entitled to the most exalted rank, and marks of appreciation, from the Administration.—Perhaps an influence was the fact that Kearny was Republican.[6]

An Officer of Hooker's Division wrote: I served in Phil.'s Army Corps and spoke to Phil. the morning of the 30th. The battle had begun. I was sent to the rear and on September 3rd learned the fate of poor Phil.! He died at an unfortunate moment for he would have commanded the Army of the Potomac; and had he been untrammeled in that position, the war would have ended two years sooner than it did; for he was the best General and the most thorough soldier in the country. We already know the Dictum of the State of New Jersey by its Imprimatur of the book: "Kearny's New Jersey Brigade."

In the History of Newark, the reader is informed: It is believed by many students that Kearny would have been given the command to succeed Pope in command of the Army of the Potomac had it not been for his death. It has been said—though not yet fully proved,—that President Lincoln had actually signed Kearny's Commission as McClellan's successor. At the time of the translation of Kearny's remains to the National Cemetery, Brigadier General Joseph C. Jackson wrote: I think General Kearny was the most inspiring commander I ever served under. I have reason to think that if he had lived he would have been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Indeed, a great personal friend of Lincoln's whom I knew slightly, told me that he had seen the order drawn and signed by Lincoln giving Kearny that command. But it never was formally drawn up by the War Department because he died.

[6] Halstead repeated this statement in a letter June 4th, 1869, addressed to the English General Cust, distinguished military critic, quoted verbatim in de Peyster's "De Peyster and Watts Families", 1881; "General Kearny's death alone prevented his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac as I have reason to know from repeated assurances of President Lincoln."

GENERAL SICKLES ON KEARNY'S APPOINTMENT—AN APPRECIATION

Charles F. Hopkins, who religiously followed to its source every historical item forming the record of Kearny's life and career, has written: I had a number of talks with Dan Sickles during the removal ceremonies of General Kearny in 1912.[7]

I asked Sickles if he thought it to be the fact that Kearny was to be tendered the command at the time, and he replied very emphatically that he believed Lincoln insisted upon the advancement of his Ideal Soldier "Phil. Kearny"; and that the Army was expecting it; and that had Kearny lived there was no question of the fact that he would have succeeded to the command. Sickles was a Kearny enthusiast; as he believed him to be the most experienced and the best strategist then in the Army of the Potomac—intensely loyal and the bravest man he knew. As Kearny had said in a Council of War among Mac's best friends, in full and open meeting, that he believed "the order for retreat from Malvern Hill was prompted by cowardice or treason," Kearny was non-persona grata—sic—to the West Pointers. Sickles said that if any other man in the Army had made use of such strong language to his Superior Officer, he would have been court-martialed and dismissed from the Army. But Kearny was at that time the real Idol of the Army and any move to punish or disgrace him would have been dangerous in the Army as well as at the North, where he was looked upon as the Moses to lead to Success. Sickles stated that the Army had some good fighters—good men in every way—but none so conspicuous as Kearny, who was from the inception of the move towards Manassas to the hour of his death, the cynosure of all eyes of the loyal North—and was feared by those who knew him in the South.

General George W. Mindil, an Officer of the General Staff, at a meeting of the Brigade Society at Jamesburg, New Jersey, stated—according to Hopkins—that the Commission of the General, with authority to take command of the Army to succeed Pope, was stated to him by some one in Stanton's office when the death of Kearny was reported, to be then lying on Stanton's desk for signature. "I do know myself that the rumor was rife at the time that Kearny was to command the Army. My belief has always been that but for the West Point influence—who feared his prestige would overshadow them—that Kearny would have succeeded McClellan."

General Newton Curtis of New York in his Bull Run to Chancellorsville states that had not Kearny been killed he would have been

[7] Hopkins, Chairman of the Committee—to remove the remains—appointed by Woodrow Wilson.

given command of a Corps, probably the whole Army. Years afterward, August 21st, 1888, United States Senator, John M. McPherson, speaking for New Jersey to the House and Senate in joint session, stated that Kearny was "destined to the highest command when Death placed his image in Statuary Hall!"

Thus Philip Kearny had "proved his truth by his Endeavor"! Through sheer military prowess had reached the goal of all military men's ambitions; had become the outstanding Soldier in the greatest war the world had known; and flashed across the stage at the very moment that—not the very great army—but the Eastern high command, is unutterably bankrupt, alike of loyalty and capacity; and all the evidence shows that President and public opinion pointed to Kearny as the "Man Wanted"; and to top the climax we now—for the first time—know that Stanton, and of course, therefore, Lincoln and Halleck *Sept. 2nd.* knew of no one capable of leading the Eastern Army in its highest command!

On September 1st, before Kearny's death, the Secretary of War had written through Mr. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, to Cortlandt Parker, the following letter:

War Department
Sept. 1st 1862

Mr. Cortlandt Parker
Sir:

The Secretary of War directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 23rd of August warmly urging that Major General Kearny be assigned to one of the Corps d'Armée to be formed from the new levies.

In replying the Secretary instructs me to say that he knows of no one more capable and worthy of command than General Kearny and that in the reorganization of the Army he will endeavor to assign him a position commensurate with his eminent merits and distinguished services.

Your obd. servant
P. H. Watson
Asst. Secty of War.

But the letter is not sent; it is held up. On the 30th Pope has been beaten; on the 31st the rout—and the consequent consternation, —and the disaster of Pope's defeat is revealed. McClellan and Pope must be substituted! McClellan is impossible as "military imbecile, traitor and coward not fit to command any Union Army" and Chase's *deliberate* judgment that he should be shot as traitor! Stanton then tells the President—as he writes later to Cortlandt Parker—that he

knows no one except Kearny capable of filling the command of the Eastern Armies; and Lincoln concurs and acts and appoints Kearny to the Chief Command. Then Kearny's death and Parker is told that Kearny had been selected; and years later when the fierce controversies are stilled, on an historic occasion before the New Jersey Historical Society, this unimpeachable witness tells the story. Then after Kearny's death, Stanton instructs his Assistant Secretary to forward the letter of September 1st showing the condition of affairs on that date, and indicating the reason the letter had not been sent, the reasons revealed above,—and then writes Parker that Kearny had been assigned a command which he knew of no one now capable of filling—a letter and historical fact now revealed for the first time.

This letter to Parker reads:

War Department
Sept. 1862

Dear Mr. Parker:

Today I mailed a letter in reference to the lamented Kearny which was written some days ago. The Secretary feels his loss greatly as he knows of no other officer capable of filling the place he had assigned General Kearny.

Very truly yours,
P. H. Watson,
Asst. Secty of War

Then Mr. Stanton rejoices Mrs. Kearny's heart by giving her his opinion of Philip Kearny—plainly showing that such a man was pointed to by Watson's pen in his letter to Parker:

War Department
Washington, Sept. 18, 1862.

Dear Madam:

Unwilling to intrude upon your grief in its first sacred moment, I postponed until now a testimonial of regret, and the calamity suffered by the Nation, in the death of Major General Philip Kearny. His high appreciation by this Department was shown in the rank he held which would have been acknowledged by still higher command if he had not fallen upon the field of Chantilly. His heroic courage and distinguished military skill had secured to him the confidence and admiration of the government, and endeared him to the people of the United States who mourn his loss; and among those who feel it most deeply as a public calamity is your friend,

Edwin M. Stanton.

Immediately following Kearny's death, the movement to glorify his Name showed its birth quickening; and on the 4th of September,

General Birney, succeeding Kearny in command, perpetuated the Kearny Patch issuing general orders No. 49:

"The entire country will mourn the loss of this gallant, chivalrous soldier; and no one of this Division but will hold ever fresh his memory.

"Let us try to show our regard for him by ever sustaining the name that in his love for this Division he gave it, the 'Fighting Division'.

"To show our regard for his memory, and to distinguish his officers as he wished, each officer will continue to wear on his cap a piece of scarlet cloth or have the top or crown piece of the cap made of scarlet cloth."

The Devotion of Kearny's Brigade to him was immortalized in the history of its famous society—the Society of Kearny's New Jersey Brigade. But the Division's history, too, to the end was the Biography of Kearny's Spirit. And the first expression of that Spiritual Biography is in Major General Comte de Trobriand's words in his History of the Civil War, now repeated:

On the Peninsula Kearny commanded a Division, which shone out amongst all, by its bravery and its discipline; its dash and its obstinacy in defense. The soul of Kearny was in it; and animated it even to the end. After it had lost its chief his memory always remained in its ranks like a living presence.

After the Division had lost its identity by reorganization, General F. A. Walker of Kearny's Maine troops who wrote General Hancock's Biography—Hancock, the Superb, of Williamsburg!—speaks of the "glory of Kearny's Division", and the pride the men took in it, in burning words:

The Third Corps was to be divided; its First and Second Divisions —the old Divisions of Major General Philip Kearny and General Hooker—were to be separated! The grief and anger of the officers and men of the Third Corps at this dismemberment of this noble body of troops with which they had been so long associated and of which they were so justly proud, and which to them had become a sacred thing, it is not fitting we should speak of here,—not fitting for Colonel Walker—a fine sensitiveness well becoming a distinguished gentleman and one of the bravest officers on the Peninsula—in view of his judgment that not Hancock, but Hooker and Kearny, were "superb" at Williamsburg.

The devotion of Kearny's Division, alike to Kearny and his "Red Patch"—originally made out of Phil.'s red blanket—is vividly realized in "Under the Red Patch", a splendid example of military *interesting* literature, largely because it brings home the thoughts that pass

through men's minds—each man's individual mind—during the frightful days of actual conflict:

"When Grant reorganized the army in March 1864, the old Third Corps,—the first *regular organized Corps to take the field*—long before the order of reorganization came, it was expected and dreaded; and the Grand Old Third Army Corps made such a vigorous protest—which had been commanded by Kearny and Hooker—that they were permitted to retain the red and diamond badge, instead of the trefoil which constituted the Twenty-Third Division. This was a wise concession on the part of the officers of the Division into which Kearny's Division was merged, as the rumor was that when it became known that the Third Corps was to lose its identity, the men of the Division vehemently asserted that under no circumstances would they wear any other designating badge than the red diamond under which they had marched to victory, and fought, on so many bloody fields. The disappointment at the dissolution of this, the oldest Corps in the Army, showing the most famous record for gallantry in the field, was shared alike by officers and enlisted men. To emphasize their strong feeling on the subject, some of the soldiers secured some pickets from the SECESH fence, which they placed around an enclosure, which they called a Cemetery, in which they erected a board headstone upon which was inscribed: "SACRED TO THE OLD THIRD CORPS"—with the word "Third" enclosed in a *diamond* shaped figure—"KILLED BY GENERAL ORDER NUMBER NINE, MARCH, 1864, ACTUATED BY PERSONAL MALICE, SPITE AND JEALOUSY. 'HERE SLEEP THE BRAVE' "!

A singular feature—unique in the Army of the Potomac; in the Army everywhere—were the Medals proper to Kearny's name which distinguished, even as Kearny's Red Badge of Courage, and signalized service with "Phil. Kearny" as an illustrious service, quite apart from all service under other Captains in the Army of the Potomac.

The Officers who served with Kearny adopted a "Medal of Honor" known as the "Kearny Medal of Honor". This was to be given to all officers who had served honorably under General Kearny; and to the soldiers who were advanced to the grade of commissioned officers prior to January 1st, 1863. This was a gold cross, patté, on the center of which was a medallion bearing the word "Kearny". On a black enameled band surrounding this was the motto of Kearny's school days—Highland School opposite West Point and of the Union Club Sword—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori". On the reverse was engraved the name and rank of the recipient.

Brigadier General Birney issued in March, 1863, a Cross of Valour, known as the "Kearny Cross", and bestowed it on all non-com-

missioned officers and privates of the First Division who had "most distinguished themselves in battle". It was a Cross, patté, of bronze, 42 mm. across, bearing the words "Kearny's Cross" on a ribbon scroll. It was suspended by a red ribbon with two oblong open fasces bars. The dies for this were cut by Peter Jacobs of Philadelphia,—and how exquisitely this master of his mystery did his work!

General Gibbon tells of the growth of the device originally composed of Kearny's red flannel blanket at the battle of Seven Pines!

"One of the best devices adopted by General Hooker was that of designating the Corps by distinctive badges, the Divisions being distinguished by the different colors, red, white and blue. The idea is said to have originated with Philip Kearny, who in order to recognize his own men of whom he was very, very proud, required them all to wear a Red Patch on their caps" A Michigan girl of nineteen attached to Kearny's Division—who occupied a rank, unique and peculiar in the whole army throughout the war—for whom Phil. bore the deepest affection, received the Medal of Valor. Ann Ethridge accompanied Kearny's Division marching with the men, and travelling with them, throughout all their campaigns. In camp, "quiet and modest," and in time of action "fearless"—"regardless of danger"—attending to the wants of the wounded under the severest fire, she soon became a favorite of all; and woe to the soldier of any other command, who "uttered a disrespectful or immodest word in her presence"!

At Williamsburg, while dressing wounds under fire, Ann attracted the attention of General Kearny who presented her with a Sergeant's chevrons, and ordered the Quartermaster to provide Miss Ethridge with horse and saddle, and announced that he would at the first opportunity, "Recommend her for a Sergeant's pay and warrant." It is impossible to imagine even General Kearny, "having as much influence over the men" as this sympathetic and able young girl from the West.

On May 27th after the battle of Chancellorsville the Division was paraded to witness the presentation of the Kearny Medals; among the recipients of the Medal of Valor, to Ann's utter surprise,—and while the adjutant was reading out some glorious words of General Kearny about her—was Ann Ethridge. She was adorned at the same time with a specially made military hat with a diamond patch in the center.

Soon the Society of "Kearny's First New Jersey Brigade" was organized, which became an institution in the Life of New Jersey. Each year it had its Encampment, always celebrated in the newspapers,—serving religiously the Cause of Kearny's Civic Canoniza-

tion. For indeed, like Ignatius, Kearny unwittingly founded a Military Society.

Within a year after the end of the war, New Jersey purchased a much famed portrait of Kearny by the artist Robert which it placed in the Assembly Chamber; still in the State House.

Then on January 30th, 1868, by concurrent resolution of the New Jersey Legislature it was unanimously resolved that: "Richard Stockton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Major General Philip Kearny, late of the United States Volunteer Army, are designated as the illustrious Jersey men eminently worthy of national commemoration, whose statues in bronze or marble shall occupy the places reserved for New Jersey in the National Statuary Hall in Washington:" [8]

Soon after the war, throughout the country arose Grand Army posts, bearing Phil.'s name. Year by year, faithfully on Memorial Day, appeared in the line of march—even after motors took most of the aged veterans off the hoof—the veterans of Kearny's Brigade and Kearny's Division, represented in the Posts bearing his name; and each year his grave in old Trinity was decorated and ceremonies held. Kearny's Post in New Jersey was the first to receive a Charter.[9]

Next we come to Kearny standing in bronze in Military Park, Newark, New Jersey—a posthumous blue ribbon! The first monument erected in the United States to a Volunteer Officer.

In 1880 in December a vast crowd is noticed around this statue—then veiled. Two great Soldiers—and another known Soldier,—of the Civil War were noticed. One had served with Phil.'s uncle in the Conquest of California—emphatically sided with him against the Pathfinder. The other had succeeded McClellan in Command of the Army of the Potomac. And the other soldier, Phil.'s immediate commander on the Peninsula, now Governor of the State of New Jersey, which was today unveiling Phil.'s statue which New Jersey had built to Phil.'s greater honor and glory! To Phil. as "New Jersey's most distinguished soldier"![10] The event had proved the work! McClellan didn't relish it.

Grant and Sherman—Grant fresh from the Presidency—mount the

[8] Kearny's statue was the first of a person living in the United States of America—except one—voted into the Hall; and the fifth statue voted. His predecessor, in the first instance, being Nathanael Greene; and among the five, four were exclusively Revolutionary personalities.

[9] Jointly with Lincoln's Post and in conjunction with Kearny's Post in Virginia a meeting was held with Lee's Confederate Post—camp—in Richmond in 1878.

[10] New Jersey's tribute penned by Governor Woodrow Wilson on her equestrian monument to Kearny at Arlington.

platform; make excellent speeches. Sherman exalts Phil. as *the* brilliant soldier of the Civil War! But why halts McClellan in his carriage along the curb? Holding back as at Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines and fighting from Rodgers' gun carriage at Malvern Hill. Holding back as at Chantilly when Kearny fell? No man knows; cares less! Scott wrote that had he not been a "cripple" he would have attended Phil.'s funeral. While Grant is speaking New Jersey in the person of its Governor, peevishly draws off down Broad Street going to Trenton. "A strange ending—perhaps—a sad one." But Kearny had written on the Peninsula a letter arising out of Governor McClellan's conduct towards Mrs. Lee: "Parvenu", and "McClellan is just like that"—the end crowns the work!

Then New Jersey dedicates her monuments on the battle field of Gettysburg.

By the terms of National Legislation the battle field of Gettysburg became a national cemetery upon which the several states were invited to erect monuments to their heroic dead on that field. Following state legislation on that subject the Governor of New Jersey appointed the Gettysburg Battle Field Commission to investigate and report.

The Commission determined that the position occupied in the battle of Gettysburg by each of the fifteen New Jersey Regiments be marked and have a separate monument. "But in the case of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifteenth Regiments which composed the First Jersey Brigade, together in the line of battle on July 3rd, we have thought it best to make an exception.

"We therefore propose to erect a monument to this Brigade in the center of their position. The course meets the approval of the survivors of the Brigade expressed in their Last Reunion."

Accordingly the several monuments were erected. But in the case of the First New Jersey Brigade another exception was made. Instead of taking title to the tiny spot upon which the monument was erected, "the entire farm of George Weickert on which the Brigade stood was bought for the price of $5,000."

Dedication Exercises were held June 30th, 1888,—a date ever memorable in the life of Kearny's Brigade and of his Division when hard pressed in beating back Lee's determined assault to destroy McClellan's Army by piercing through Kearny's rear guard defense at Frayser's Farm, Kearny had called for his old Brigade!

The Confederate General Longstreet, who had fought Phil. at Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frayser's Farm—fought Phil.'s Brigade and Phil.'s Division—and at the Second Battle of Bull Run—had fought him to death at Chantilly,—was espied in the throng and loudly cheered; and after repeated calls came forward and made an address. His recorded words are: "No soldier like 'Phil.' Kearny

in the North. To us the 'one-armed devil'; to me personally ever loyal friend".

On the monument to the First New Jersey Brigade—Phil. dead ten months before the battle—is this language:

Erected by the State of New Jersey. Kearny's New Jersey Brigade —Fought in all the important battles of the Army of the Potomac from May 1861 to the end of the war. At Appomattox Court House in 1865. Total strength 13,885. On a Medallion on the west face of the monument is an image of Kearny with his name, and the words circling the image: "Mouzaia, Mexico, Solferino, Chantilly"!

The newspapers were filled with the scene—personalities and episodes—and among them the following item: General John Watts Kearny, an invited guest not on the list of speakers, called from the crowd, and taken by the hand by General Longstreet, was escorted to the speaker's rostrum and received tumultuous applause and made these remarks:

"There is magic power in names; and the name I bear provokes your applause; and recalls to you the affection and personal memory which will never die as long as a soldier is living who fought under the gallant soldier who bore it." The papers tell us that the crowd "yelled"! Why shouldn't they,—there was nothing much else to do!

Michigan celebrated Phil. by a square shaft of granite supporting a bronze statue in full uniform with sword in hand at the corner of Peck and Terrace Streets, Muskegon, Michigan, which Mr. C. H. Hackley presented to the city. The single word "Kearny" is carved on the stone. The Muskegon G. A. R. Post is named for him.

The State of Wyoming, not far from the spot where Lieut. Phil. drew the baptismal waters for Diana and their little boy-to-be, embalms in its State History—Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard,—the story of Fort Phil. Kearny.[11]

When the Government decided to establish Fort Philip Kearny the Sioux—"Red Cloud"—gave notice that any other fortification north of Fort Reno would be burned and the soldiers guarding the post killed. From the time of the first survey of the land, the fortifications were in constant siege and the Red Man missed no opportunity to try and destroy the hated fort and kill the soldiers.

True to Phil.'s own record of military longevity in the Civil War, the life of Fort Phil. Kearny was short,—in no sense sweet,—it was

[11] A letter from the Hon. James W. Good, Secretary of War, dated April 25th, 1925, to this author states the Fort was named "Fort Philip Kearny"; and that Fort Kearny, named for S. W. Kearny, Nebraska, as well as Fort Philip Kearny, were so spelled—never abbreviated such as "Phil" without a period (Phil.). To like effect writes Mr. Sheldon of the Nebraska Historical Society —to whom now and in past times this author acknowledges thanks.

the center of a savage hurricane which soon swept it away as Phil. at Chantilly!

On December 28th, 1866, General William Tecumseh Sherman wrote a letter to his former Commander-in-Chief in the Civil War concerning a matter involving the name and fame of another great soldier.

St. Louis, December 28th, 1866

My dear General Grant:

I do not yet understand how the massacre at Fort Phil. Kearny could have been so complete..

We must act with vindictive earnestness against the savages even to their extermination, men, women and children. Nothing less will reach the root of the case.

Yours truly,
W. T. Sherman

Certainly Time had not mellowed the spirit of Sherman since his march to the Sea!

Despite "Red Cloud's" warning, the Fort was built; and two years later, Sherman's letter—and the following despatch from Colonel Carrington—represent the fulfillment of "Red Cloud's" prophecy:

Fort Phil. Kearny
December 21, 1868

I have had today a fight unexampled in Indian Warfare. My loss is ninety-four killed. I have recovered forty-nine bodies and thirty-one more are to be brought in this morning. Among the killed are Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Fetterman, Captain F. H. Brown and Lieutenant Grammond. The Indians engaged nearly 3,000. I need prompt reinforcements and repeating arms. I must have men and arms! I hardly need urge the matter. It speaks for itself. I have every teamster on duty; and at best one hundred and fifteen men left at the Post. No such mutilation as on this day is on record! Depend on it this post will be held so long as a round, or man, is left. Promptness is the vital thing. The Indians desperate and they spare none.

Henry B. Carrington, Commanding

Grant glanced at the date. How could any despatch come from Fort Phil. Kearny at any time—how possibly in this weather—in the time from its date to its receipt! Had "Portuguese" Phillips—the Courier—been able to bear his message to Washington he would have told him the following story:

The night—four days before Christmas at Fort Phil. Kearny—

the thermometer stood 50 degrees below zero! So intense was the cold that Sentries had to be relieved every fifteen minutes. Three thousand Sioux warriors surrounded the Fort. All the women had been placed in the powder magazine—and torches laid—no one knew how long Colonel Carrington could hold his Post! The nearest help was at Fort Laramie, 236 miles down the bleak and empty Bozeman Trail—often mapped "Phil. Kearny Trace." The Commanding Officer comes to the men's quarters,—asks for a volunteer messenger? Swift as lightning "Portuguese" Phillips salutes: "At your service, Colonel. I know the country like a coyote"! He filled his pockets with dried meat and hardtack, tied a bag of grain on his horse, and about midnight began his perilous journey.

For hours he crawled, paused, listened, felt his way,—led his horse. Then he mounted bareback and headed for Fort Laramie! The snow on the ground was from three to five feet deep. The blizzard blowing down from the Big Horn Mountains never laid. At dawn of Christmas Day after four nights of riding, he reached Horseshoe Station, 40 miles from Laramie and 196 miles from Kearny. There he telegraphed; but he did not—with reason—trust the telegraph and as soon as darkness came, rode on!

At 11 o'clock that night, his hands, knees and feet frozen, shaggy with snow, his beard trailing icicles, gasping out that he was a courier with a desperate despatch, Phillips reeled, then fell on the floor of "Bedlam" the Officers' Club House at Laramie; and when his giant figure reeled through the door a gay Christmas ball was in full swing!

The besieged folk, Phillips' buddies, were saved! That's all he cared for, but there was an aftermath. Phillips was paid $300.00 for the ride "and for various other scouting duties" The Sioux swore to pay him back for the victory he had beat them out of and six years later they killed all his stock, his sole property. No monument marks Phillips' grave! No classic celebrates his ride! "Portuguese" Phillips was just one of the riders that won the West.

The most substantial monument placed in Wyoming to "commemorate deeds of valor" arises on the summit of "Massacre Hill", near Kearny, in Johnson County, north and west of the site of Fort Phil. Kearny. The monument is aptly made of native cobblestones, picked up from the terrain over which the 81 men rode to butchery and mutilation![12] The inscription on the monument reads:

On this field on the 21st of December 1866 three Commissioned Officers and 76 privates of the 18th United States Infantry, and of the Second United States Cavalry, and two civilians under the command of Captain Brevet Colonel William T. Fetterman were killed

[12] Mutilation and scalping, but not butchery of the bodies were usual in Sioux warfare.

by an overwhelming force of Sioux under the command of Red Cloud. There were no survivors.

Both Forts Reno and Phil. Kearny, like both Generals—Reno fell at Antietam—lost their lives about the same time! It was decided that to maintain these forts would cause continued opposition of the Red Men and these were abolished in 1869. Scarcely a remnant of Fort Phil. Kearny remains! Now recall Stephen's prophecy in 1845!

In September 1926, a simple granite marker was placed by the state of Wyoming on the site of the Fort with the inscription—its Biography—"Fort Phil. Kearny. July 13th, 1866 to August 1869."

Fort Kearny, now Nebraska, named for Uncle Stephen in 1849, along the trail which the Pathfinder had not found but had traveled, reluctantly, with the Fort's namesake, gave Kearny's name to Kearney County and City [13] Nebraska; and in 1928 a public park embracing the old parade ground of the Fort was created and rightly spelt—unlike the town.

Two vitally interesting—one important—items lead the Historian to Fort Kearny. The Fort became the most important and first halting point on the Oregon Trail for the Pony Express and for the masses of Overlanders traveling to California and Oregon before the Union Pacific Railroad came in 1869; and in 1872 when that now unbelievable movement struck its weakling roots into the superficial soil of American opinion that the Capital of the United States should be removed to a central location, the site of Fort Kearny, which was then for sale, was proposed as the "New Washington"—similar claims were made by many communities including St. Louis and Chicago.

The old Fort site it was said by the propagandists of the movement was exactly 10 miles square—even as the city of Washington;—it was situated exactly half-way between Boston and San Francisco; and three railroads entered its area. Bills were introduced into the national Legislature to accomplish the change! Perhaps Bill Nye's remark killed the project. The Platte River—in the remark attributed to him which made the nation laugh—like Kearny, "has a wide circulation but no influence".

Soon after the Civil War, Kansas named its principal western counties after the War's famous soldiers, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, etc. and among these was Kearny County named for Phil., in the state adjoining Nebraska which had named a county and city for Stephen,—a Kansas-Nebraska act!

But Kearny, New Jersey, was Phil.'s home, the place of his predilection, and the home of his widow and son and of his grandchildren

[13] A singular fact! The town accepted from de Peyster a medallion of Phil. Kearny, assuming the town bore Phil.'s name.

—its remnants now owned by them!—and of Phil.'s Civil War passionate longings.

Within three years after the Civil War, the township of Kearney —as it was then spelled—was set off from Harrison. There was a fierce fight in the Legislature. It is said that the Harrisonians believing that they had won the fight, grew careless and that one night the Kearneyites led by General N. N. Halstead, "Pet's" relative, had the Bill brought up unexepectedly "and passed under suspension of the rules, and the next day they had the Governor sign it". The Governor at that time was Phil.'s old friend, Marcus T. Ward!

At the time of the separation and until the incorporation of the Town of Kearny, the name was always spelled Kearney.

But by this time, General John Watts Kearny, Phil.'s son, had been living in the hamlet[14] for some years, and when the new form of municipal organization was effected, he took an interest in seeing to it that the name of his father was rightly spelled.

Then the supreme act of the process of canonization!

On the grounds of General Lee's estate—the estate of Mrs. Lee, the Custis' ancestral estate—at Arlington, Virginia, stands an equestrian statue of Philip Kearny, the only image of a Man on Horseback in the National Bivouac of the Dead. Philip Kearny is represented astride his "Beloved Battle Beast Baby Bayard", which had ridden with Phil. on so many dangerous adventures!—Horse surviving Rider and, unlike Phil., dying on Phil.'s estate in Kearny! Chiseled into the massive gray-brown marble pedestal is an epitome of the Soldier's Military History penned by the hand of another illustrious Jerseyman, Governor Woodrow Wilson, who as President of the United States, accepted this gift to the nation from the hands of Governor Felder. The legend reads "KEARNY—LOST HIS ARM AT CHURUBUSCO HIS LIFE AT CHANTILLY.—NEW JERSEY HONORS HER MOST DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER". And on the obverse marble of the pedestal "FOUGHT WITH THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS 1840; WITH THE ITALIANS AND FRENCH AT SOLFERINO AND MAGENTA 1859". How comes Kearny to lie so far away from home! When did he stop mingling with the dust of his father, his beloved "Archie" and all the other old Kearny boys!

The sound of taps! The starry-clear voice of the bugle calling

[14] Such it then was in very truth! Now a town of 50,000 people, housing the plants of the Western Electric, the Congoleum-Nairn, the Federal Shipbuilding Company, the Edison Company, the du Ponts' and many of the nationally known corporations! The charming and distinguished part of the town is not Kearny but Arlington. But in Phil.'s day this was not so. Much bitter feeling exists: the socially superior—so they feel—Arlingtonites despising as always—the crowd of "politicians" whose business is politics.

down the canyons of Wall Street's skyscrapers startled in very truth the denizens of the financial district, at 10:30 o'clock on the forenoon of April 11th, 1912, just before the appalling news of the *Titanic* disaster.

Challenged to seek out the cause of this unwonted auditorial apparition, crowds gathered about the majestic bronze doors of old Trinity Church whence the sound proceeded. At the entrance stood a bugler of the 29th Infantry, Regular Army, whose Regiment leisurely paced the sidewalks of Rector Street, ready to swing into the deadline of march. Immediately behind the bugler stood a ponderous figure, clad in the uniform of a Major General of the Civil War; with all his military decorations blazoned on his breast—Major General Daniel E. Sickles, Kearny's companion and ardent supporter in the Peninsula Campaign—also his luncheon host!—who had lost his leg in battle at Gettysburg, as Phil. his arm at Churubusco, and Ewell, his leg near Bristoe's Station!

Beside General Sickles on the shoulders of soldiers of the 29th Infantry, was borne a ponderous bronze coffin in notable contrast with the rude wooden box into which till yesterday Phil. Kearny's body had lain in the Kearny vault in Trinity Churchyard just half a century.

General George B. Dyer, Commander of the National Guard, led the Troops composed of the 7th Regiment, Squadron A, the spiritual successor of the First Cavalry which Phil. had commanded; the Essex Troop of Newark and representative detachments of the 38th and 37th New York of Phil.'s Division in the Civil War; and detachments from the regular Infantry.

Two veiled woman-figures stood in the vestibule, both unofficially present.—Had they been *officially* present Kearny's body would still lie with his father's and son's bodies—and near his father's and grandson's Stock Exchange! One, a woman of aristocratic carriage—and of mystery—not however, in the carriages following the remains, whom insiders knew as the partner of a romance in the Soldier's life so remote as to be hallowed by the mere passage of much time, and sanctioned by changed points of public view and against which the Social Statute of Limitations had long since run. The other, originally marked with the Bar Sinister, which labeled the forbears of some of the greatest aristocratic families of France and England, itself legally barred by her mother's marriage,—who—the mother—had written, just before the event: "I wish to lie in death by the side of the Hero of my life and my love".[15]

[15] The Emperor Louis Napoleon's legitimacy was questioned; and his sister undoubtedly was a natural child of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband.

Challenged on the preceding day by the strange sight of five apparently ghoulish figures whom those in the know knew to be Phil. Kearny's grandsons, Philip and Thomas Kearny, Mr. Charles F. Hopkins, Chairman of the New Jersey "Commission for the Removal of the Remains of Philip Kearny to the National Cemetery," the noted and beloved Sexton of old Trinity,—and the mortician—entering a vault flush with the turf marked John Watts; the crowd beheld these men emerging with a modern bronze coffin which their assistants bore into Trinity Church. The four had, unknown to the onlookers, identified Kearny's body, withdrawn it reverently from its worm-eaten box, and placed it in the new receptacle. These "witnesses to Major General Philip Kearny's identity," expecting to have a doubtful, perhaps an impossible task, were pleasantly disappointed.

Two coffins were opened; at length a wooden coffin, certainly no symbol of wealth or place—nothing like the descriptions in the ancient files of the newspapers—was gingerly pried open.

Behold Kearny in habit as he was—even ready apparently to step forth and challenge his grandsons and Mr. Hopkins for disturbing, not his bones, but his very "Self"!—to quote Kearny on the Peninsula! Kearny in very truth had anticipated the resurrection! No doubt that the person lying there so at peace, was his very Self,—so livingly real were the results of the professions of Messrs. Alexander & Brown, Embalmers, White House Landing, Virginia, June, 1862. They had made good! But never expected anyone to find it out on them! Not Phil. Kearny's remains, but Major General Phil. Kearny!

Clothed in the habit of Major General; the shoulder stars and epaulets untarnished by the tedious passage of time; the clothing uneaten by the corroding processes of the tomb; the boots indeed could have been, even that day, polished in the famous stand in the adjoining Empire Building twenty yards away, at Greenwich and Rector Streets. Then the indefeasible note of identification: Across the unbreathing breast "massive on the embalming table" was drawn a void sleeve—memorial of Ewell and "The Recall" and of the Gate of San Antonio, seventy-five years now passed!

Kearny's countenance was Phil.'s very own. The Comte de Paris was right; not the face of an eagle but the face of a Bird of Prey, even in death handsome! Where de Peyster's deep marks had gone, God only knows. The hair thinned—thin but fully covering the crown; the military moustache, the famous goatee—in that age facial hair was de rigeur; the motto being "if you have hair use it",[16]—were

[16] No soldier of the 35 persons in the famous painting in the State Library at Richmond representing the illustrious Confederate Captains—save one—is without full and generally luxuriant beards; certainly all have facial hair except one and only two with gray hair, Lee and Joe Johnston. Only one with a bald head. But in the World War no beards or nearly so,—and bald heads galore!

even as the day of Kearny's commitment to the earth. And the countenance clothed in a bronzed and parched and shrunken but integral skin, the aquiline long, thin, aristocratic commanding nose, the fringed eyes closed in the sleep of death and heavy eye-brows,—all were preserved even perfectly!

The caisson loaded with the dead—vast crowds with bared heads—immediately followed by Phil.'s grandchildren by the "glorious Diana" now dead these six years—and Ruth Kearny, a great grandchild—moved down Broadway—the long procession halting ten blocks of traffic—as far as Abraham de Peyster's grotesque statue at Bowling Green, where it halted exactly a minute—the undertaker with watch in hand magnificently leading the whole procession the cynosure of all eyes—before the site of the residence of John Watts, No. 3 Broadway, in which Phil. had been born, now the Cunard Building,[17] whence he used to walk up Broadway to Ufford's school; thence down Beaver Street; up Broad; where it paused again just a moment before the New York Stock Exchange, of which Kearny's father had been a founder and of which his grandson—also Philip—now in the carriage behind the caisson was then a noted member.

Then the procession moved up Broadway to the City Hall where grouchy old Mayor Gaynor, that day his real spirited self, in splendid form pronounced a lofty—yet characteristic—tribute to "this son of New York whom a foolish parochial commonwealth, then as now, suffered New Jersey to adopt and so to steal a New Yorker by birth and tradition from the roster of her illustrious sons."

Phil.'s body lay within the Rotunda of the City Hall until early in the morning of the next day, guarded by six veterans of "Kearny's New Jersey Brigade," and six select men of the First Infantry. Civic Organizations visited the temporary tomb, and masses of people during the afternoon, evening and following day, when in the early morning it was borne on a special train to Trenton, the State Capital of his adopted State; where the party was joined by Acting Governor Prince and his Staff, the National Guard saluting with thirteen volleys as the train entered the station.

At Washington the body was placed upon a caisson and preceded by a company of the First Cavalry,—the military descendant of Phil.'s First Regiment, First Dragoons and of Colonel Kearny's Army of the West!—through the Gate of the National Cemetery where the guns again boomed.

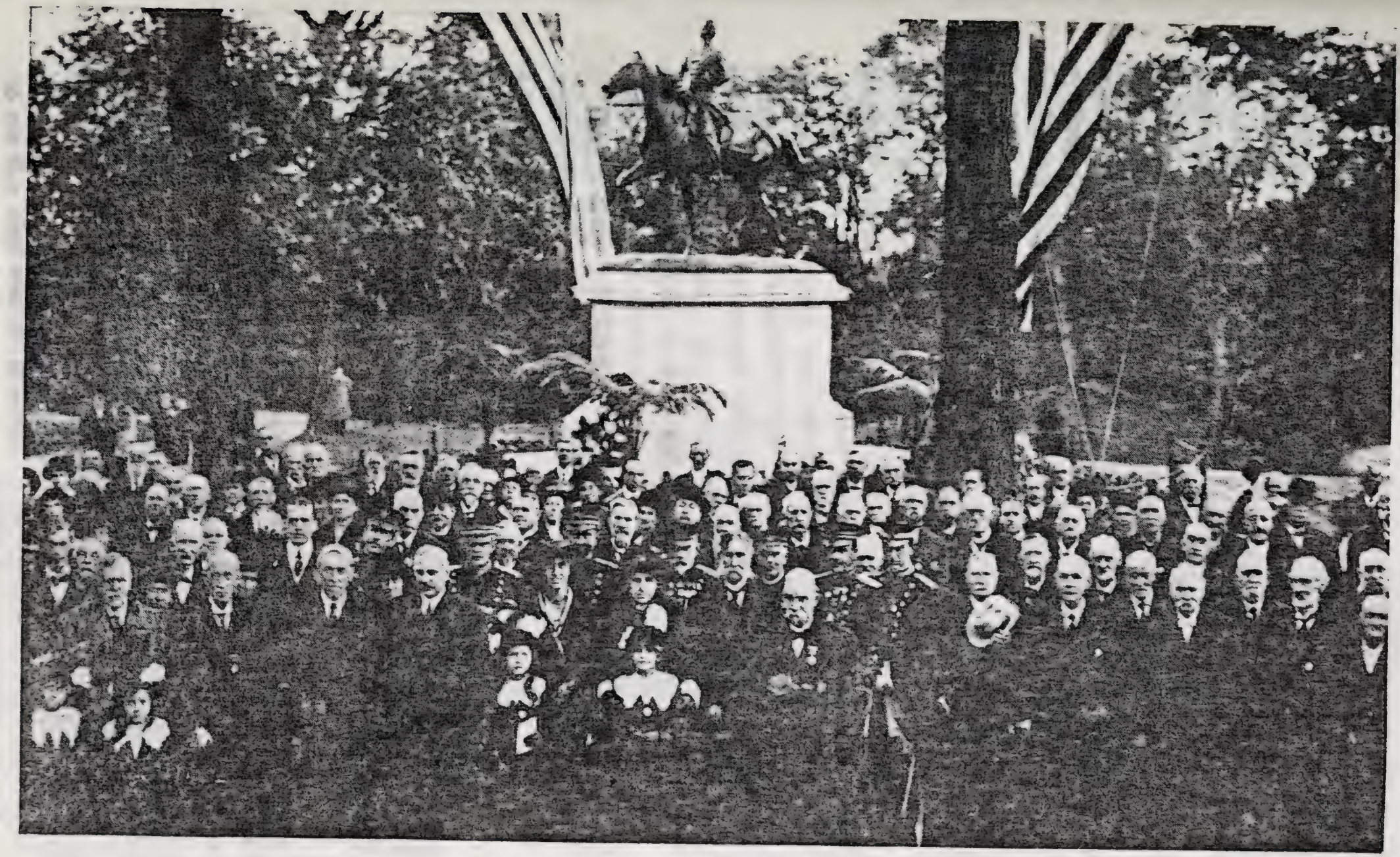
[17] It is a singular fact that the Loyalist; the Earl of Casilis—Uncle of Phil.—Archibald Kennedy, is celebrated on this British Corporation's Building; but no memorial to Philip Kearny, soldier of the Civil War!—But that is England—self-absorbed England—all over.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, President Taft, now buried within this hallowed God's acre, awaited the body's arrival and stood, his head bared, beside General Wood as taps accompanied the descent into the grave. He spoke of Kearny as "Professional Soldier".

But Phil., ever restless, again walks forth and finds his final lodgment in a triangular plot dividing the road leading from the Fort Meyer gate fit for a massive statue now to be erected, which two years later was dedicated. President Wilson made the principal address following a classic piece offered by Governor Felder. Wilson's talk—for such it was—was in matter and manner, a gem of apt discourse. The President emphasized particularly Phil.'s profound knowledge of his profession as an "applied science" illustrated by his pursuit and practice of war in foreign camps when "he found no military quarrels at home"; and while at once a dreaded enemy to his foes, was glorified in the lovable traits of his character evidenced in their sobriquet "Phil." which his men applied to him. Possibly a trait challenging interest to a man in public life whom no one ever nicknamed; and indeed he himself had baptized off the map that most lovable name of "Tommy"!

An incident however illustrating in a lovable light the President's character occurred when forced to adopt the role of a Solitary in the presence, and under the weight, of the problems of the World War, Wilson made it a principle—it was currently reported—of accepting none but imperative representative social appointments; and although he had come to the Presidency from presiding over the government of New Jersey—now presenting Phil.'s statue to the nation at a cost of $20,000—President Wilson declined at first, entirely unexpectedly, not only an invitation extended during a special visit of the Memorial Commission which he had appointed as Governor of New Jersey to be present at the ceremony but a like invitation from the Commanding Officer of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Hopkins felt even as a blow, Wilson's "insult" as he hyperbolized it, and telephoned General Kearny's grandson immediately upon recalling "Thomas" telling him of a dinner given to the "President's daughters" in which he participated. Mr. Hopkins asked Mr. Kearny to help "if he could". Mr. Kearny immediately telephoned Mrs. McAdoo at Washington, the daughter of the Chief Executive, now wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. Two years earlier John Barrett, considered popularly by many "Pan-Americans" as the practical founder, certainly the founder as a popular movement, of Pan-Americanism in the United States during the formative epoch when he presided so ably over the Pan-American Union, had given a dinner



Kearny was Professional Soldier. President Taft at re-burial, 1912. "My state has written into this marble Major General Philip Kearny's Biography: "Fought with the French in Algiers; the French and Italians, at Solferino. New Jersey honors her most distinguished Soldier." Yet his true Biography to my country is simply "Phil. Kearny"! President Wilson. Left to right: The President; Governor Felder; Charles F. Hopkins (foreground) Chairman. Behind Hopkins and Wilson, respectively: General John Watts Kearny (with sidewhiskers), son; the author,—tall figure—grandson; and the great-grandchildren.



in the Patio of the exquisite Pan-American building in Washington in honor of "The Daughters of the President", followed by a ball.

At the dinner, Kearny's grandson escorted to the table the lady then Eleanor Wilson, John Barrett sitting next to her and her sister Margaret. Eleanor's conversation and personality were striking and inspiriting and mention was made of the part her illustrious father had taken as Chief Executive of New Jersey in planning to place an image on horseback in the National Cemetery to mark the apotheosis of New Jersey's most distinguished soldier.

Two years had now passed and Mrs. McAdoo—the former Eleanor Wilson's—telephone rang. Thomas Kearny was "speaking"; and recalling the happy occasion of their earlier meeting, Kearny proposed the "possibility" of her inducing her father to "reverse himself"! Instinctively, a generous nature acting, Eleanor replied: "I will go now, this moment, to the White House and see if Phil. Kearny's grandson's family and his personal appeal will not outweigh with father all the claims of soldiers, sailors and even politicians"!—laughing aloud as she concluded!

The train was delayed after leaving Trenton where it had picked up Governor Felder, and upon its hour late arrival at the National Cemetery, the President's car was noticed; and moving among the graves of the unknown soldiers marked by little crosses President Wilson was espied; the result,—Woodrow Wilson, Sentimentalist—a gem of eloquence; and Kearny's fame is secure![18] Statuary Hall, —the National Cemetery!

The Society of Kearny's First New Jersey Brigade purchased an acre inclosing the spot on which Phil. fell at Chantilly and erected a memorial with the motto:

"IN MEMORIAM, PHILIP KEARNY.
ON THIS SPOT FELL PHILIP KEARNY SEPTEMBER 1st, 1862. ERECTED BY THE SOCIETY OF KEARNY'S FIRST NEW JERSEY BRIGADE AND BY FRIENDS."

At the ceremony a lovely great-grand-daughter, aetas 13, the daughter of Mrs. Julien Harrison Hill—Lucy Kearny—of Richmond, Virginia, recited through her exquisite lips and with the characteristic

[18] Wilson, Woodrow. *Trenton Times.* May 7th, 1925. James Kerney to Thomas Kearny: "I remember quite well the Wilson incident in Arlington, but I never knew before how he—Woodrow Wilson—was finally induced to reconsider his first decision not to attend. Last year I published in the Saturday Evening Post a few articles about President Wilson." Mr. Kerney's request to use this item was not granted.

flair for the dramatic in which she excelled—her physical being represented Poetry—"Kearny at Seven Pines".[19]

But now Phil.'s eyes are closed; his work is done; and folded in his country's stars, the drum has rolled; the volley fired! Certainly this man of heroic mold, has fought his fight; has proved his truth by his endeavor. But before leaving him to the Hand that made him to sleep in solemn night forever and forever, we would hark back to the saying of the boy John Watts de Peyster on the first page of this book that the "Dawn of Phil.'s day gave little promise of its glorious Sunset!" And could anything be more fitting than a Personality Story, of "Phil.'s Day," Sunrise to Sunset, from de Peyster himself, now basking in the glory of a distinguished military reputation; and above all a profound student alike of Philip Kearny, of the Civil War, and particularly of the Peninsula and Manassas Campaigns, in which Phil.'s military career in the Army of the *United* States of America was backgrounded.

PHILIP KEARNY

By JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER

Kearny did not fall short in any respect of a Great General. He was first class in organization, administration and command and exerted a marvelous electrifying effect in action and was followed wherever he chose to lead.

Superficial writers have styled Philip Kearny "the Bayard of our Army" because Bayard's name is synonymous with gallantry.

Like Bayard and a great many other distinguished men, Phil Kearny's life had a Dawn that did not promise any more than an ordinary Day. In early boyhood his characteristics did not give promise of what he became.

Both bore themselves with knightly courtesy to the vanquished. Both left behind them the reputation of fearing neither the vicissitudes of the season, the tempest of life, nor the violence of men.

Kearny relinquished all that made life desirable, like another son of the empire State, the honest fearless Wadsworth, and like him to use Lincoln's words gave for the Union the last full measure of devotion.

It has been justly remarked "that no fine manly character can exist which does not possess and present many traits of the womanly." This was eminently the case with Phil. Kearny and was expressed in a hundred ways; but never more touchingly than in his watchful

[19] The young girl now lives in Paris within a stone's throw of Phil.'s residence. She is a Religious of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. On the battlefields of Virginia eighteen markers bear the name of Kearny.

care of his men. In a letter to his cousin Philip John Kearny, Major of the 11th New Jersey Volunteers, a victim at the age of twenty-one of a mortal wound received at Gettysburg, he writes: "You must have learned something of the nature of men as to controlling them with decision but little harshness; with discipline but justice; but above all with a careful watchfulness of their rights and comforts. Men are very grateful, far more grateful than the little one may do for them, deserves. As to perfecting yourself in your new position as an officer: never let it pass from your mind in what a false position a gentleman is, who assumes to be what he is not. If you display courage it will gracefully cover a multitude of short-comings".

After a combat Phil. was sure to visit and inspect the hospitals of his command; to see that the wounded were properly, nay thoroughly, cared for. He was constantly about his camp supervising the cooking:—something, an art in fact, much neglected and misunderstood in our Army,—and insisting above all things in cleanliness.

He was only careless of the lives and blood of his men when great objects were to be accomplished; and the soldiers' safety was subordinate to the importance of the event which depended on the expenditure of men.

Kearny was fond of wine as a gentleman; a real gentleman should be in moderation; of good cheer; of good company; of the society of the accomplished and of the opposite sex.

Phil. was passionately fond of horses; rode like a centaur—and like the wind! His appearance was very deceptive. Ordinary observers would have set him down as a lightweight; and slightly built. This was in reality the case in 1846-7 in Mexico,—but not so in 1861-2.

On the contrary he was a powerfully built man, weighing about 160 lbs. and about 5′10″ in height. It has been said that his make-up was perfection for a trooper; his chest massive, his legs sinewy columns; and as he lay on the embalming table an eye witness described him "as a perfect specimen of manly strength;" and this after five months of dreadful warfare in the swamps of Virginia and on the bloody battlefields around Bull Run.

He was as striking in his carriage as in his character; his step was elastic as an Indian's; and in his movements he was lithe and active as a panther.

Few men were more winning in their address; although he seemed somewhat haughty in his manner. His conversation, always agreeable, at times was perfectly brilliant. To know him was to be won by him. His very vices would have been virtuous in cold men; and all he did wrong came from a mistaken sense of the highest, or rather perhaps the most sensitive honor.

On horseback Kearny was in his element! On his famous white or flea-bitten gray, almost white, charger "Moscow", whom an expert pronounced the handsomest horse he had ever seen, he looked a picture of a Cavalier.

In battle he generally rode a smaller but extremely active black on which he was killed; and sometimes on parade a heavier brown. His magnificent bay colt, conspicuous for his beauty of action even in an engagement, and so remarkable at Williamsburg as to attract the fire of the enemy sharpshooters, was killed under him at Seven Pines; and he mourned for the animal almost as for a human friend.

Even after Kearny lost his bridle-arm he continued to be the same fearless rider as before. He would dash through the woods or leap walls, ditches and obstructions in such a manner as to astonish the boldest riders who had the use of all their members. And yet strange to say, although the loss of his arm did not interfere with his movements while on his feet, he always had to fix a pillow under his left shoulder at night for fear of suffocating if he rolled over on his left side; since from its shortness or some other difficulty connected with the stump he could not then turn over readily without assistance and on several occasions—when visiting his cousin John Watts de Peyster —he was helped during the night when he was otherwise ill-disposed in changing his position in bed.

Such was his reckless riding that he had several fearful falls with, not from his horses; since having but one arm he could not save himself or even break his fall. Once in Paris his horse fell over backward on him and he struck the back of his head with a fearful blow upon the pavement. Another time his horse stumbled with him through a bridge in St. Lawrence county where he owned large mineral rights and "smashed him up generally".

He could swim like a fish; and would undress, plunge in, disport himself among the waves; come out, and dress himself quicker than most adult men with a whole complement of limbs.

In disposition Kearny was most peculiar! His very bravery was of a peculiar stamp. General Scott who knew him well, and had ample opportunity for judging said: "Phil. Kearny was the bravest man I ever knew and the most perfect soldier".

At Williamsburg he dashed alone into the Slashing which the Rebels had cut down for their protection and called out to his own skirmishers concealed among the fallen timber "to drive the enemy", using an epithet by no means complementary, "out of their cover". As soon as a few of our men showed themselves a whole Rebel regiment rose on the further edge of the Slashing and fired at him deliberately. Notwithstanding their proximity and numbers, neither himself, his clothes nor his horse were touched.

And finally France, to whom Philip Kearny owed so much and who "owed so much to Philip Kearny" if we follow France's Historian, assesses Kearny's character.

FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO A CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE AND OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

The War of the Secession revealed more complete military talents since circumstances favored a more complete expression; but never in the presence of the two Armies was there produced a more chivalric nature!

His was a rare combination. He was "un tacticien incomparable;" and possessed of a vigor which nothing could surpass. Kearny loved adventure and the drunkenness of battle; not as a bull which sees red and lowers its head against the muleta; but as a delicate and refined being seduced by the sublime horror of great combats. His stirring audacity electrified his soldiers!

An incomparable "Cavalier," a great connoisseur of horses; and sufficiently rich to satisfy his taste, Kearny rode only blooded horses, and although manchot—one armed—he managed them with a surprising facility.

Then Grasset gives the account of Phil. at Saumur! In the French conquest; at Solferino and Magenta and at Williamsburg, which we have already read; and now continues:

The day of his death added to the mourning of his fatherland the loss of one of its most valiant defenders and the disaster of its principal army. Kearny succumbed giving his all devotedly to the cause, and when they lift up his body "dont le morte avait deja pris un troncon"—of which death had already taken a slice,—his body was found pierced by an enemy ball "en plein coeur". That alone could stop the audacious cavalier whose spirit of raillery defied every peril! When the balls whistle he mocks at everything, even himself. At Fair Oaks he returns from the front, black with powder, his uniform in strips and in this condition dismounts from his horse "pour visiter les blessés"—to visit the wounded. This master of battle, this "sabreur" makes himself a voluntary nurse! He finds at the hospital that General Howard has his arm amputated, and says to him: "I make you a proposition" as he grasps General Howard's hand. "You no longer have a left arm, I have lost my right arm. If it is agreeable to you, nous nous cotiserons pour l'achat nos gants; une paire suffira pour nous deux;" and he added with the manners "d'un boulevardier": that will make for us "de petites economies, mon cher"—we will combine to buy our gloves, one pair will suffice for both of us.

He was certainly destined to a great command when death stopped him in the field at Chantilly.

His end is worthy of his life of action and devotion. Suddenly he is seen to fall from his horse, his chest pierced through and through, yet still holding in his remaining hand his reins and his sword, he demands to be put back into the saddle; and as a last mark of esteem to his valiant and loyal adversary, Lee sends his body through the lines.

Could there be a more beautiful death for a soldier? Outside of his family, Major General Philip Kearny loved three things; War, his Country and France. He hoped in the time of peace to take up again his family life in Paris where his great fortune would permit him to offer "élegante hospitalité." Notre patrie lui doit un souvenir de reconnaissance; our country owes Kearny a debt of recognition for his sympathy, for our country was not common at that time in the army. The outstanding regret of Kearny seemed to be in the truth when he said with a melancholy tone in his voice, "Je n'ai jamais eu de chance",—"I have never had a chance."

Finally his own country "The Bravest Man I ever Knew and the Most Perfect Soldier."—Statuary Hall; the National Cemetery!

On September 25th, 1925, the Honorary President of Kearny's New Jersey Brigade, walks slowly away from a famous Newark hotel in the little upper supper room of which had just been celebrated the last banquet of Phil. Kearny's disciples of his First New Jersey Brigade.

By Kearny's side strode, erect, tall, soldierly, an old Civil War veteran wearing on his uniform the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Kearny Patch, the Medal of Valor—a conspicuous figure challenging the interest and attention of all passengers on the street.

The two made their way towards the statue of a one-armed soldier —"the face of an eagle"—in Military Park, from which Governor McClellan's carriage had drawn off, while General Sherman was talking to a vast audience near its base, now gone half a century.

On the pedestal, broken into the marble by a cunning hand, were the six letters K-E-A-R-N-Y; and on another side on an inset "In Memoriam, Erected by the Italians of Newark"; really misinforming, not the Italians but the Commonwealth erected it,—the plaque placed on the statue by the Italians in New Jersey in recognition of Kearny's services in the War of Italian Liberation.[20]

[20] Just as this book is going to press the Emperor of Italy has conferred upon the memory of General Philip Kearny for his services in the Italian Campaign of 1859, the Medal of Valor which was delivered by instructions from His Excellency, Benito Mussolini, to General Kearny's grandson. It is said that the Italian government has no record of any soldier receiving a decoration three quarters of a century after his death.

Deep in reverie their ears unhearing the buzz, the whirr and noise, of one of the city's busiest corners,—a twelfth part of its night time citizenry pouring out from the Manhattan-Hudson Terminal diagonally across the street from their business domiciles or sojourns in New York City—Kearny's grandson's thoughts ran back to the days when his then boyish companion, now an ancient person of 83, had begun on this very spot, a Revolutionary and Civil War Drill Ground, his mighty obscure service for the nation for which his Commander represented in the bronze statue had given his arm and his life and won his immortal renown,—which rightly, too, belonged to the great volunteer private. Behold the man! None more so—Charles F. Hopkins in his own person, the biography of Philip Kearny and his Brigade and the arch type of the Volunteer Soldier of the Civil War, as Phil. of the Volunteer Officer.

For Charlie had stood with Phil. on that memorable day at Sangster's Station when the noble Hidden was laid the first "official" bloody sacrifice of Kearny's Brigade on the altar of the Union. Thence to Manassas—the Evacuated—where "Phil." and "Charlie" had huzzahed at one another for the Brigade's second notable achievement. Then through the Peninsula to Frayser's Farm, and Kearny's voice calling to Hopkins,—detached to join Kearny's hard-pressed Division "Go in Gayly, Galy, ever Gayly, my Boys" as Hopkins and Kearny's Brigade went in under fire to save the Army,—Victorious! The following day the newspapers of the country told the story.

The World, September 25th, on its first page, second column, bore these headlines:

KEARNY FIGHTERS HOLD LAST REUNION

REMNANTS OF CIVIL WAR BRIGADE SALUTE APPROACHING DEATH

Then the story of the last banquet of Kearny's Brigade; it had mustered out; only 9 members remaining; and turning to the editorial page, this editorial:

KEARNY'S BRIGADE DISBANDS

"Dashing Phil. Kearny, riding into the darkness of the Chantilly battle field was shot by Confederates whom he mistook for his own men. This week his Brigade, the First New Jersey, passed in review before his statue in Newark and disbanded. . . . But the astonishing fact is that the Brigade should not have lost its organization decades

ago! That so large a body held intact while few Civil War Regiments retained their individuality is a striking tribute to Kearny's power of imbuing his own troops with his own cavalry fire and dash."

Then the Trenton Times, James Kerney, Court of Errors and Appeals, its editor writing:

PASSING OF HEROES

Editorial

"There is something pathetic as well as heroic in the action of nine survivors of General Phil. Kearny's Brigade of Civil War fame, who write the last chapter of their organization, turn their records over to the State and consider themselves officially dead, etc. etc."

Two years later, a letter dated September 1st, 1927, the anniversary of Chantilly, comes to "Dear Thomas" from Charles F. Hopkins, "Semper Fidelis":

If I should live a thousand years—doubtful—my love and admiration for Phil. Kearny will never flag for an instant. His picture looks down upon me as I sleep and will until I sleep with him in the sleep of death. Ever faithfully, Chas. F. Hopkins.

Six years now had passed since that letter. It is noonday; yet it grows dark! The sun is setting in the room whence looks down upon him this picture the face suddenly radiant with patriotism as on the Mexican Rampart. And from the pictured lips of "a countenance as of an eagle" in swift flight towards the dying soldier—soldier always—shrill the words: "Go in Gayly, Gayly, Gayly! My word to you, Charlie, is always Gayly"! And through the phantom voice of Major General Philip Kearny, Soldier, Patriot, Great American, the Commander in Chief of all Armies Everywhere, sounds the Recall; and Charles F. Hopkins "Soldier, Patriot, Great American," in his last battle, as always with Philip Kearny, Victorious, is detached from Kearny's Brigade to join Kearny's Division.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI"

"IT IS ALSO AN ESCAPE".

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CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS

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Miss Mary Kearny Hill, daughter of Mrs. Julien Harrison Hill of Richmond, Va., lovely great granddaughter of the General and his wife—Diana Bullitt Kearny—has since writing this chapter, married the well known,—alike in England and America—Mr. Henry G. Bishop, Highwoods, Burgfield Common, Nr. Reading, England; thus by a sort of genealogical atavism—so to say—returning, after 236 years, to live among ancient Irish and English kinsfolk.

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CHAPTER II

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Texas was given the right to divide itself into five states, without further

act of the National Government, thus leaving it wholly to the south to increase their representation in the Senate.

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CHAPTER VI

MANIFEST DESTINY

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Kearny's Grave. S. W. Kearny was buried alongside of Governor Clark and Col. O'Fallon—of the Yellowstone Expedition—in Col. O'Fallon's private burial plot, in St. Louis.

San Pasqual, battle of; a victory in military point of view: "The Army War College, Washington, August 17th, 1928, Chief of Historical

Division, to Thomas Kearny: It has been recommended by this Section that General Kearny did not sustain a defeat at San Pasqual." This refers to a letter addressed to the Smithsonian Institution in an unsuccessful endeavor to correct the false legend on the Stockton-Beale monument.

San Pasqual and San Bernardo, battles of. Kearny wrote, December 19th, from San Diego: San Pasqual "forty miles" distant. See letter, supra. Lieut. Emory, in his Reconnoissance: Battle ground of the 7th. San Diego, 29 miles from here. San Bernardo and San Diego distant from Fort Leavenworth, 1887 and 1916 miles, respectively.

Emigrant Notes. Hayes, Benjamin. Judge Hayes writes, who married Dr. Griffin's sister: In a council, the Naval Officers so strongly pledged themselves that the Commodore would send relief, and on account of the wounded, the General consented to remain.—Yet see historians generally, and Bashford.

Stockton's Despatches. Lieut. Emory notes that Godey's cache had been rifled of Stockton's despatches.

St. Louis Republican. June 14th, 1846. Supra. Stockton sent a written refusal.

Order of July 12th. Q: Did you ever receive the instructions from Secretary Bancroft, dated July 12th, 1846? A: (Stockton). I have no recollection of receiving the order of July 12th. I founded the government without orders. Not being received, Nevins' statements that Stockton's orders were "later" than Kearny's; were "inconsistent" with them; and that Kearny's orders were "conditional", necessarily fall to the ground. Nevins says: "Stockton already reminded of conquest, and establishing Civil Government." Of course, he wasn't. As to conditionality of conquest, no one dreamed in Washington when Kearny's orders were written, of Stockton as conqueror or governor. Bashford actually has Stockton reading this order. Polk entered in his diary that Kearny was right and Stockton wrong, an opinion shared by the whole Cabinet.

"Irish assertiveness" of Kearny. "Irish blood up." Nevins.

Stockton expressly stated at Fremont's trial that he himself was on trial. Of course he was.

Bashford calls the trial—and Nevins leaves precisely the same impression—"the most unfair in our history." But the Washington correspondent of the Pro-Fremont and Pro-Benton Herald—as indeed all the other newspapers—stated: "We are a friend of Colonel Benton; yet he has acted as if determined to reduce the court to submission; whereas the court has acted with a patience of investigation, and a diligence worthy of the experienced officers composing it. From personal observation, General Kearny has deported himself in court with a dignity, grace and propriety that attracted universal admiration." New York Herald, January 13th, 1848.

"Most intelligent people at San Diego believed Kearny's command was lost." St. Louis Republican, supra. Yet Stockton remained supine.

Fremont's crude flaunting of Kearny is revealed by his signing the paper

accepting his appointment to the Governorship in Kearny's tent, in Kearny's presence, while Kearny was urging him to consider well before doing it.

The connection of Stephen's Manifest Destiny with Lawrence's Open Door, is adequately stated in an article in Asia, January, 1937.

The order of November 5th. Q: Were the November instructions to relinquish to Kearny the civil administration and land operations delivered to you? A: (Stockton): I received them from Commodore Shubrick. I did not furnish Fremont a copy. . . . Of course it was Stockton's self-accusatory duty—very hard indeed to perform—to inform Mutineer Fremont—now proved such—who refused and had repeatedly refused to accept orders from, or to have anything to do with Kearny. Yet neither Nevins nor any other Biographer reveal that Stockton knew—now first revealed—of this order of November 5th; and so wilfully permitted Fremont to stultify himself in continuing to act under Stockton's appointment and yet Nevins censures Kearny in the most drastic fashion for not performing Stockton's duty. The fact is—must be—that the historian did not know of the receipt by Stockton of this order.

CHAPTER VII

UNION CLUB. ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WARFARE

Bancroft. History of Oregon. Vol. II, pp. 225-232. Philip Kearny's reports and letters, copies in Kearny's hand in author's possession.

Lane, Joseph. Personal letter from Governor Lane—1868—addressed to General John Watts de Peyster.

Letter from Captain Stuart's brother. In this letter, January 3rd, 1858, Stuart's brother acknowledged the receipt of the sword of honor, and the resolutions of the General Assembly.

The History of Southern Oregon. Walling. Walling states that Stuart was buried in Washington, D. C., near his mother's grave. But see monument at his grave in Beauford, South Carolina.

CHAPTER VIII

ROMANCE. WAR OF ITALIAN LIBERATION

De Peyster's Biography.

Letters of Philip Kearny; copies or originals in author's possession.

Legion d'Honneur. October, 1936. Philip Kearny, Soldier of America, Soldier of France. Kearny, Thomas.

Magenta and Solferino. Willy.

Souvenir de Solferino. Dinant. Full of fascinating personal episodes.

The First Cavalry, Lincoln Horse. Beach.
Solferino. Langlois.
October 4th, 1855, Kearny wrote: I, myself, at unlimited expense, have imported the choicest of the most celebrated Merinos of the whole world, and the most successful in breeding.
The charge with the Chasseurs d'Afrique was really the outstanding event of Phil.'s day at Solferino as with the Sardinian Cavalry, supra. This charge was far fiercer than the charge of the Chasseurs of the Guard,—although, of course, the entire Cavalry movement was a unit. The Italians fought dashingly and always successfully, as Kearny wrote. He greatly admired their "ferocity" when actually in the "conflict of battle."
Grasset, French Historian, exalts as a fine thing Phil.'s devotion to his family in Paris. Lloyd Lewis—a student of Phil.'s personality and the author of the best military biography of modern literature in English—has written that it was absolutely necessary to include in any study of Phil.'s personality—of his career as American—his romance with Agnes. For if misinterpreted, his subsequent marriage and his devotion to her and his children by her, followed by his death in the exercise of the noblest moral and religious virtue—patriotism—expiated the "constructive evil", if so be. See opinions in footnote to chapter "Death in Battle." Anyway, it was Phil.'s life—and that's that!

CHAPTER IX

Lincoln Douglas Debates. Any good edition.
History of the First New Jersey Brigade. Baquet, Camille. Published by the State of New Jersey, 1910.
Reminiscences of War. Bill to declare the Missouri Compromise binding defeated by all southern votes, 1852-4.
New Jersey in the Civil War. Foster.
Official Record of the Rebellion. Cited now and hereafter as O.R. for all Official Reports and Documents pertaining to the Armies in the field alike Union and Confederate.
Life of Custer. Campbell.
Glory Hunter. Van de Water.
Recollections of the Civil War. Gibbon, General John.
Bull Run to Chancellorsville. Curtis, General Newton Martin.
De Peyster Papers.
Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist. Rowland. Life of Jefferson Davis, Vol. VI.
Report of the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war.
Marhall, an Aide to Lee. Maurice, Sir Frederic. Statesmen and Soldiers of the Civil War. Maurice.
Three Months in the Southern States. Freemantle, Lieut. Col.

Gurowski. My Diary.
A Rebel Clerk's War Diary. Jones.
Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. Letter, March 28th, 1862.
Autobiographical Sketches and Narratives. Early, General Jubal A.
Notes for a Life of Major David Hatfield. October 21, 1910. Hatfield writes: General Kearny tells me it is ambition to have the best troops in the service. See History of Brigade, supra.
Richmond Dispatch, May 23, 1862: His friends proclaimed McClellan in advance a young Napoleon. A skirmish in Western Virginia with an advantage in his favor of nine to one was the "sole foundation of his towering fame."
The fierce controversy between Herald and Tribune is thus illustrated. Greeley—Tribune—: Bennett's age has given him that distinction which the experienced villain employs to cloak his vices. Bennett—Herald—: The old wizzened Knight of the White Liver. A fit subject for the gallows. Charleston Mercury, March 21, 1862.
Charleston Mercury. March 13th, 1862. The south expected Johnston to make a stand at the Rappahannock.
War Department, Washington. Letter, the Adjutant General to Thomas Kearny, June 1st, 1936: Report dated March 16, 1862, addressed to Brigadier General Philip Kearny by Colonel J. H. Simpson, Fourth New Jersey Volunteers: "The next morning, the 9th, about sunrise, eight contraband slaves came in from Manassas and reported to you that the rebels were sending away their guns and other property and were about leaving their fortifications. You thought their representation such as to cause a more thorough questioning, and directed me to conduct it. I did so; putting down the result in a letter to you; which you dispatched immediately to General Franklin.—Franklin sent it to the White House. McClellan acted on it and then pigeon-holed it,—suppressed.

CHAPTER X

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG

O.R.
Gurowski. Diary.
The Blue and the Grey. Gerrish and Hutchinson.
Bivouac. Cudworth.
Campaigns of a Non-Combatant. Townsend. 1866. p. 73.
Journal des Débats. Dispatch from Williamsburg. May 6.
O.R. May 11th. The army, nineteen miles from Williamsburg, proceeding at the rate of three miles a day. At Kearny's rate—three miles an hour on the single file clogged road of the 5th—General Johnston could not possibly have escaped; particularly if attacked with any vigor at West Point by Franklin.
War pictures from the South. Estvan.
La Guerre de Secéssion. Grasset.

Journal des Débats. May 29th. May 27th. June 8th.
General McClellan. Michie.
O.R. Lincoln's letter to McClellan, May 9th. 1862.
New York Post. May 21st. Letter in re wounded in hospitals.
Biographical Notes and Sketches. Elderkin.
Siege of Yorktown. Blake.
O.R. Camp at Ewell's. May 10th: "If I am not reinforced will have to fight twice my number strongly entrenched." Yet McClellan had 115,000 against 50,000.
Narrative of Military Operations. Johnston, General Joseph E.
Peninsula Campaign in Virginia. Marks.
McClellan's Own Story. Rightly it has been said, McClellan committed "posthumous hari kari" by this book. It should never have been let loose in its present form.
Tribune, May 6th.
A Rebel Clerk's War Diary. Jones.
Le Constitutional. May 19th.
London Times, May 19th. May 24th.
Richmond Enquirer. May 20th.
New York Post, May 5th. May 15th.
Battle of Williamsburg. Burns.
Soldiers and Sailors Half Dime Magazine. Vol. 2, No. 10. Probably the very finest account—except Kearny's letters, infra—by a participant in the battle.
Battle of Williamsburg. Coyne.
Charge of the 24th Virginia. Maury.
Siege of Richmond. Cook, J.
The Virginia Campaign with Pope. Dwight.
Fifty Years' Observations of Men and Events. Keyes.
Histoire de la Guerre Civil en Amerique. Paris, Comte de.
The Peninsula Campaign. Barnard.
The American Conflict. Greeley. Vol. 2, p. 120. In re Hooker's fighting alone while 30,000 troops looked on.

CHAPTER XI

KEARNY'S LETTERS AND THEIR LITERATURE

Others "interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts." Cardinal Newman. "Kearny's letters are superb." Lloyd Lewis.
Cortlandt Parker. Citizen, Lawyer and Churchman.
The World. October 20th. Philadelphia Ledger, October 2nd. Spirit of the Times. November 1st. New York Herald. Nov. 18th. Times. November 19th. The World. November 17th. (19th?).
The Newspapers in the Civil War. Randall. American Historical Review. Annual. 1917-18.
Life and Letters of General Meade.

Tribune. March 16th, 1869. Full description in an advertisement of Bellegrove.
Kearny Observer. June 6th, 1924. A fine account of Bellegrove and of Phil.'s living presence. See Herald, March 4th, 1926.
Rus-Urban Rambles. New York Post. September 20th, 1862.

CHAPTER XII

SEVEN PINES

O.R. All Reports.
Military History of the Confederacy. Title Seven Pines. Vol. 5, p. 221.
War Pictures from the South.
History of the Civil War. Paris.
Four Years of Campaigning with the Army of the Potomac. Croaty, D. G.
New York Tribune. June 2nd.
Sentinel of Freedom. June 17th.
This author believes that the origin of the attack at Seven Pines was in General Pendleton's report to Confederate Headquarters, May 30th, 7 P.M., while the Chickahominy was rising rapidly: "The rise of the Chickahominy immediately after this rain, and remaining in flood 24 hours, would place the Yankee force south of the River almost entirely in our power."
McClellan's Despatch. June 1st. O.R.
Journal des Débats. June 22nd.
A Rebel Clerk's War Diary. Jones.
Life of General R. H. Anderson. Walker.
Gurowski. Diary.
Leaves from the Diary of a Surgeon. Ellis.
Kearny's Proclamation to his Soldiers. O.R.
The Battle of Seven Pines. Smith, General G. W.
The Peninsula Campaign. Barnard.
Sumner, General E. V.: If we had attacked with our whole force we should have swept everything before us. I think the majority of the officers who were there think so now. To same effect: Keyes and Heintzelman. Report of the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war.
Indiana Troops. The enemy during a reconnoisance had come in and taken a section of a battery held by Kearny, who saw at a glance the extreme importance of recovering that part of the field. Dashing up to the first regiment he saw in line, he threw himself at their head and shouted "Twentieth Indiana, those guns must be re-taken or Phil. Kearny loses his other arm." The guns were re-taken.
The Public Debt. Extract from the annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the state of the Finance for the fiscal year, 1934. This Report—accompanied by a letter, January 21st, 1936, from

Mr. J. Leslie Robb, of the Treasury—is the basis of the computation of the cost of the Peninsula Campaign.

Stephen Crane. Jones. Statements of General John Watts Kearny to Thomas Kearny.

Marks, Rev. James J. Born near Pittsburgh, Pa. Died at Laguna Beach, California, August 10th, 1899. Saint, Humanitarian, Minister, Author, Lecturer, Traveler, Philosopher and Patriot. Son of General William Marks, one of the earliest settlers in Alleghany County, Pa., who was State Senator and Presiding Officer of the Senate in 1821; see under the Red Patch.

Michigan: To Grace S. McClure, State Librarian of Michigan, great thanks for sending the author eight volumes of great relevancy.

General D. H. Hill's battle badges: See Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Article by G. W. Smith.

Mr. Kearny acknowledges thanks to Mr. Robert Bruce—author of the authoritative book on James E. Kelly's works—for telling Mr. Kearny of this painting, "Kearny at Seven Pines" used as an illustration; which Mr. Bruce did not use in his volume; although Mr. Bruce considers it a very fine example of Mr. Kelly's work. He estimates it was an early production of Mr. Kelly's—probably in his 24th year.

Bellegrove. See Bibliography, battle of Williamsburg. Also illustrations.

CHAPTER XIII

SIX DAYS BATTLES

O.R.

Boston Journal. June 22nd. Account of Kearny's skirmishes.

War Pictures from the South. Estvan.

Marshal, Aide to Lee. Maurice.

History of the Fifth Maine. Bicknell.

Confederate Military History. Vol. IV, p. 83. Seven Days Battles.

Biographical Notes. Elderkin.

From Manassas to Appomattox. Longstreet.

Gould, Edward K. The noted State Historian of Maine in his biography of General Hiram Berry gives the account of the Kearny interview with McClellan on June 27th. Mr. Kearny had considerable correspondence with Mr. Gould as well as with the wife of a grandson of General Berry and with relatives of Mr. Thayer now dead. The account in the text—supported as it is by General Livermore—was proved to the author's satisfaction—as of course to Mr. Gould's—and received the imprimatur of two lawyers to whom the data was submitted.

The History of the Fourth Maine. "I have it in a scrap book—the only one in existence," Mr. E. K. Gould, Maine State Historian.

O.R.: "Oak Ridge, a general forward movement on Richmond."

Harper's Weekly. August 9th. Kearny's Brigade and Kearny's Division. See Illustration.

Confederate Military History. Vol. IV. P. 83.

The Report on the Conduct of the War. Congressional Investigation. Part 1, p. 327-46. Reports and statements of McClellan set forth in note in our text in re McCall's Division, state of roads, etc.

At the dedication of Lee's monument, Richmond, Va., Mr. Archer Anderson—who speaks with authority—made it clear that Lee's action was justified on the specific ground that if Richmond had fallen, the Confederate Cause was lost.

Only a portion of Kearny's Brigade, on the 26th detached to Kearny's Division, crossed the river. The balance of the troops held the dominant position protecting the right flank at Gaines' Mill.

Magruder's Bluff has been called—rightly called—one of the greatest uncalled bluffs in military history.

CHAPTER XIV

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL

O.R. Original reports, Union and Confederate.

Confederate Military History. Malvern Hill.

Post, June 5th.

At Antietam, Lee again was certain, for the last time, however, see infra—that McClellan would attack the second day. He did not. Why? See infra.

A Rebel Clerk's War Diary. Jones.

Sentinel of Freedom. August 12th.

Gurowski. Diary.

Magruder's Report. August 12th, 1862.

McClellan's Own Story.

Post. June 22nd.

Tribune. June 30th.

Post. July 1st.

The Blue and the Grey. Gerrish and Hutchinson.

Incidents of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill. Neill. Chaplain Neill's account of Kearny springing on his horse,—and of his bath.

Under the Red Patch. Hays.

History of the Fifth Maine. Bicknell.

Lee. Freeman. "Lee's voice in the modern world." The two men have spiritual kinship.

London Times, July 11th.

It is curious—perhaps something more—that on the very day Mrs. Lee reached her husband's headquarters, the clerk in the War Office entered in his journal that the fear of McClellan's attacking was gone.

The comparative number of students at the University of Virginia, 1860-2. See Joseph Bryan, by John Stewart Bryan. At Columbia, there were only 99 fewer registrations in the corresponding year, 1861-2. At Yale the corresponding figures were 649 to 599. At Harvard, 869 to 833. Under-graduates increased by 9 students.

Indeed, as Dr. Freeman writes, and as Phil. wrote in his letters, the south sent its aristocratic youths to the war—not so the north.

CHAPTER XV

BATTLE OF SECOND BULL RUN

O.R.

McClellan's Movement on Malvern Hill. The movement was plainly a secret one. It, however, followed a suggestion—July 30th—that McClellan ascertain whether Richmond had been evacuated. Lee—on information of an English deserter—and his army "evacuated" Richmond two days before McClellan left Harrison's Landing in order to attack Pope.

Lee's Report. O.R. Clearly Lee thought McClellan's reconnoisance was an advance in large force on Richmond.

Our Campaigns. Woodward

Recollections of the Civil War. Vol. 2, p. 65. Schurz.

"Victory in the Hollow of our Hands." Lincoln. See Welles' Diary, September 8th.

Military Record of Louisiana. Bartlett.

Illustrated News. September 27th.

Manassas to Appomattox. Longstreet.

Four Years of Campaigning with the Army of the Potomac. Croaty.

Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. Sorrell.

Confederate Military History. Second Manassas.

Bivouac and Battle Field. Noyes.

Pope's Report. January 27th, 1863.

Journal des Débats. September 12th.

Comparative Losses. In comparing losses, it must be recalled that at all the battles—except Frayser's Farm and Malvern Hill—only a small portion of Kearny's Division was permitted by his chief—said two battles and Bull Run excepted—to make the onsets.

Richmond Enquirer. September 5th.

Autobiographical Sketches. Early. Jubal.

Leaves from a Surgeon's Diary. Dr. Ellis.

Story of a Cannoneer. Moore.

In the South Brigades almost universally took the name of their organizers or commanders. Not so in the north; Kearny's Brigade was almost singular in this respect.

CHAPTER XVI

DEATH IN BATTLE

O.R.

From Bull Run to Chancellorsville. Curtis.

Diary. Shannon, Lieut. R. C.

From Manassas to Appomattox. Longstreet.
Three Years with the Army of the Potomac. Blake.
A Rebel Clerk's War Diary. Jones.
New York Sun. March 6th, 1869. Account of Kearny's death.
Original of the Hawk's letter formerly—temporarily—in General John Watts Kearny's possession. Copy now in author's possession. Also published elsewhere.
Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion. Murphy.
New Jersey Courier. Date not given. Account of Kearny's death. Copy in author's possession.
Marshall Aide to Lee. Maurice.
Leaves from a Surgeon's Diary. Ellis.
Harper's Weekly. September 30th.
Boston Daily Evening Transcript. September 3rd. P. 1, Col. 2.
Report of joint committee on the conduct of the war.
Mr. E. Coster Wilmerding—well known New Yorker—a number of years ago, introduced the author to his very distinguished—and lovely—mother: "Mr. Kearny is a grandson of General Philip Kearny." Mrs. Wilmerding's interest was immediately challenged: "I can't tell you, Mr. Kearny, the marvelous memories which my meeting you stir up. We rode over to the Kearny home on the Passaic when I was a little girl and I looked upon your noble grandfather's countenance in death. What an impression Phil. Kearny made on his age."
Hugh Maxwell. Born in Scotland, 1787. Died in New York, 1873.
Upshur, Admiral. Upon his marriage to Phil.'s widow, Martha Custis Williams considered giving up the custody of the Upshur children. She counseled with General Lee. He wrote her—almost his last letter to her—of the momentous character of the decision; but told her she must decide for herself. See Letters to "Markie." Craven. It was at this time—1869—that Lee—according to report—visited Bellegrove.
London Times. September 20th, 1852
The Second Battle of Bull Run. Cox, J. D. A remarkable exposition proving by strong preponderance of evidence alike the time of Longstreet's arrival and the utter lack of justification of Porter in failing to support Kearny's attack on the 29th.
Letters to Markie. Craven, Prof. Avery.
General Pope lies beside General Kearny—S. W.—in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis,—both victims of political soldiers.
Kearny's daughters by Agnes Maxwell Kearny, both married. Susan, the first born, married Captain Selfridge, son and brother of Admirals Thomas Selfridge, Senior and Junior, respectively. Virginia—born after the Civil War began—married the son of William Hunt, our very distinguished minister to Russia and Secretary of the Navy. His name was Ridgeley Hunt, and both he and she are dead.

The Conversion to Catholicism of Mrs. General Philip Kearny. See page 478.

CHAPTER XVII

MCCLELLAN, POLITICAL TRICKSTER

A Study in Personality. Myers, Prof. William Starr. A disinterested, scholarly and intensely interesting account of McClellan.

McClellan's Military Career. Swinton.

Fremont and McClellan: Their political and military careers reviewed. Denslow, Van Beuren.

Diary of Bates. Annual Report of American Historical Association. Vol. 4. 1930.

Harper's Weekly. June 26th, 1862.

Illustrated News. September 4th, 1862.

Cincinnati Commercial. October 20th, 1864. Colonel Simpson's letter.

Republican Journal. Bedford, Maine. 1862. Opinion of Army of McClellan. See also General Joseph E. Johnston. Vol. 14. No. 3. Mississippi Valley Historical Review. P. 347. Possibly too, tacitly, Johnston's own opinion of his Peninsula opponent. Life of General Emory Upton. His suspicions of McClellan after the Battle of Antietam. Only the men—and then only a small part—of Franklin's and Porter's Corps supported McClellan, nominally at least.

Richmond Dispatch. September 23rd, 1862: Conspiracy to dispose Lincoln and put Fremont at head of affairs.—This just at the time of Longstreet's statement that McClellan proposed this very thing.

Richmond Whig. November 14th. Disappointment at McClellan's dismissal. Typical of southern editorial opinion.

McClellan and Fremont and the political parties in 1864. Kearny, Thomas. Revealing that Fremont proposed not only to Lincoln but to McClellan to drop out as Presidential candidate in 1864.

History of American Graphic Humor. "Little Mac's Double Feat of Equitation." McClellan was shown in a circus ring bestriding two horses pulling in opposite directions; one horse labeled: Letter of Acceptance, favoring war. The other: Chicago Platform, denouncing it, with the legend "I say, Mac can't you hold on to both till the 8th of November."

London Times. September 15th, 1862. McClellan's disloyalty discussed.

Dictionary of American Politics. Smith. McClellan's Minute Men, in 1864, professedly sympathized with the south—advocated peace on any terms—and were part of a larger scheme to alienate the northwestern states into the Confederacy.

Southern Historical Society Papers. Vol. 28, p. 280.

CHAPTER XVIII

PROPORTIONS OF A LEGENDARY HERO

The command assigned Kearny on September 1st by Stanton—set forth in Watson's letter—was not to command a corps for that letter, September 1st, expressly states so.

In his proof-galley to his biography in author's possession, de Peyster writes that "to Cortlandt Parker and his co-adjutors, 'Pet' Halstead and H. N. Conger of Newark, Kearny's appointment was due;" thus supporting Halstead's claims.

To Miss Beatrice Wisner, Librarian of the Newark Public Library, who by her cooperation made possible the writing of several important paragraphs, Mr. Kearny owes a debt of gratitude.

De Trobriand, Paris, Grasset, de Joinville. See supra.

Kearny's medals. Gillingham, Harrold.

United States Medals. Belden. Mr. Kearny acknowledges thanks to the American Numismatic Society for a copy of Mr. Belden's work with pictures of Kearny's medals.

Recollections of General Gibbon. Gibbon. Kearny Patch. See Seven Pines.

Fort Kearny. See History of Fort Kearny. Walman.

History of the Grand Army of the Republic. Beath.

Joint Resolution of the New Jersey Legislature. January 30, 1868. Kearny's and Stockton's statues, Statuary Hall.

Newark, Dedication of Kearny's Monument. Contrary to statements in the History of Newark—supra—both General Grant and General Sherman made remarks—very brief—at the Dedication, according to Gen. J. W. Kearny who was present. General Sherman spoke at length in the evening.

Report of Gettysburg Battle Monument Commission.

United States House Report. Forty-fourth Congress. Congress appropriates four cannons as material for Kearny's statue.

Statuary Hall. Today the extraordinary fact exists that the statues of three Confederates, President Davis, Vice President Stephens and Lee, Commander-in-Chief adorn—properly—Statuary Hall. Whereas, General Lew Wallace—famous as novelist—able soldier alone represents the northern soldiery. Phil.'s statue, still representing New Jersey is placed with twenty that have been removed to other parts of the Capitol. Phil.'s statue now is in the beautiful Hall of Columns.

Statuary Hall. Letters from the Governors of all the States which placed their monuments in Statuary Hall before 1872 show that Kearny's statue was fifth voted into the Hall; and the first of a post-Revolutionary character. Of the four, General Nathaniel Greene died in 1793.

New York Sun. February 15, 1928. "Portuguese" Phillips' ride from Fort "Phil." Kearny.

History of Newark. Vol. 2, p. 644.

Post. April 11th and 12th, 1912. Also all New York, New Jersey and other states' papers inre removal of Kearny's remains.

Volunteer. Weekly Magazine. Vol. 1, No. 1. A Character of Philip Kearny. De Peyster.

The first home for disabled soldiers in the United States was located—permanently—in Kearny, New Jersey, in honor of Phil.

Fort Kearny. The first marker on the Oregon Trail placed by D.A.R.

Camp Kearny. San Diego, California, named for S. W. K. Established in the World War. Mr. Frank Munsey sent this author a copy of a remarkable contemporary editorial in his New York Sun entitled "The Kearnys,"—with a statement that it was by the present distinguished editor of The Sun.

Arlington Statue. Columbia Alumni News. April 19th, 1912. December 18th, 1914. April 13th, 1915. Addresses of Acting Governor, J. Dyneley Prince and of President Taft.

Fort Kearny, City of Washington. Letter Mr. Frederic A. Delano to Thomas Kearny, January 24th, 1933: "This Fort was near what is now 32nd Street and Fessenden Street, N.W."

The Conversion to Catholicism of Mrs. General Philip Kearny (Diana Bullitt). From Lelievre's letters: "To what a degree is Mrs. Kearny interesting! She and her three daughters are converts of the Bishop of Orleans! A long and beautiful story is that of the return of this family to the faith; the solemn moment is when Mrs. Kearny at St. Louis received a letter from one of her daughters—pupil at the Sacred Heart at Orleans, France—making known to her mother that she and her brother have had serious doubts as to the fundamental point of the Presbyterian doctrine. Her return to Orleans puts her in contact with the Bishop and the mother, who came to snatch her children from the peril of conversion, is the first to be converted; for her children have not yet decided. All today give the most noteworthy example of Christianity and Catholic Faith in America." Ernest Lelievre et les Foundations des Petites Seours des pauvres apres sa correspondence, 1836-1889. Par. Mgr. Bounard. 1906.

INDEX

Alden, Prof. Carroll Storrs, 135, 350, 358, note; *see* chapter, Manifest Destiny, Bibliography.
Arizona, part of Alta California, 120; Kearny, first military Governor, 120.
Astor Family; *see* Bibliography, chapter Beginnings.
Atkinson, General Henry; *see* Kearny, Frontier.

Bamburger, Louis, 234.
Barbé Marbois: Napoleon's negotiator in sale of Louisiana to Jefferson, 73, 133.
Barrett, Honorable John, Director General Pan American Union, *see* Kearny, Philip, Aftermath.
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